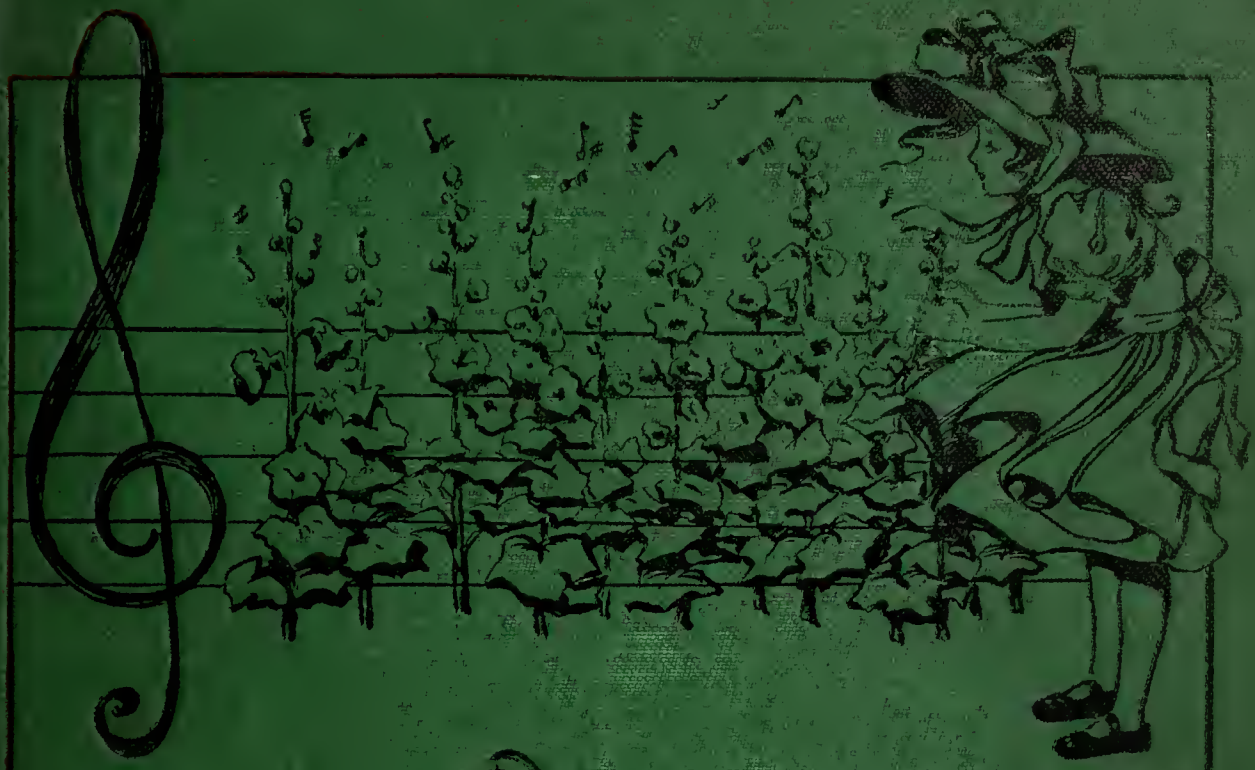


# The Child's Song Garden

by

Mary B Ehrmann

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES
3 3333 02374 2766

SONG BOOK
C 784 王 A426472
THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER
20 WEST 53 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/childssonggarden00ehrm

# The Child's Song Garden

Music by

Mary B. Ehrmann

Illustrated by
Dixie Selden

Published by
W. H. Willis & Co.

Cincinnati
S.E. Cor 4th & Elm Sts.

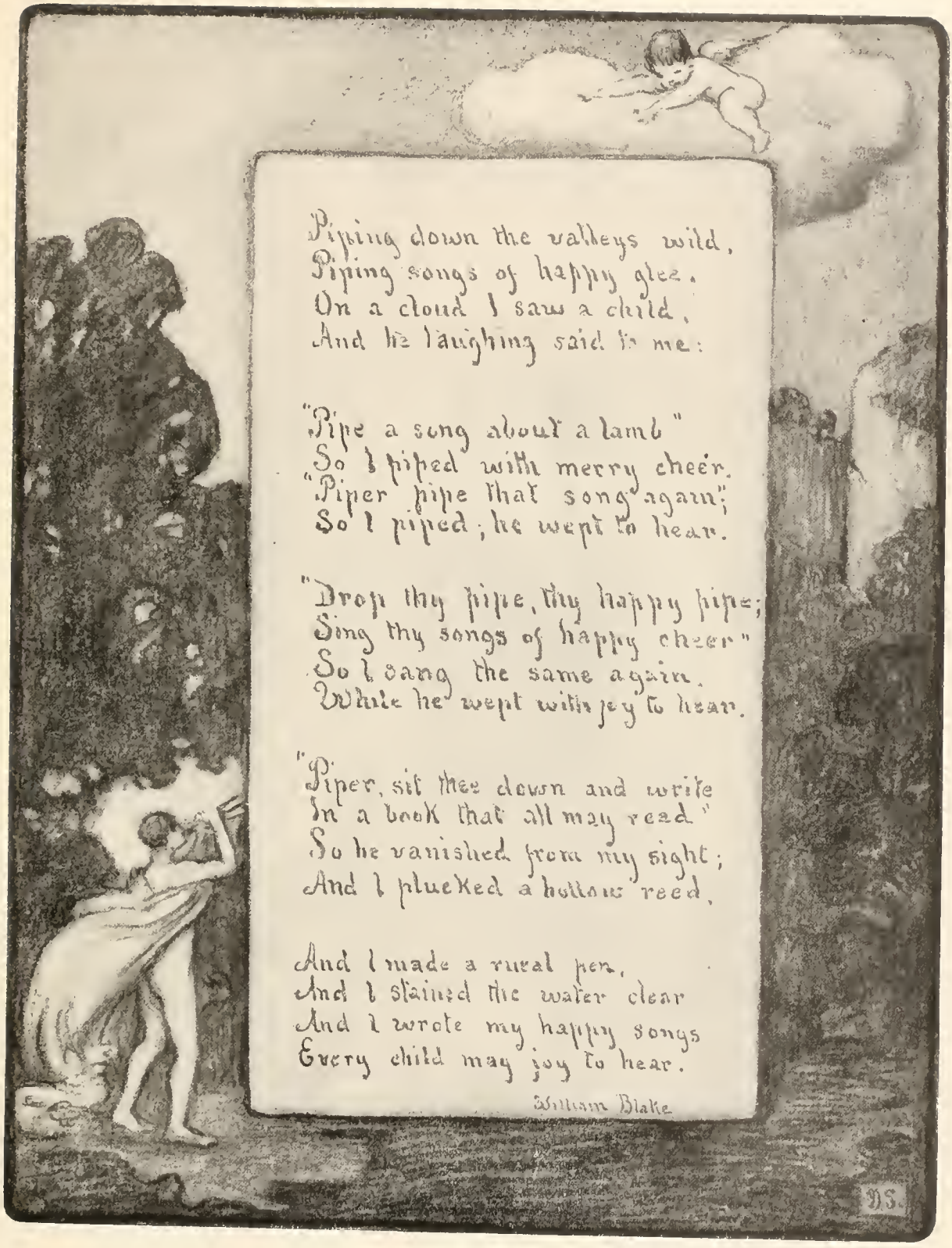
Chicago
20 Adams Street

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Q.426472
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
C L

*Copyright MCMVIII by W. H. Willis & Co.*

International Copyright

C 784
F



Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of happy glee.
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper pipe that song again";
So I piped; he wept to hear.

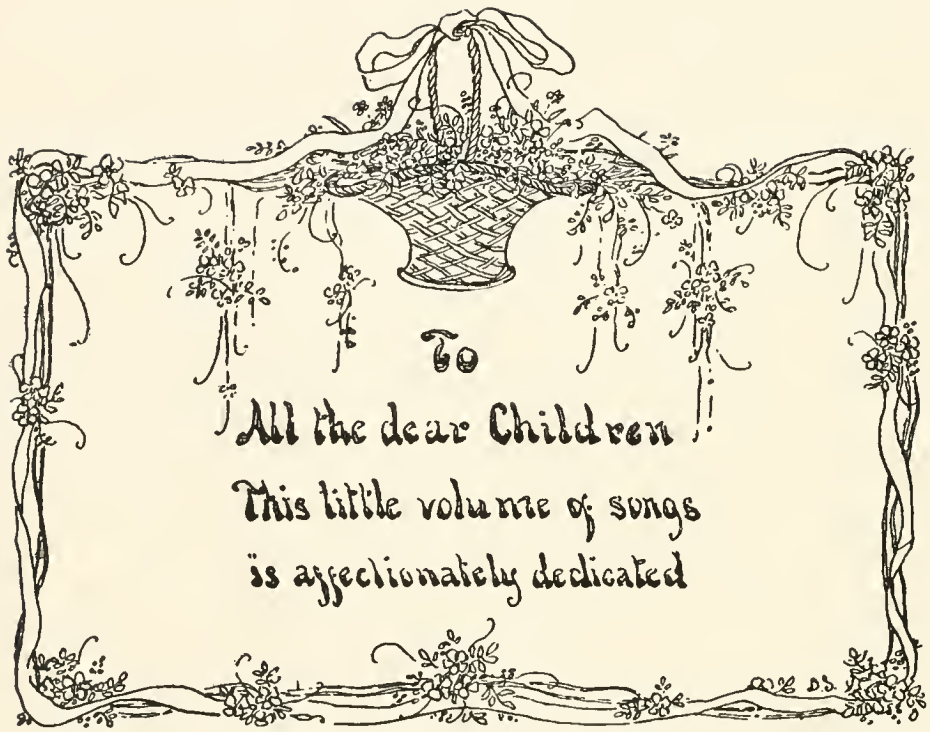
"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer"
So I sang the same again.
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake

DS.


To
All the dear Children !
This little volume of songs
is affectionately dedicated

# INDEX


Good-Night and Good-Morning
*Lord Houghton* 2

April, April, are you here?
*Dora Read Goodale* 4

A Song of Easter
*Celia Thaxter* 6

Little White Lily
*George Macdonald* 9

Dear Little Violets
*John Moultrie* 12

The Little Elf-Man
*John Kendrick Bangs* 14

Little Blue-Ribbons
*Austin Dobson* 15

Who is She?
*Marian Douglas* 17

The Lost Doll
*Charles Kingsley* 20

Gathering Daisies
*Frank Dempster Sherman* 22

Answer to a Child's Question
*Samuel Taylor Coleridge* 24

Little Rose
*Marian Douglas* 26

The Fairy Boat
*Walter A. Ryan* 28

Just Suppose
*Phoebe Cary* 30

Strange Lands
*Laurence Alma Tadema* 32

Song of the Summer Winds
*George Darley* 34

I'd be a Butterfly
*Thomas Haynes Bayly* 36

Run, Little Rivulet, Run
*Lucy Larcom* 38

Seven Times One
*Jean Ingelow* 40

The Barefoot Boy
*John G. Whittier* 42

Sleep, Baby, Sleep
*Elizabeth Prentiss* 44

A Life-Lesson
*James Whitcomb Riley* 45

Kissing Time
*Eugene Field* 46

Childhood's Tears
*Sir Walter Scott* 48

Baby's Eyes
*Burges Johnson* 50

Child and Flower
*William Cullen Bryant* 52

What Does Little Birdie Say?
*Alfred Tennyson* 55

The Fountain
*James Russell Lowell* 56

A Child's Prayer
*Matilda B. Edwards* 58

The Swing
*Robert Louis Stevenson* 60

The Vesper Sparrow
*Edith M. Thomas* 62

Ere I lay me down to sleep
*Charles Dickens* 65

Robin Redbreast
*William Allingham* 67

October's Bright Blue Weather
*Helen Hunt Jackson* 69

Marching, Here We Come
*Robert Louis Stevenson* 72

The Children's Hour
*Henry W. Longfellow* 74

Snowflakes
*Mary Mapes Dodge* 77

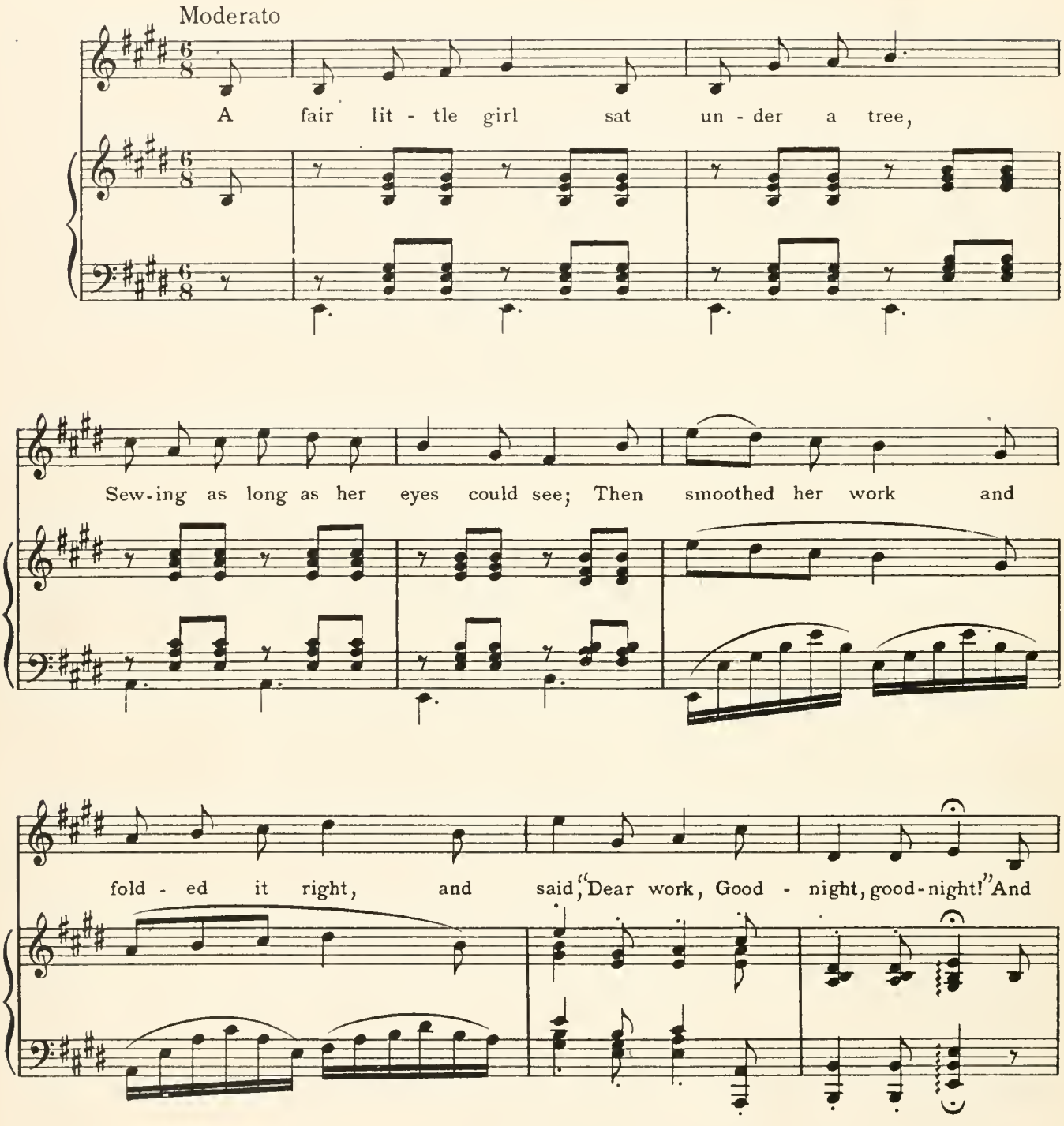
The Christmas Chimes
*Susan Coolidge* 80

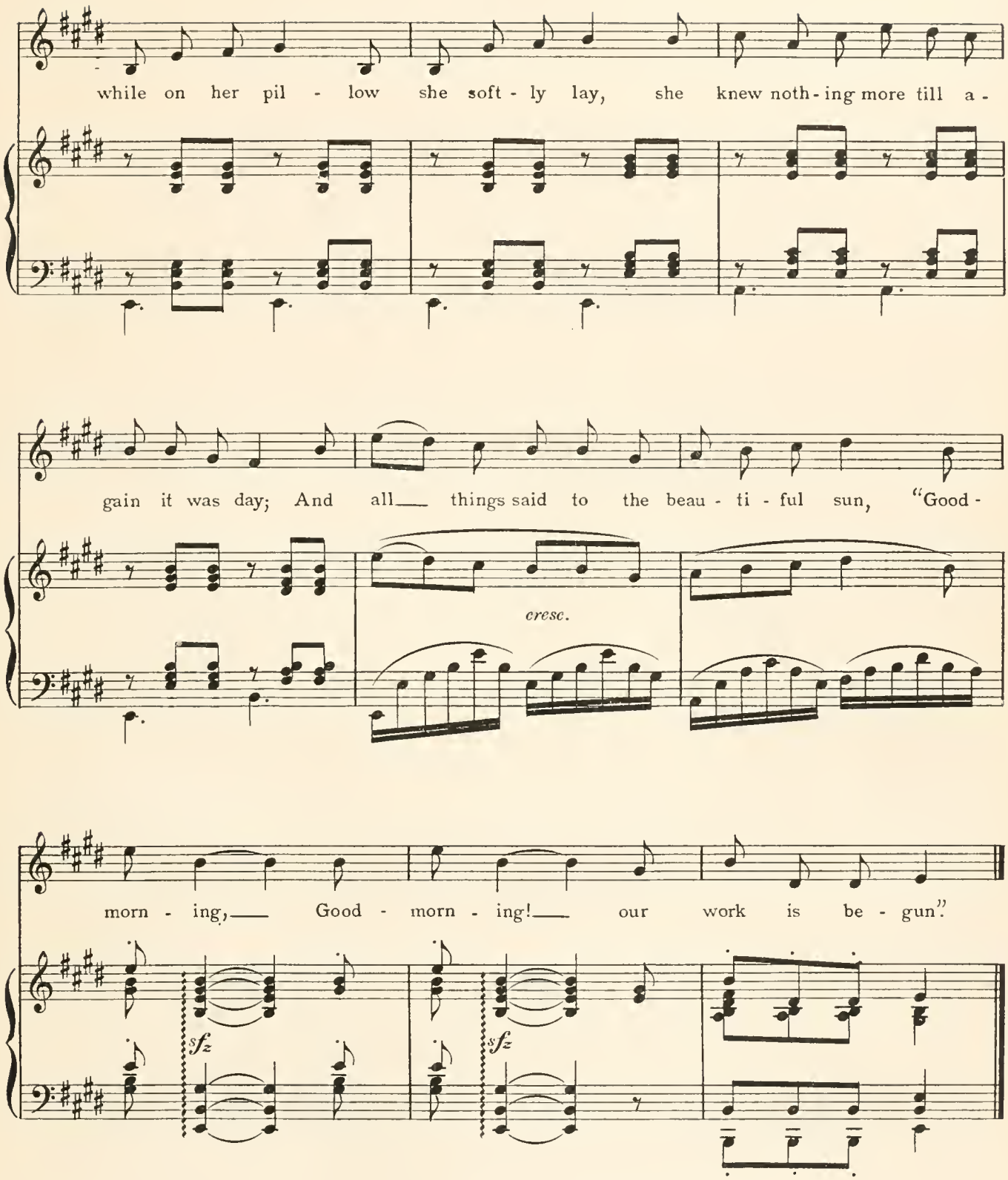
O Little Town of Bethlehem
*Phillips Brooks* 82

The Old Year and the New
*Marian Douglas* 84

# Good-Night and Good-Morning

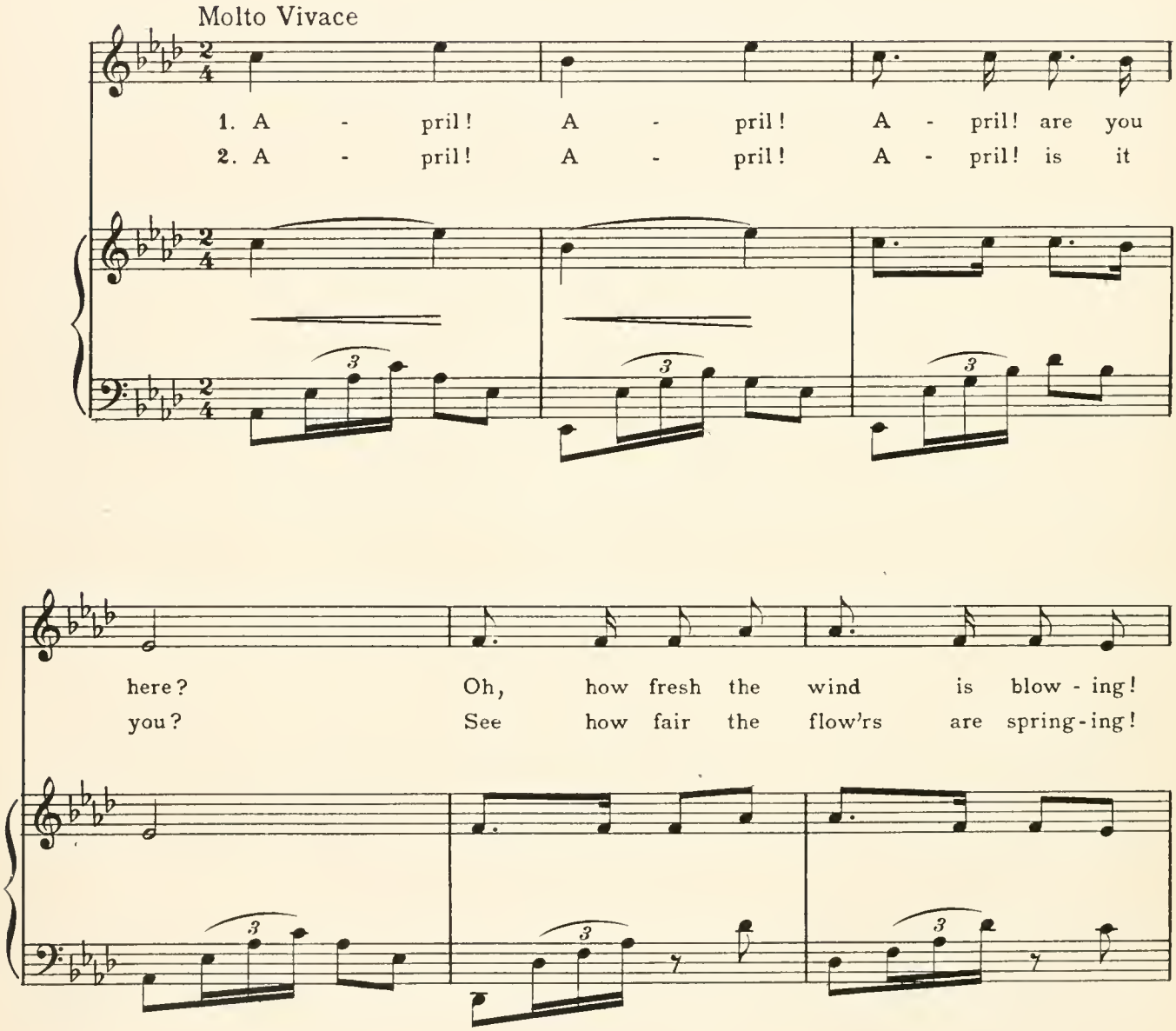
Words by
LORD HOUGHTON


Moderato
A fair lit - tle girl sat un - der a tree,
Sew-ing as long as her eyes could see; Then smoothed her work and
fold - ed it right, and said, "Dear work, Good - night, good-night!" And

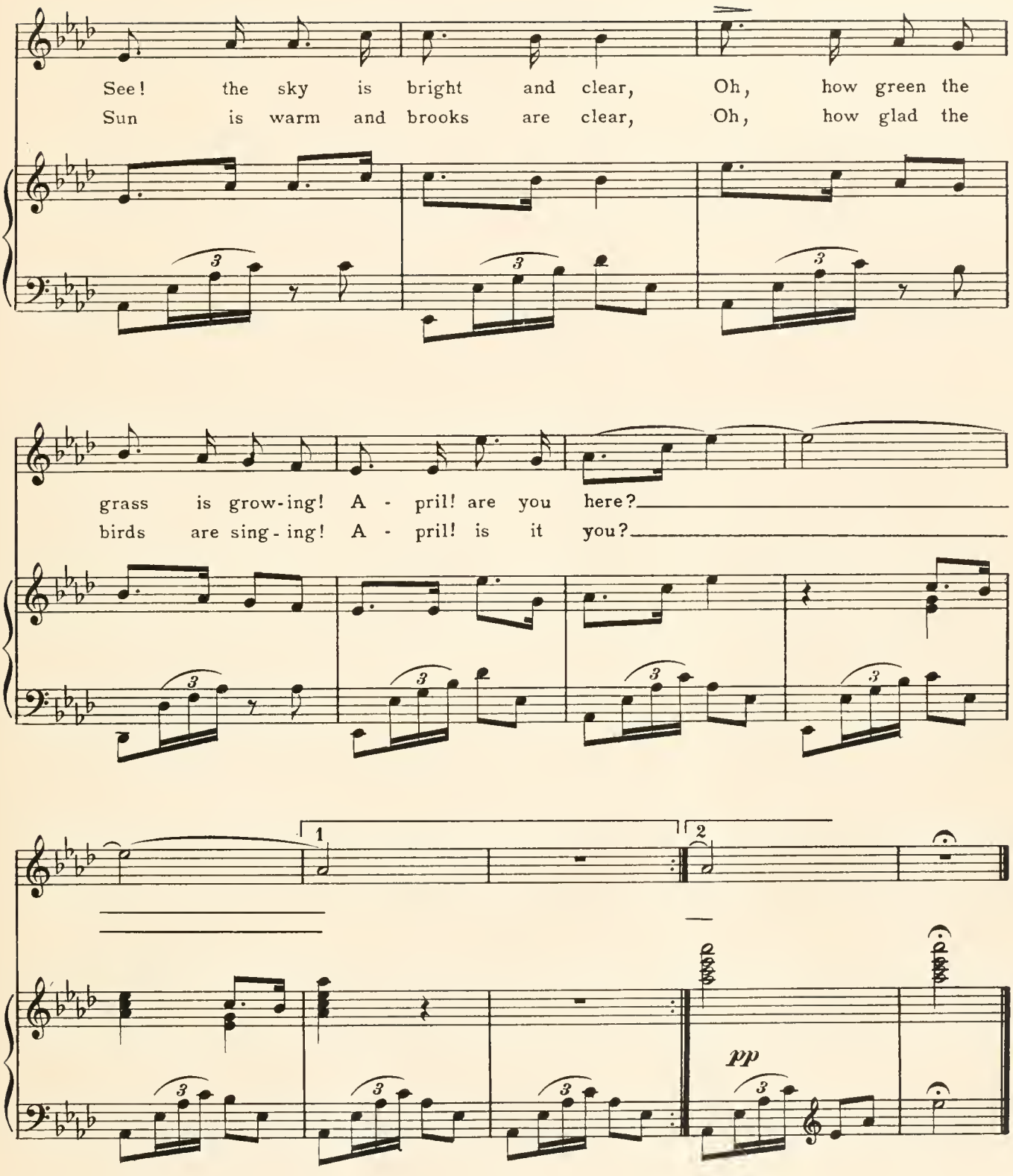

while on her pil - low she soft - ly lay, she knew noth - ing more till a -
gain it was day; And all___ things said to the beau - ti - ful sun, "Good -
cresc.
morn - ing,___ Good - morn - ing!___ our work is be - gun."
sfz
sfz

*To Sylvia*

# April! April! Are you here?

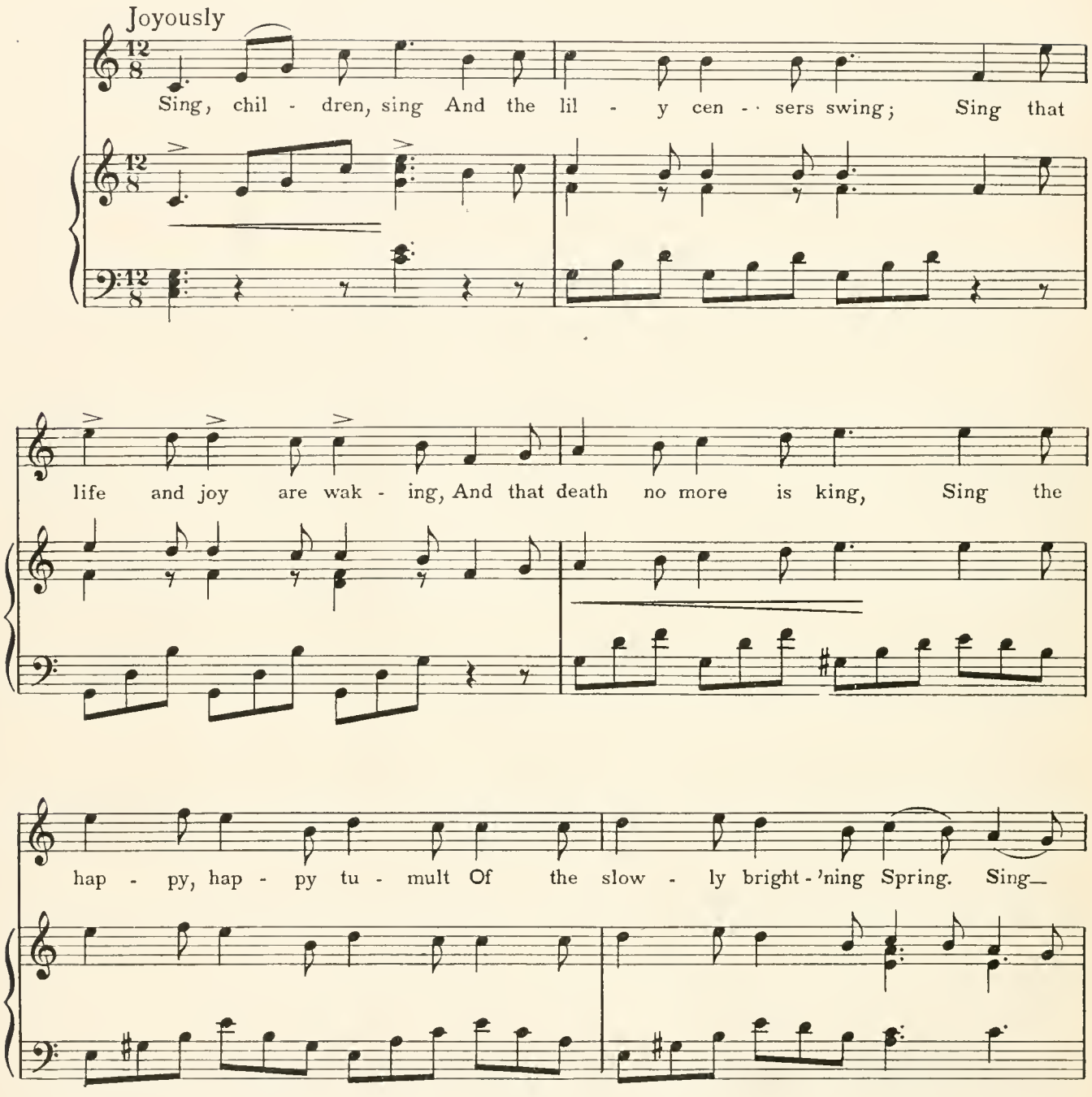
Words by
DORA READ GOODALE

Molto Vivace
1. A - pril! A - pril! A - pril! are you here?
2. A - pril! A - pril! A - pril! is it you?
Oh, how fresh the wind is blow - ing!
See how fair the flow'rs are spring - ing!

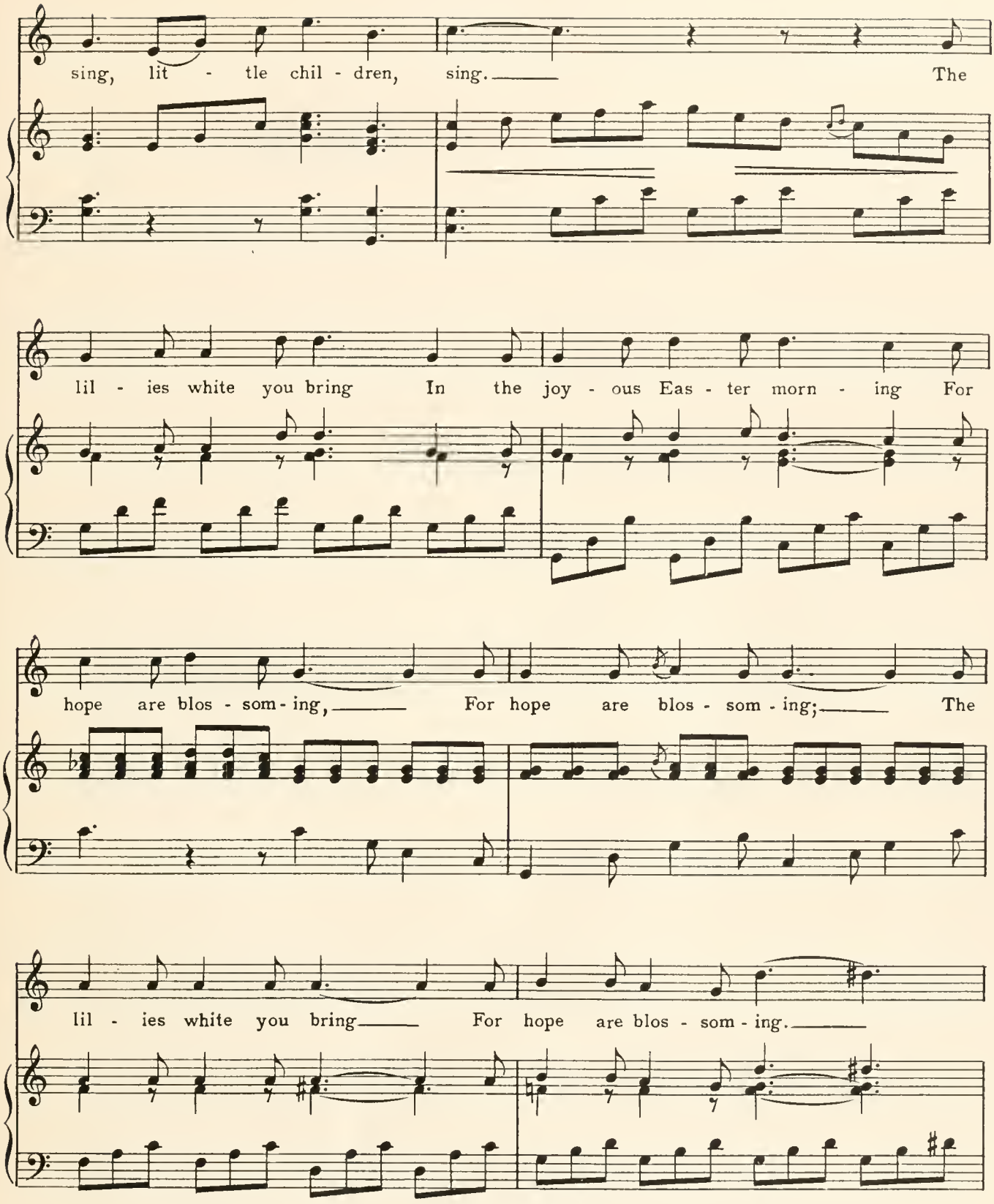
From "Apple-blossoms" by special permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, N. Y. City.

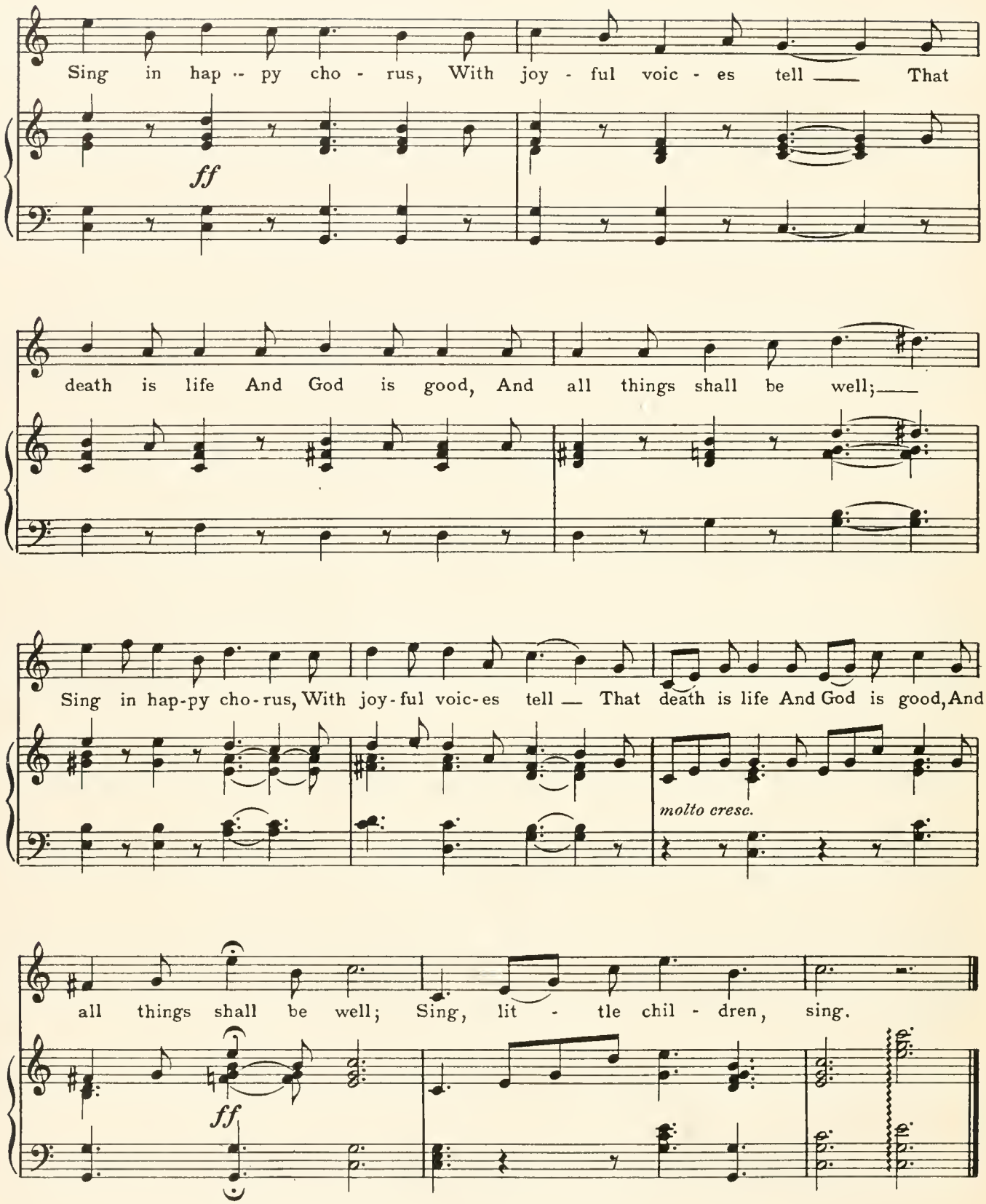

See! the sky is bright and clear, Oh, how green the
Sun is warm and brooks are clear, Oh, how glad the
grass is grow-ing! A - pril! are you here?
birds are sing-ing! A - pril! is it you?
1
2
pp

# A Song of Easter

Words by
CELIA THAXTER

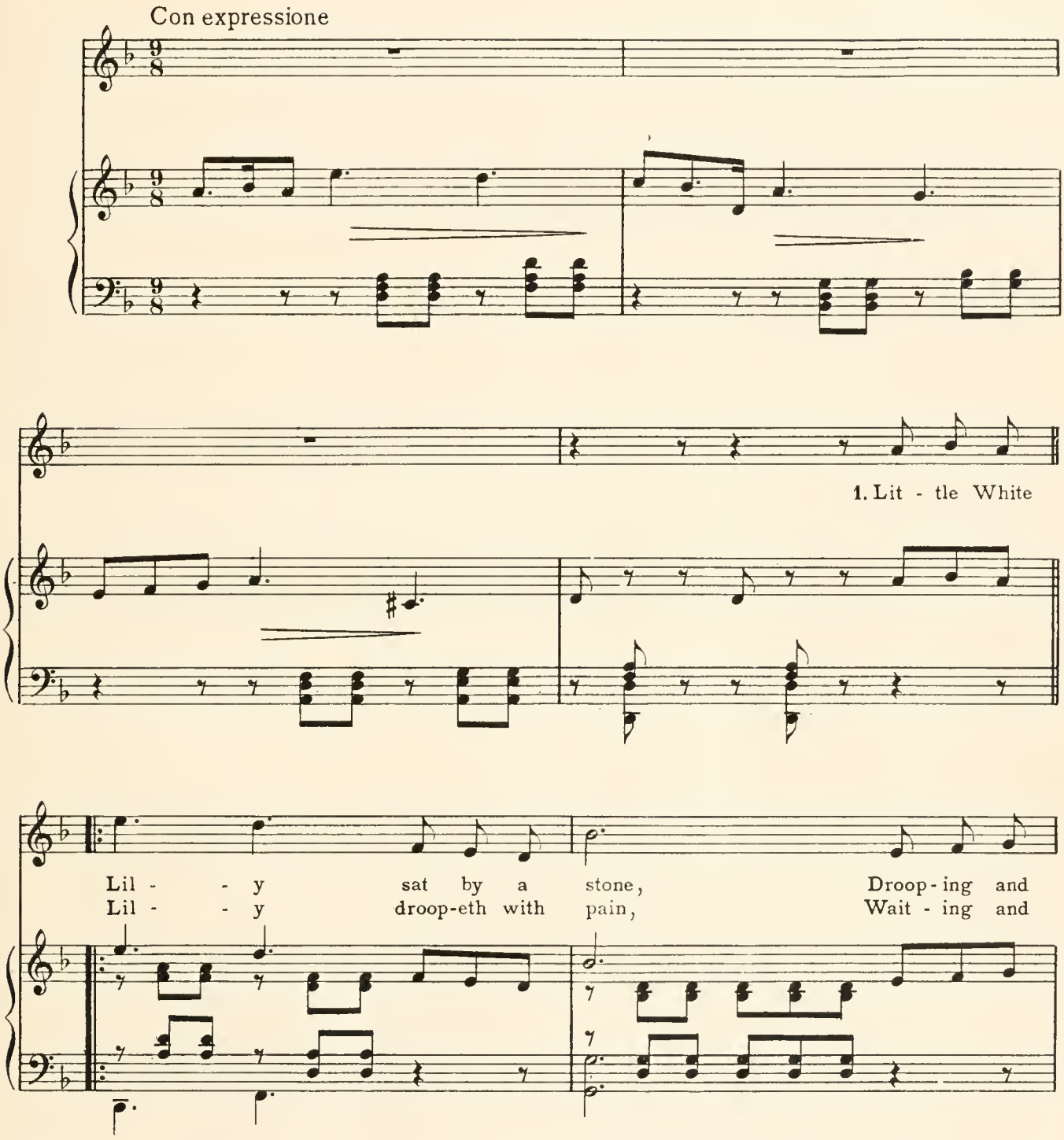
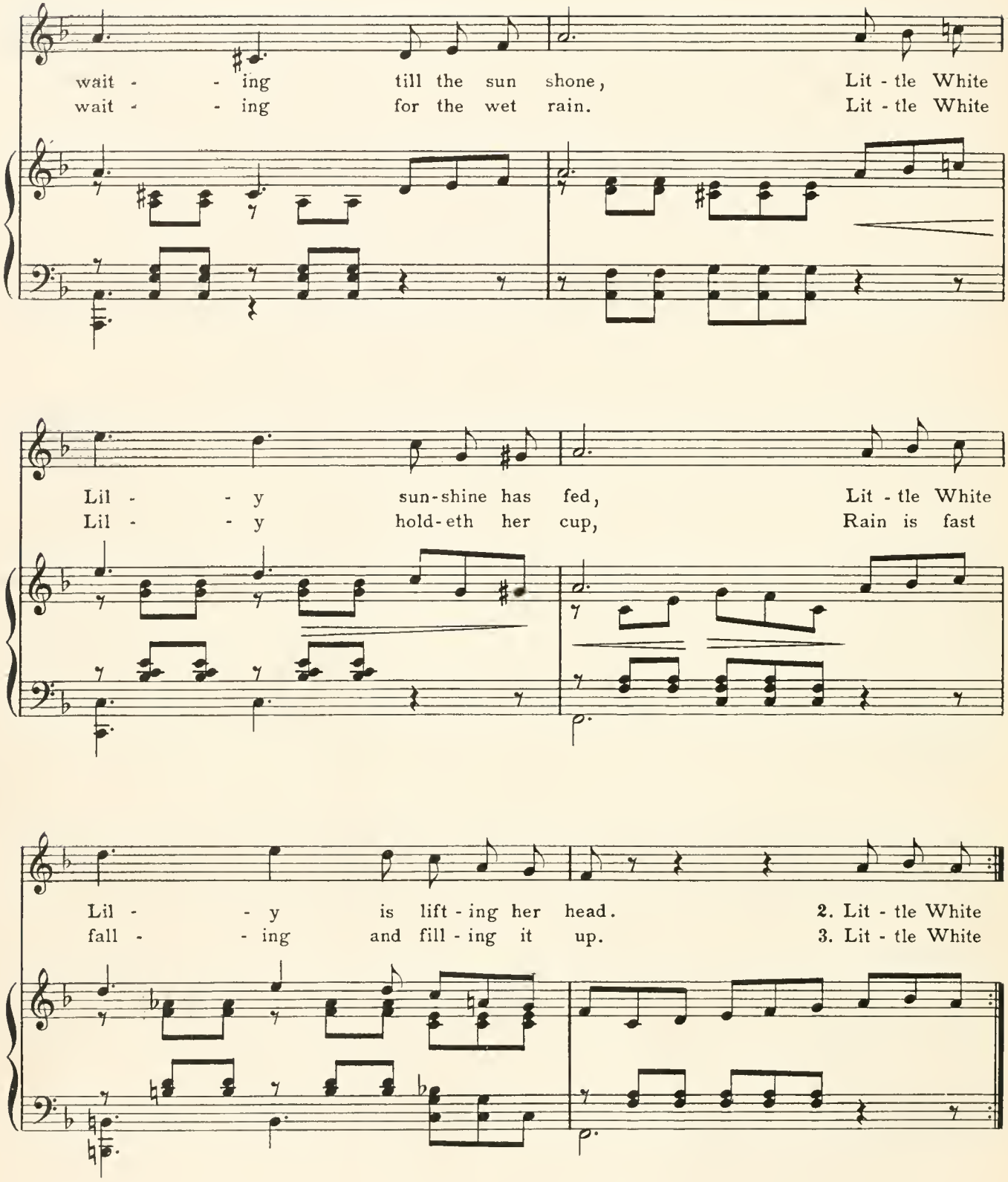

Joyously
Sing, chil - dren, sing And the lil - y cen - sers swing; Sing that
life and joy are wak - ing, And that death no more is king, Sing the
hap - py, hap - py tu - mult Of the slow - ly bright - ning Spring. Sing—

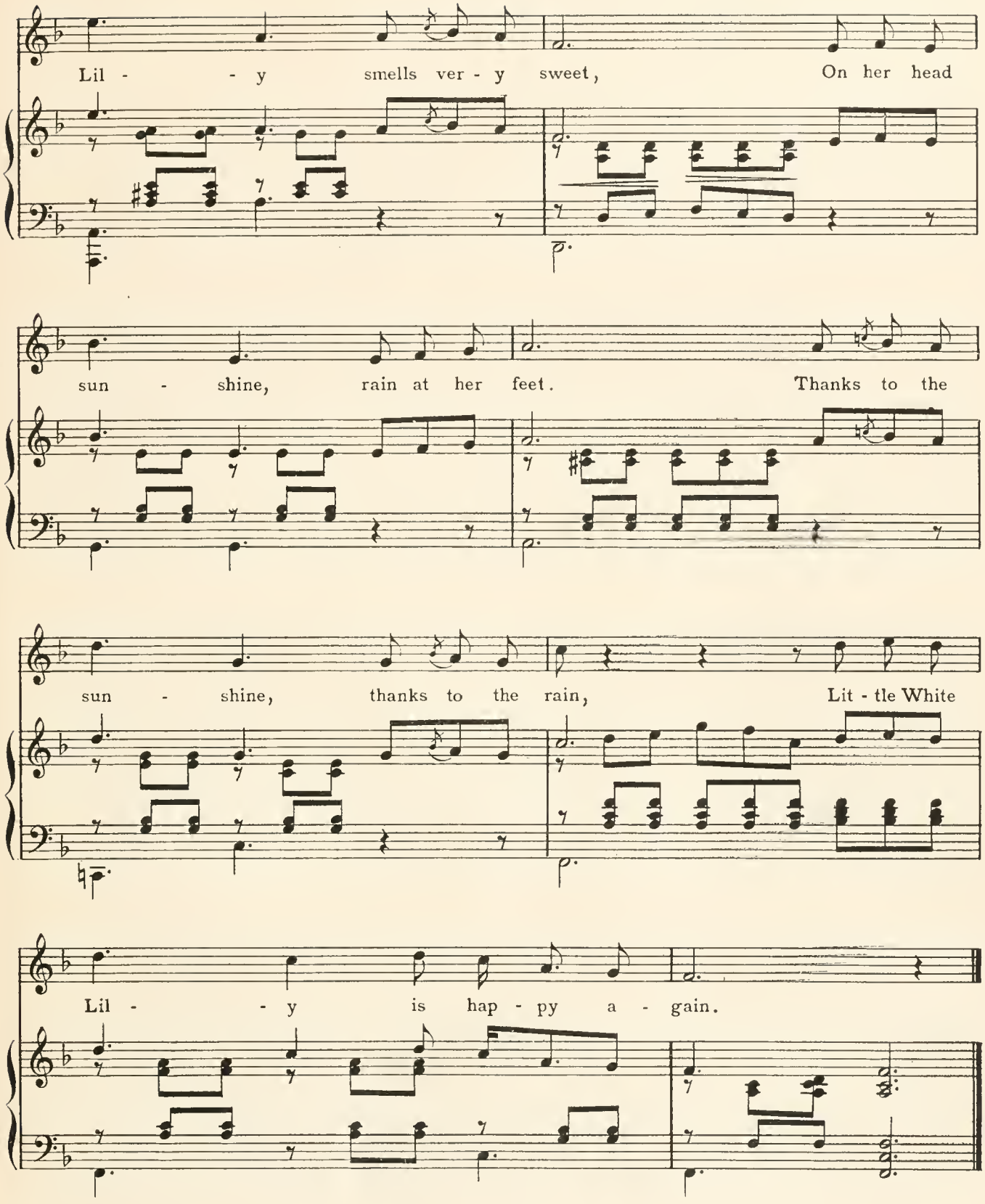
By special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Publishers

sing, lit - tle chil - dren, sing. The
lil - ies white you bring In the joy - ous Eas - ter morn - ing For
hope are blos - som - ing, For hope are blos - som - ing; The
lil - ies white you bring For hope are blos - som - ing.


Sing in hap -- py cho - rus, With joy - ful voic - es tell ___ That
ff
death is life And God is good, And all things shall be well;___
Sing in hap-py cho-rus, With joy-ful voic-es tell ___ That death is life And God is good, And
molto cresc.
all things shall be well; Sing, lit - tle chil - dren, sing.
ff

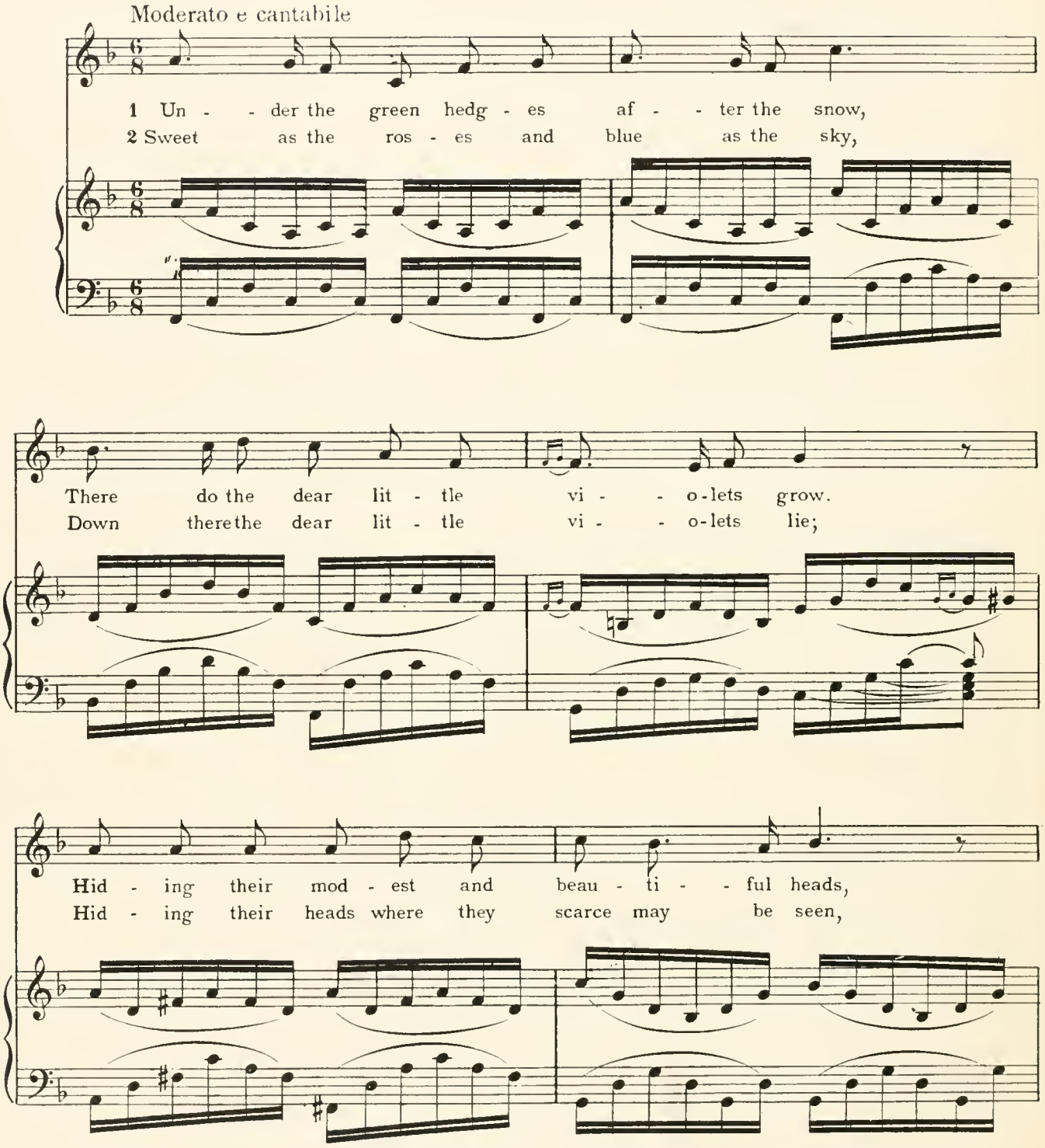
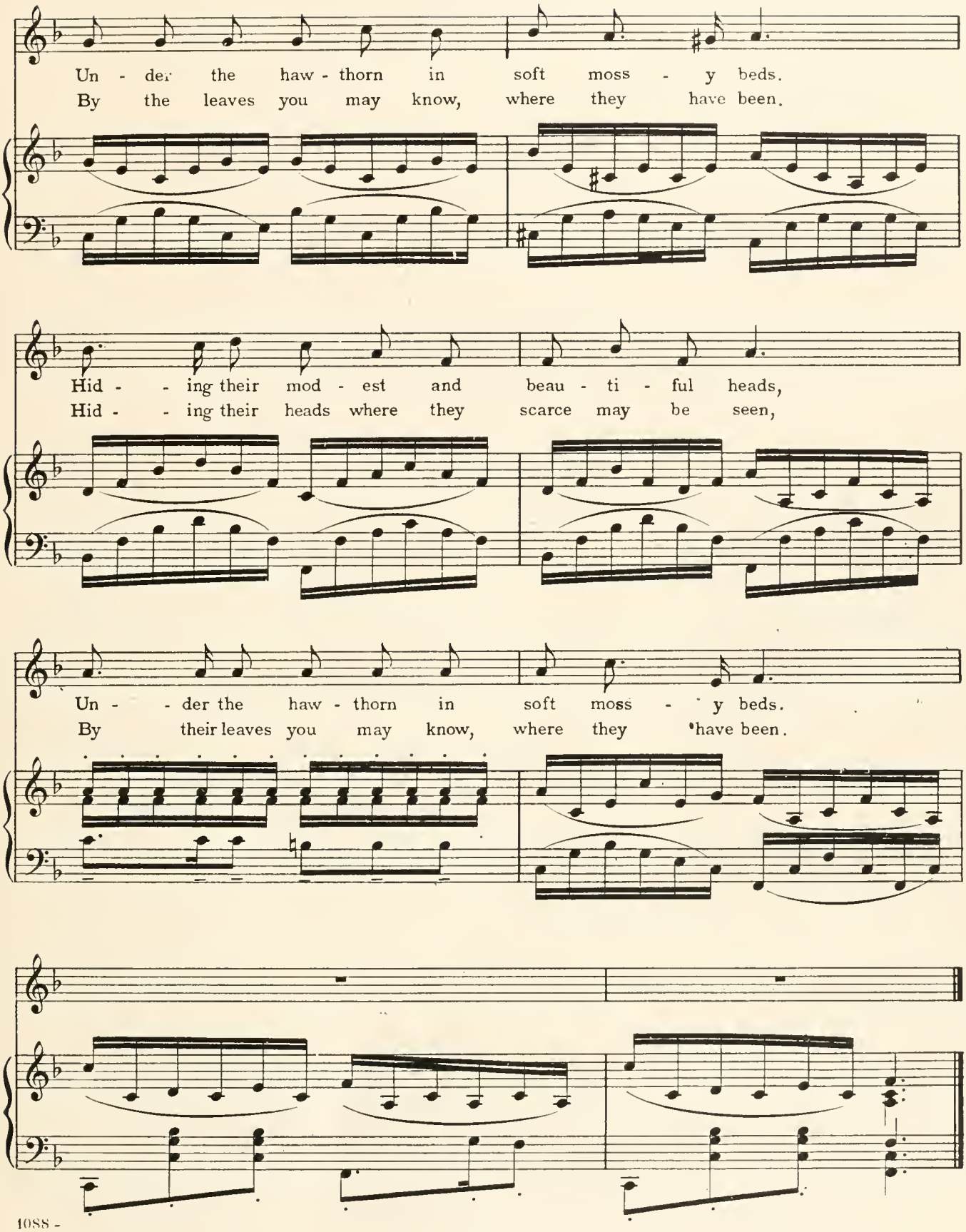
# Little White Lily

Words by
GEORGE MACDONALD



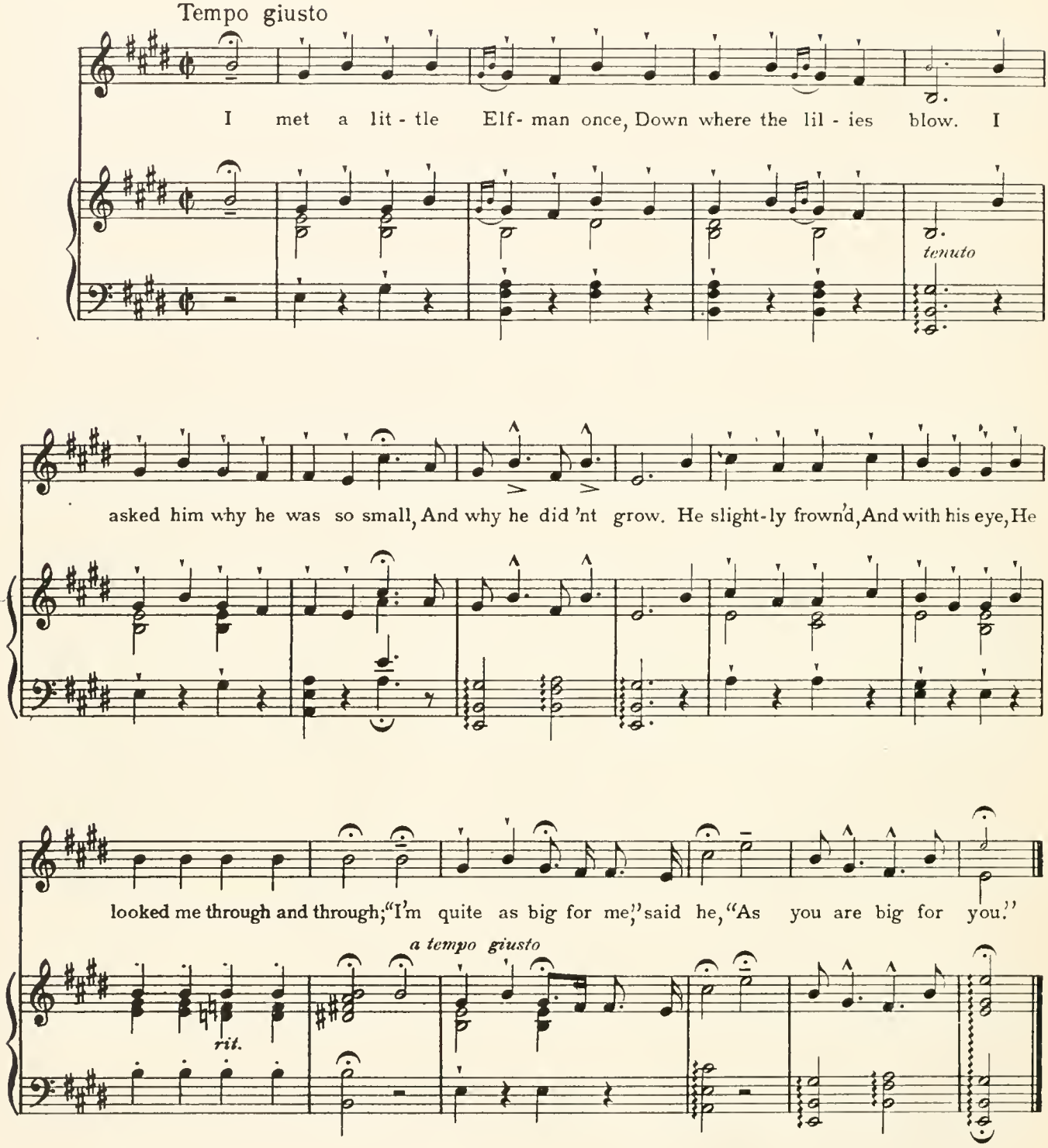
wait - - ing till the sun shone, Lit - tle White
wait - - ing for the wet rain. Lit - tle White
Lil - - y sun-shine has fed, Lit - tle White
Lil - - y hold-eth her cup, Rain is fast
Lil - - y is lift - ing her head. 2. Lit - tle White
fall - - ing and fill - ing it up. 3. Lit - tle White

Lil - - y smells ver - y sweet, On her head
sun - shine, rain at her feet. Thanks to the
sun - shine, thanks to the rain, Lit - tle White
Lil - - y is hap - py a - gain.

# Dear Little Violets

Words by
JOHN MOULTRIE

Moderato e cantabile
1 Un - - der the green hedg - es af - - ter the snow,
2 Sweet as the ros - es and blue as the sky,
There do the dear lit - tle vi - - o-lets grow.
Down therethe dear lit - tle vi - - o-lets lie;
Hid - ing their mod - est and beau - ti - - ful heads,
Hid - ing their heads where they scarce may be seen,

Un - der the haw - thorn in soft moss - y beds.
By the leaves you may know, where they have been.
Hid - - ing their mod - est and beau - ti - ful heads,
Hid - - ing their heads where they scarce may be seen,
Un - - der the haw - thorn in soft moss - y beds.
By their leaves you may know, where they have been.

# The Little Elf-man

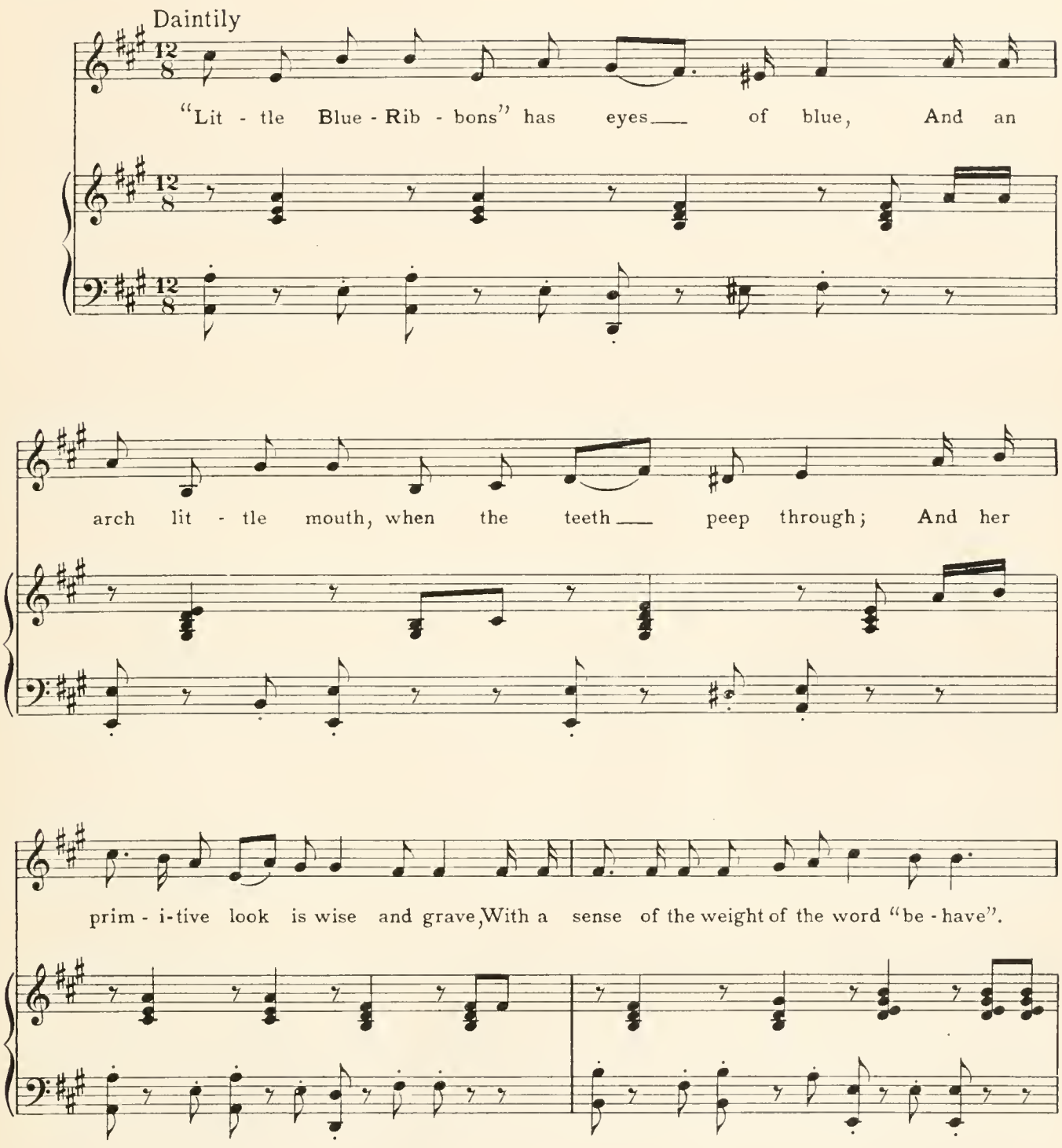
Words by
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS


Tempo giusto
I met a lit - tle Elf- man once, Down where the lil - ies blow. I
tenuto
asked him why he was so small, And why he did 'nt grow. He slight-ly frown'd, And with his eye, He
looked me through and through; "I'm quite as big for me," said he, "As you are big for you."
a tempo giusto
rit.

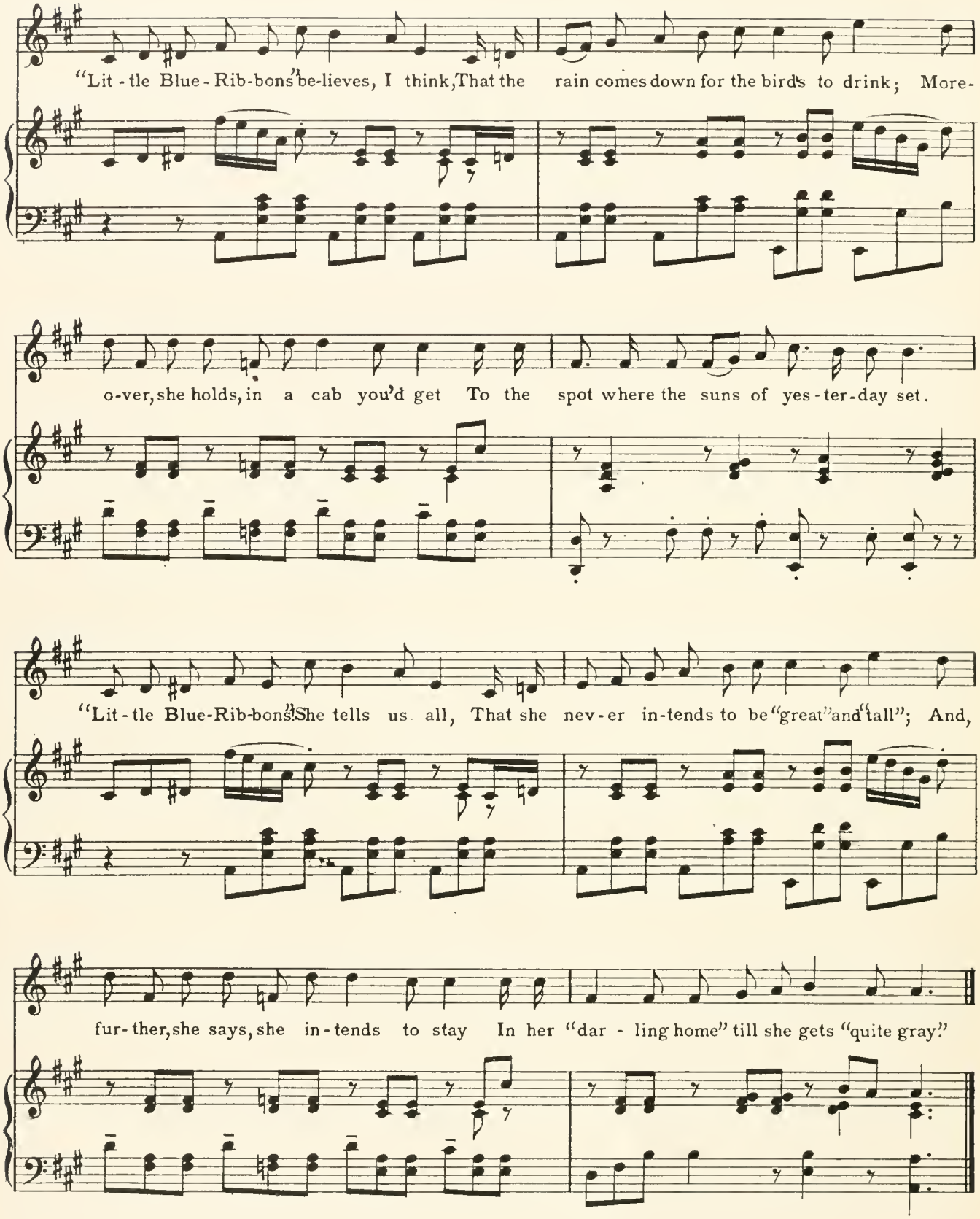
Copyright, 1893 by The Century Co.
By the kind permission of the Author and The St. Nicholas Magazine

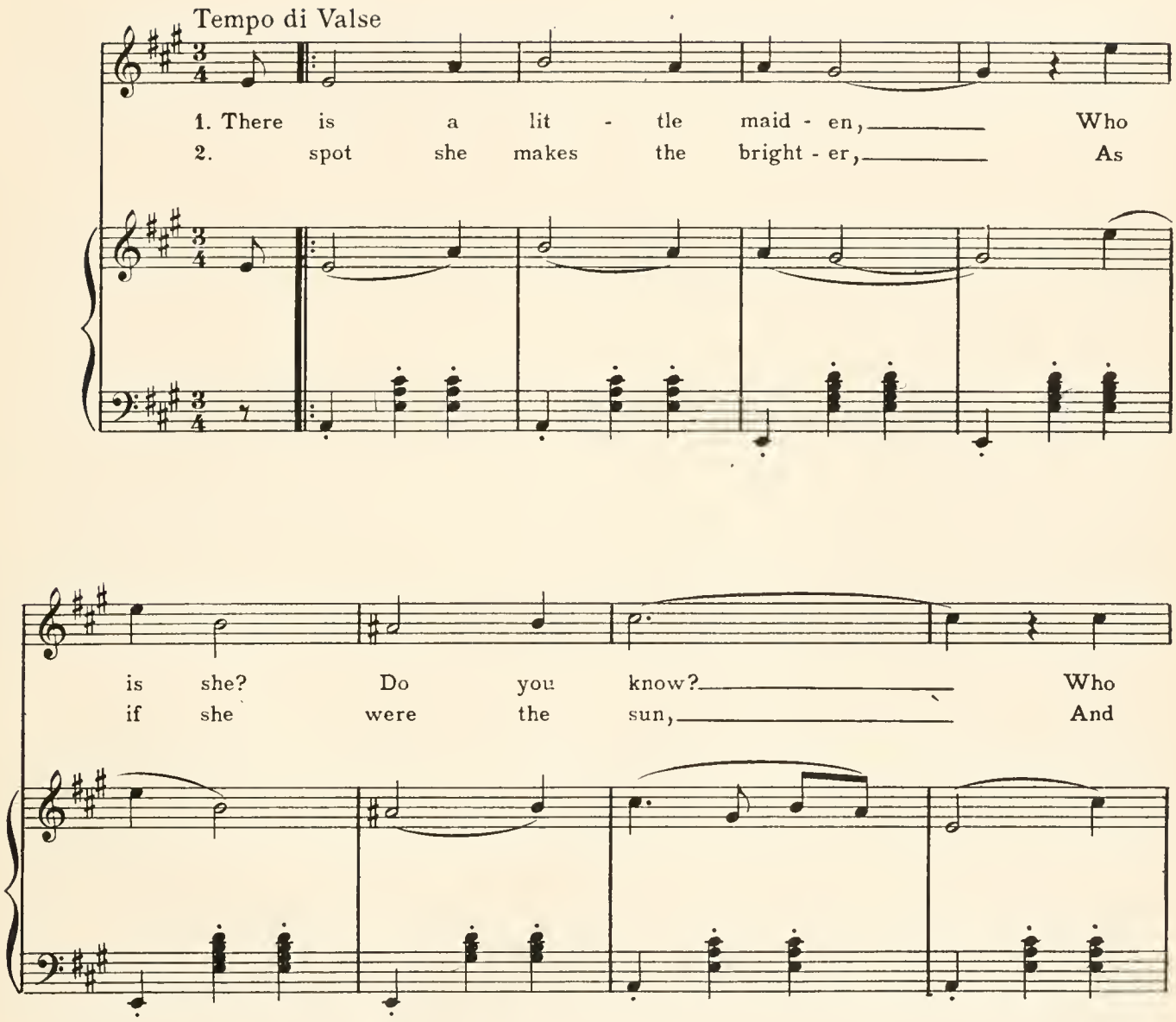
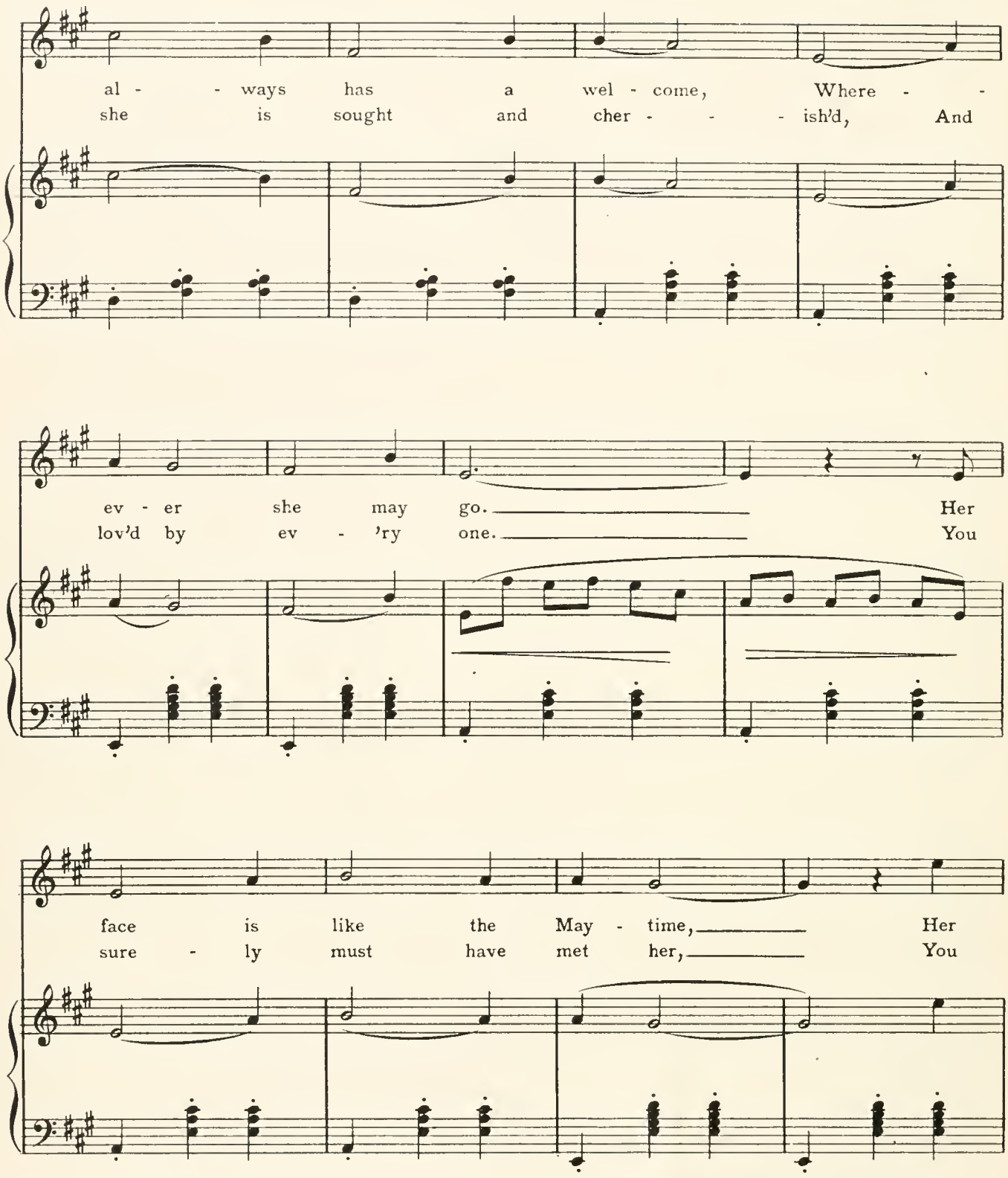
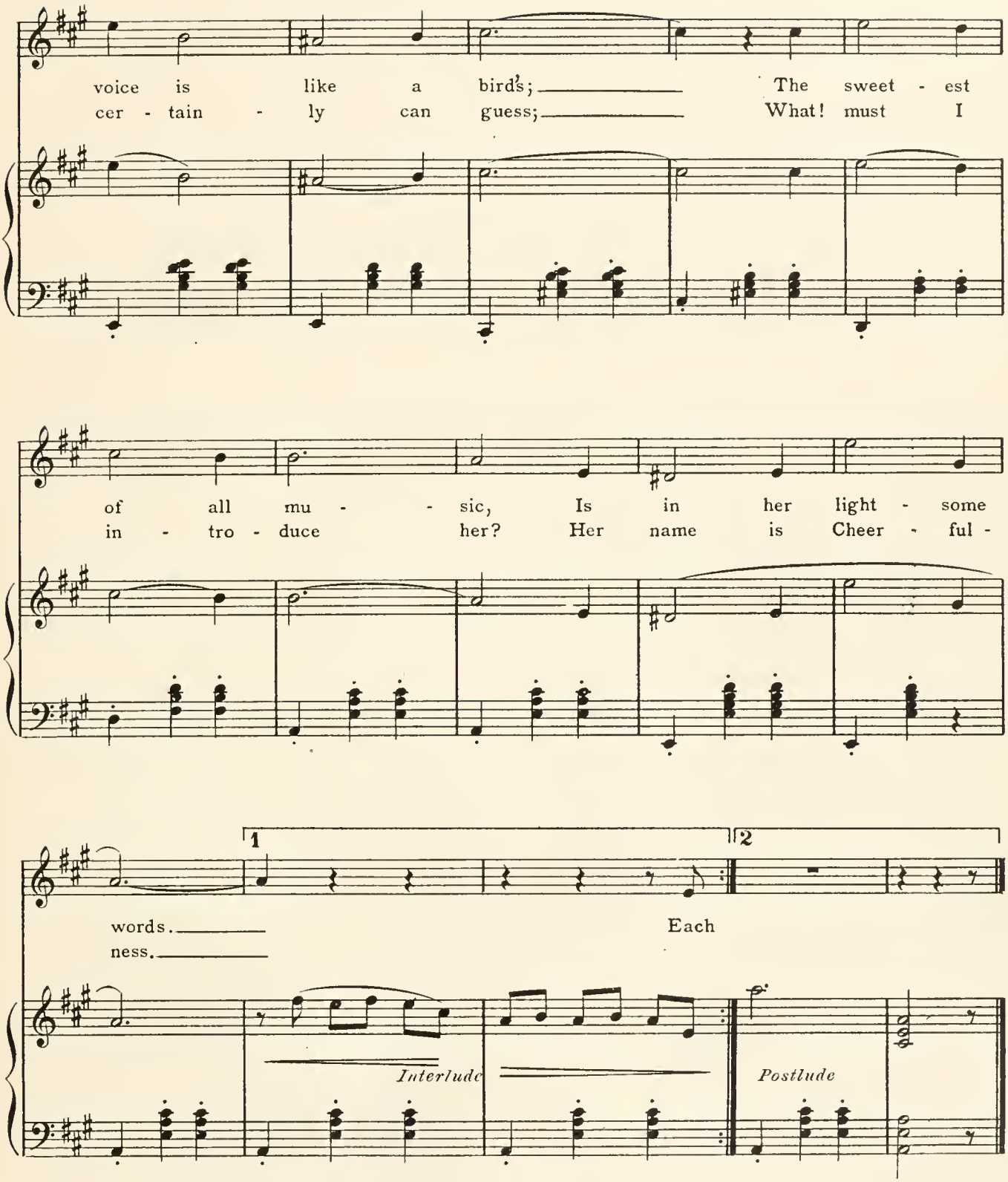
# Little Blue-Ribbons

Words by
AUSTIN DOBSON

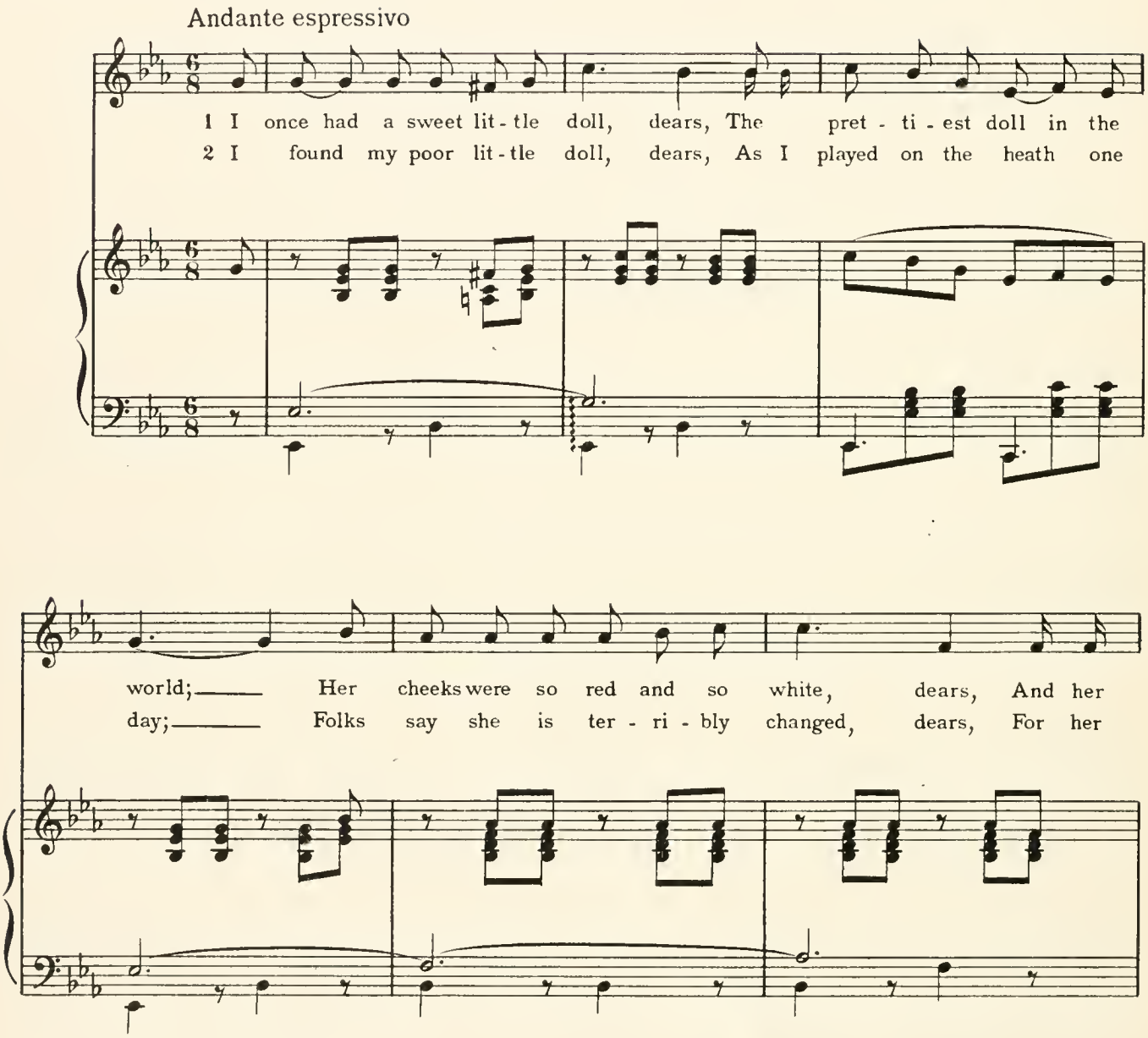

Daintily
"Lit - tle Blue - Rib - bons" has eyes___ of blue, And an
arch lit - tle mouth, when the teeth___ peep through; And her
prim - i-tive look is wise and grave, With a sense of the weight of the word "be - have".

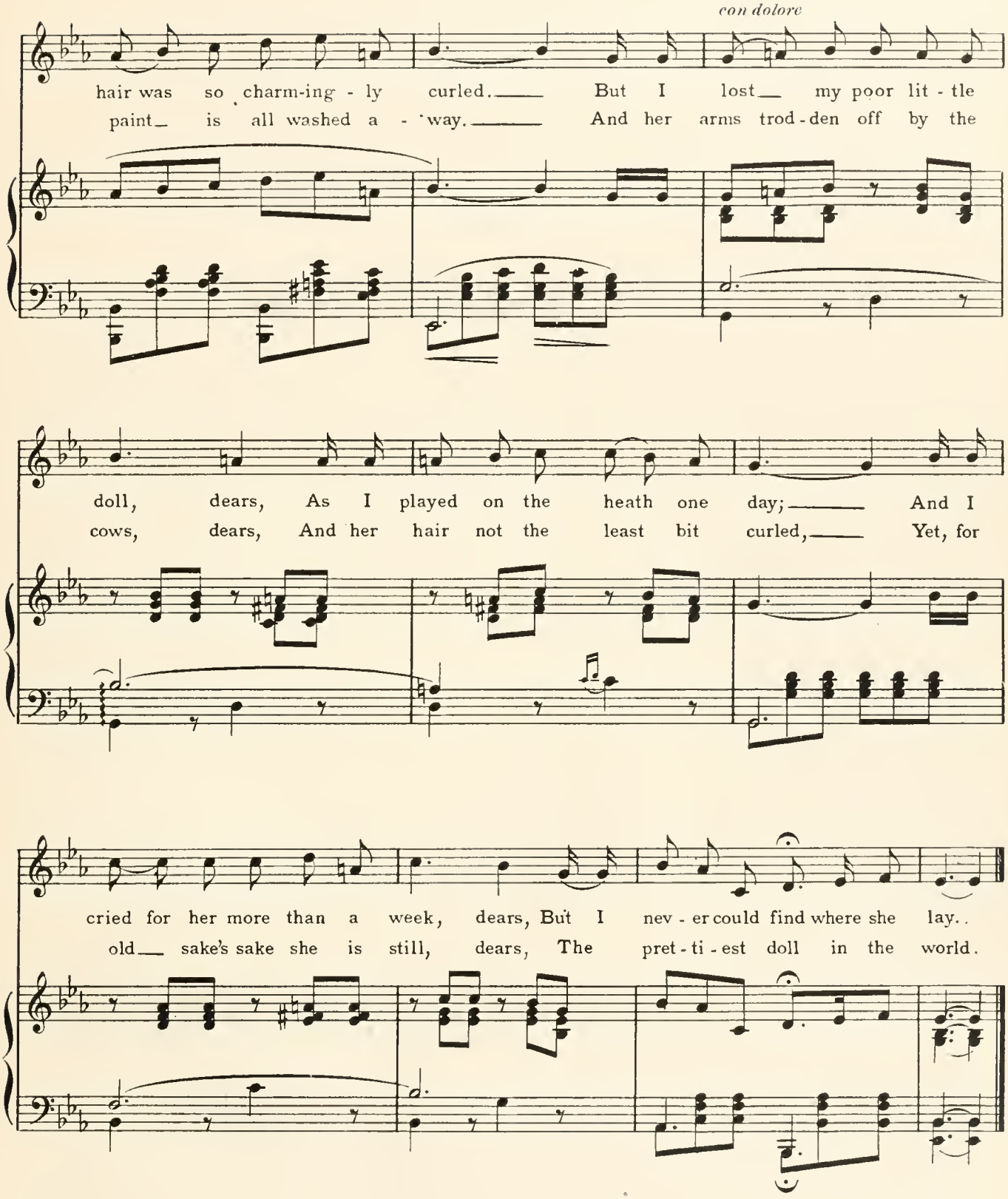
This poem was first published in "Father Christmans" in 1876


"Lit - tle Blue - Rib-bons" be-lieves, I think, That the rain comes down for the birds to drink; More-
o-ver, she holds, in a cab you'd get To the spot where the suns of yes - ter-day set.
"Lit - tle Blue-Rib-bons" She tells us all, That she nev - er in-tends to be "great" and "tall"; And,
fur - ther, she says, she in - tends to stay In her "dar - ling home" till she gets "quite gray."

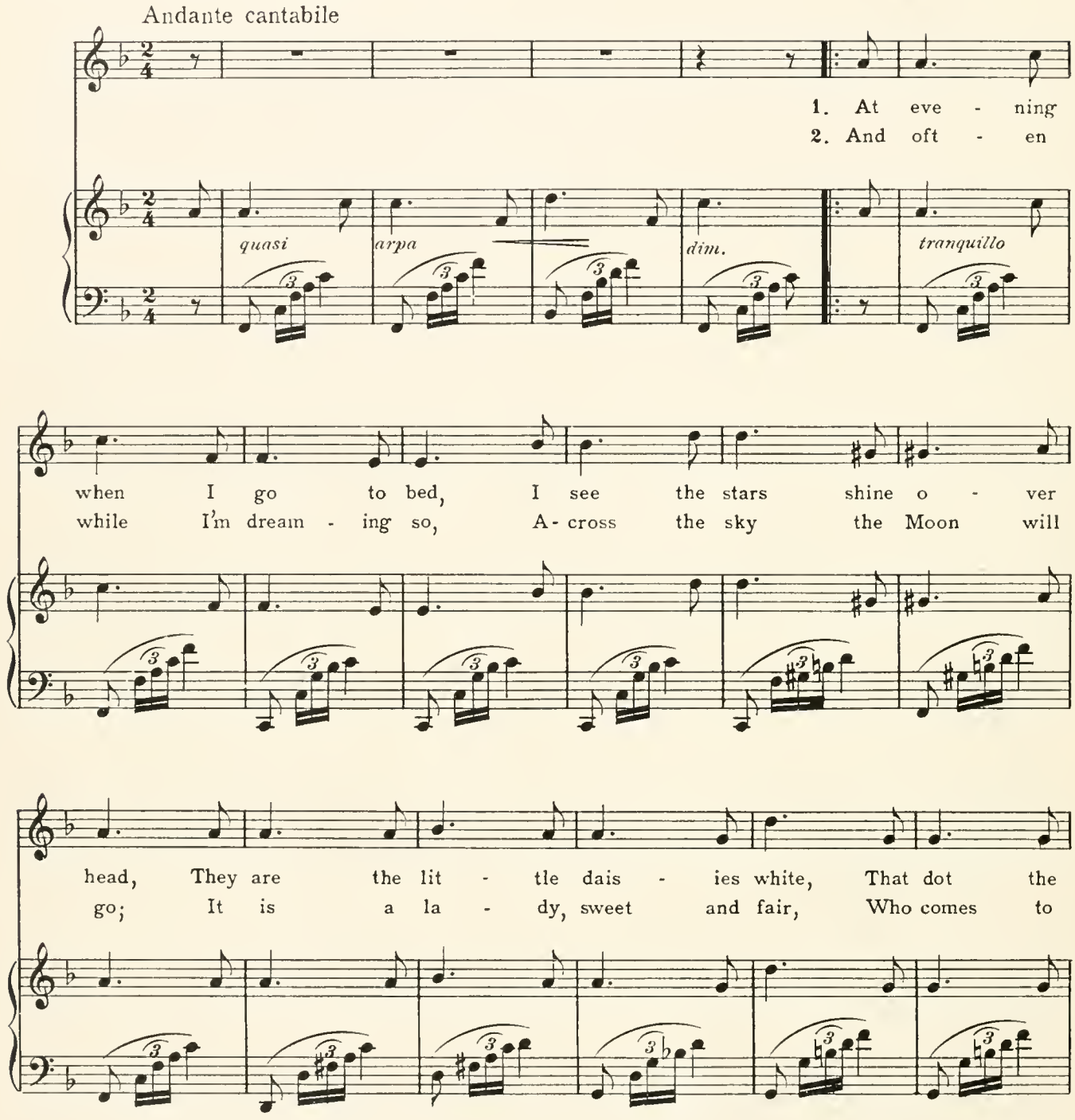
# Who Is She?

From "Picture Poems" By the kind permission of Annie Douglas Robinson ("Marian Douglas")

al - - ways has a wel - come, Where - -
she is sought and cher - - - ish'd, And
ev - er she may go. Her
lov'd by ev - 'ry one. You
face is like the May - time, Her
sure - ly must have met her, You

voice is like a birds; The sweet - est
cer - tain - ly can guess; What! must I
of all mu - - sic, Is in her light - some
in - tro - duce her? Her name is Cheer - ful -
1
2
words.
ness.
Each
Interlude
Postlude

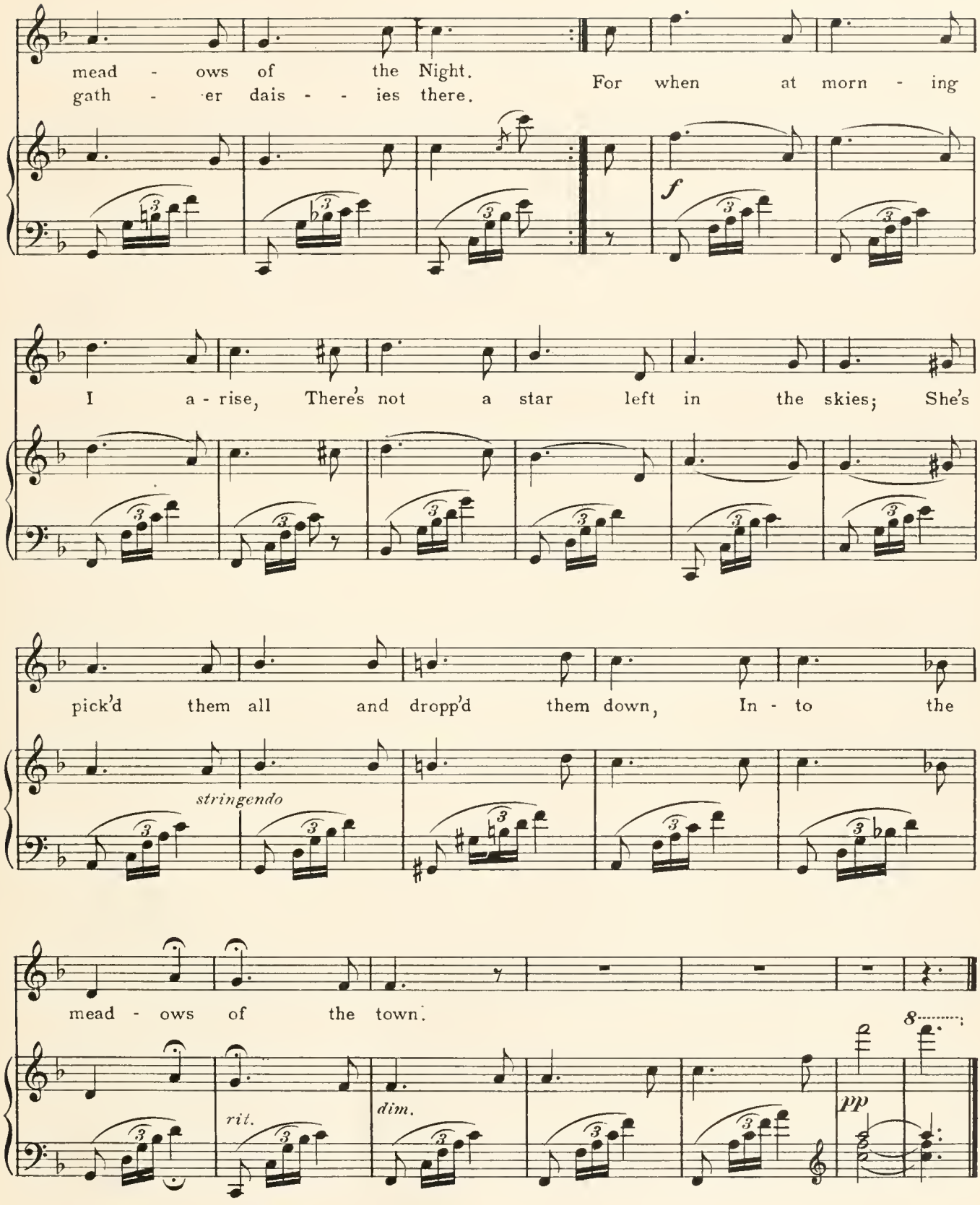
# The Lost Doll

Words by
CHARLES KINGSLEY

Andante espressivo
1 I once had a sweet lit - tle doll, dears, The pret - ti - est doll in the
2 I found my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I played on the heath one
world;— Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her
day;— Folks say she is ter - ri - bly changed, dears, For her

From The "Water-Babies" published in 1863.

con dolore
hair was so charm-ing - ly curled. But I lost my poor lit - tle
paint is all washed a - way. And her arms trod-den off by the
doll, dears, As I played on the heath one day; And I
cows, dears, And her hair not the least bit curled, Yet, for
cried for her more than a week, dears, But I nev - er could find where she lay.
old sake's sake she is still, dears, The pret - ti - est doll in the world.

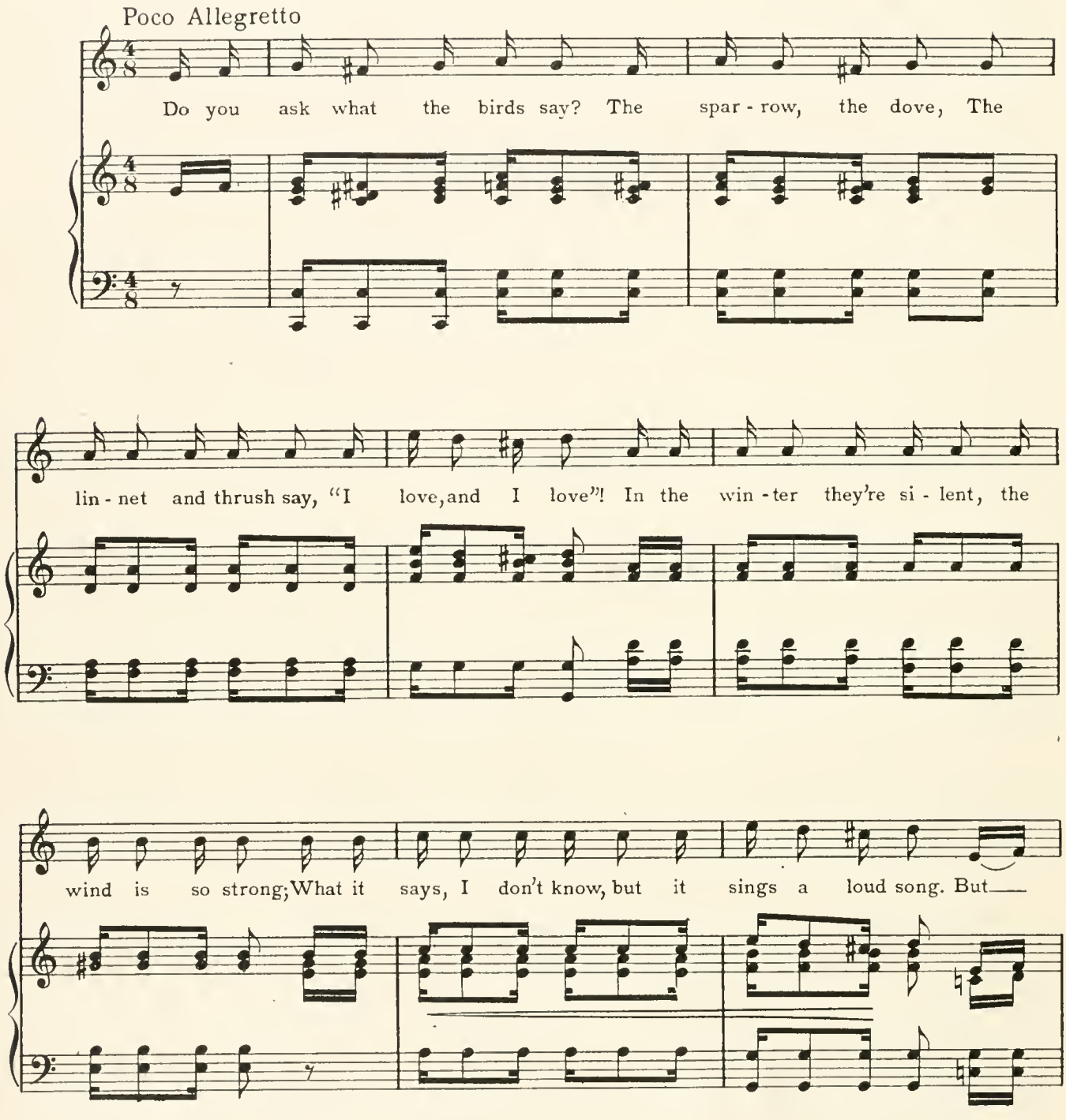
# Gathering Daisies

Words by
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Andante cantabile
1. At eve - ning
2. And oft - en
quasi
arpa
dim.
tranquillo
when I go to bed, I see the stars shine o - ver
while I'm dream - ing so, A - cross the sky the Moon will
head, They are the lit - tle dais - ies white, That dot the
go; It is a la - dy, sweet and fair, Who comes to

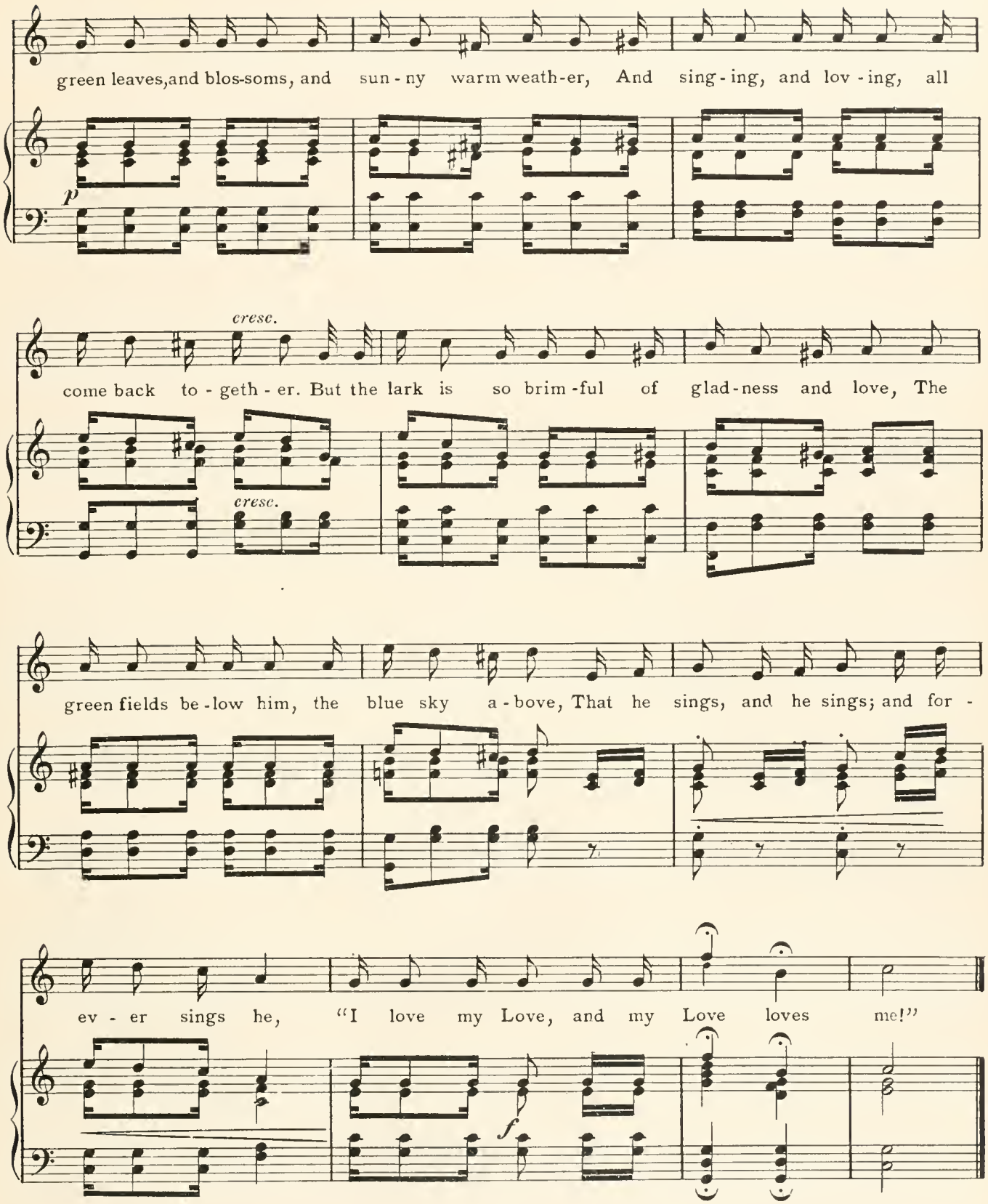
From "Little Folk's Lyrics." By special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Publishers.

mead - ows of the Night.
gath - er dais - - ies there.
For when at morn - ing
f
I a - rise, There's not a star left in the skies; She's
pick'd them all and dropp'd them down, In - to the
stringendo
mead - ows of the town.
rit.
dim.
pp
8

# Answer to a Child's Question

Words by
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

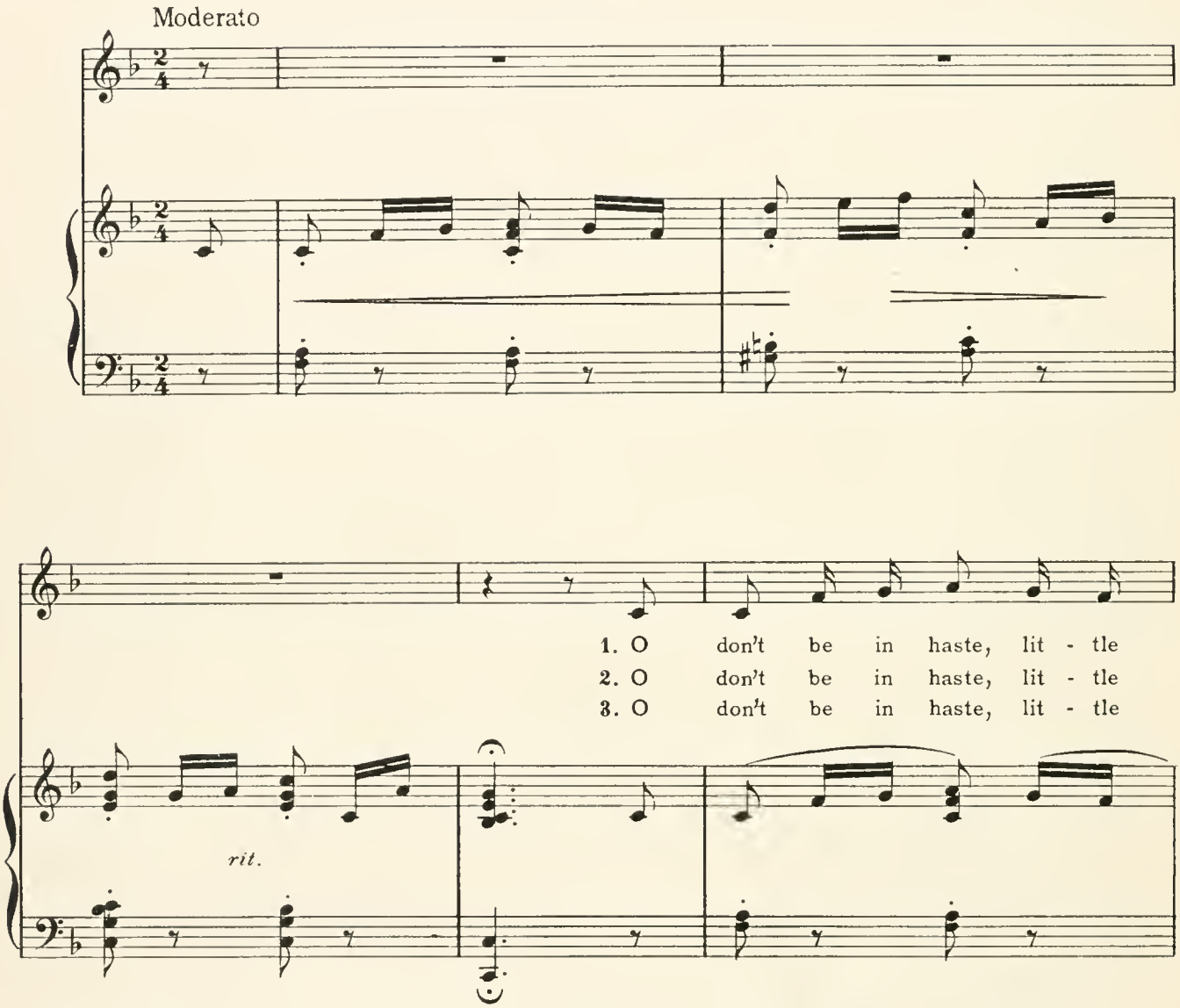

Poco Allegretto
Do you ask what the birds say? The spar - row, the dove, The
lin - net and thrush say, "I love, and I love"! In the win - ter they're si - lent, the
wind is so strong; What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song. But

Poem first published in "The Morning Post" Oct. 16th 1802

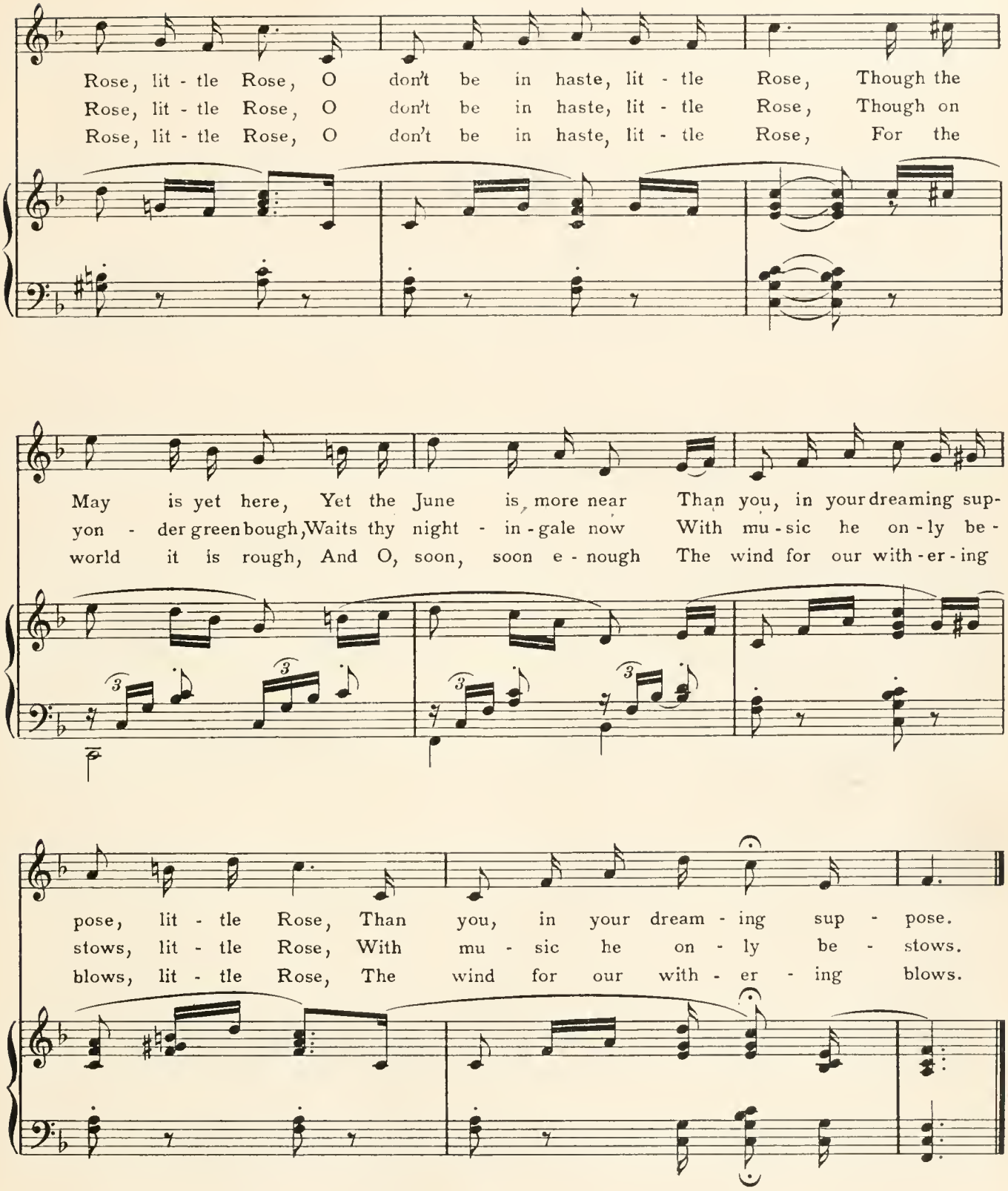

green leaves,and blos-soms, and sun - ny warm weath-er, And sing - ing, and lov - ing, all
p
cresc.
come back to - geth - er. But the lark is so brim -ful of glad-ness and love, The
cresc.
green fields be -low him, the blue sky a - bove, That he sings, and he sings; and for -
ev - er sings he, "I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"
f

# Little Rose

Words by
MARIAN DOUGLAS




From "Picture Poems" by the kind permission of Annie Douglas Robinson ("Marian Douglas")

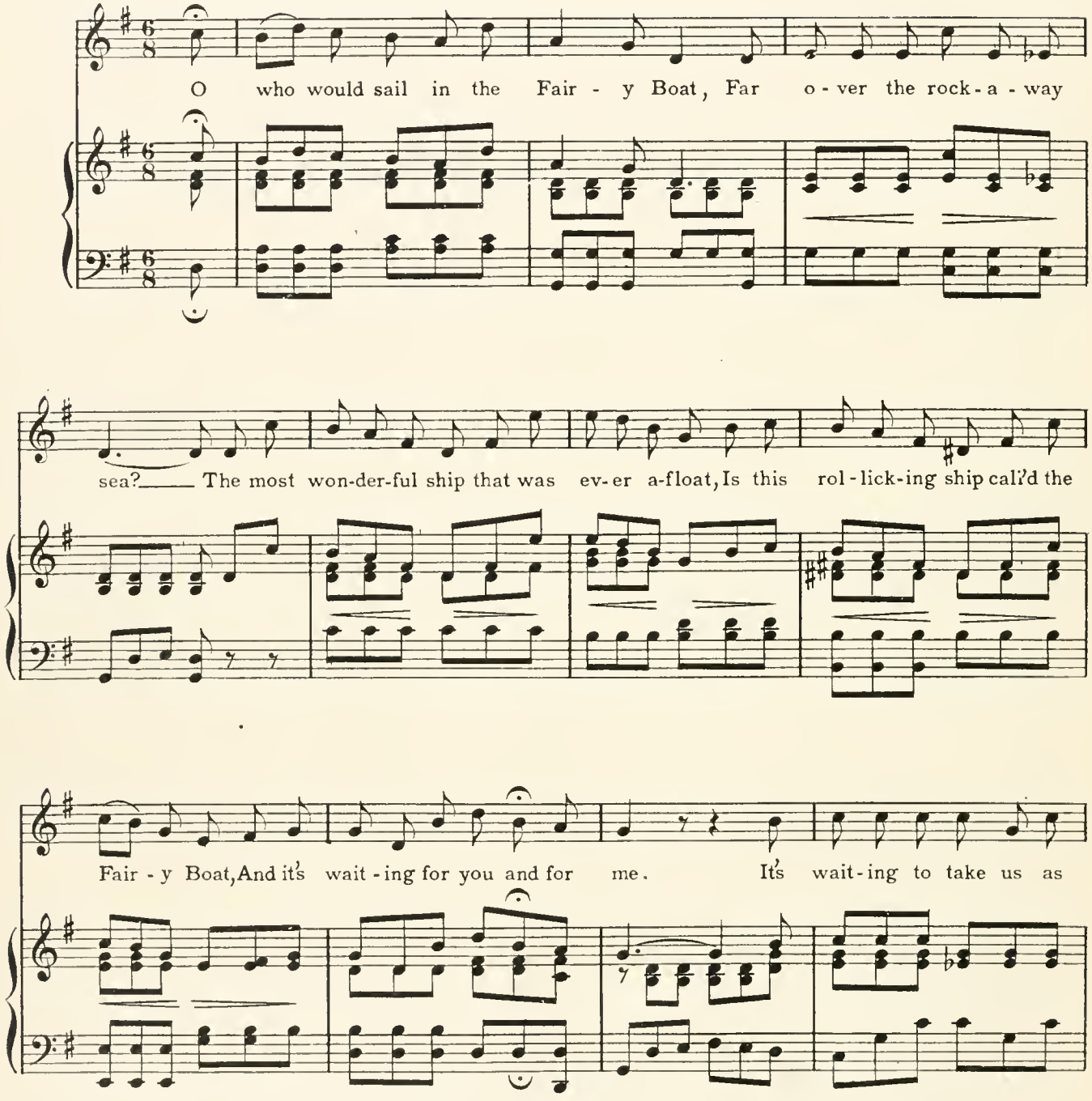

Rose, lit - tle Rose, O don't be in haste, lit - tle Rose, Though the
Rose, lit - tle Rose, O don't be in haste, lit - tle Rose, Though on
Rose, lit - tle Rose, O don't be in haste, lit - tle Rose, For the
May is yet here, Yet the June is more near Than you, in your dreaming sup-
yon - der green bough, Waits thy night - in - gale now With mu - sic he on - ly be -
world it is rough, And O, soon, soon e - nough The wind for our with - er - ing
pose, lit - tle Rose, Than you, in your dream - ing sup - pose.
stows, lit - tle Rose, With mu - sic he on - ly be - stows.
blows, lit - tle Rose, The wind for our with - er - ing blows.

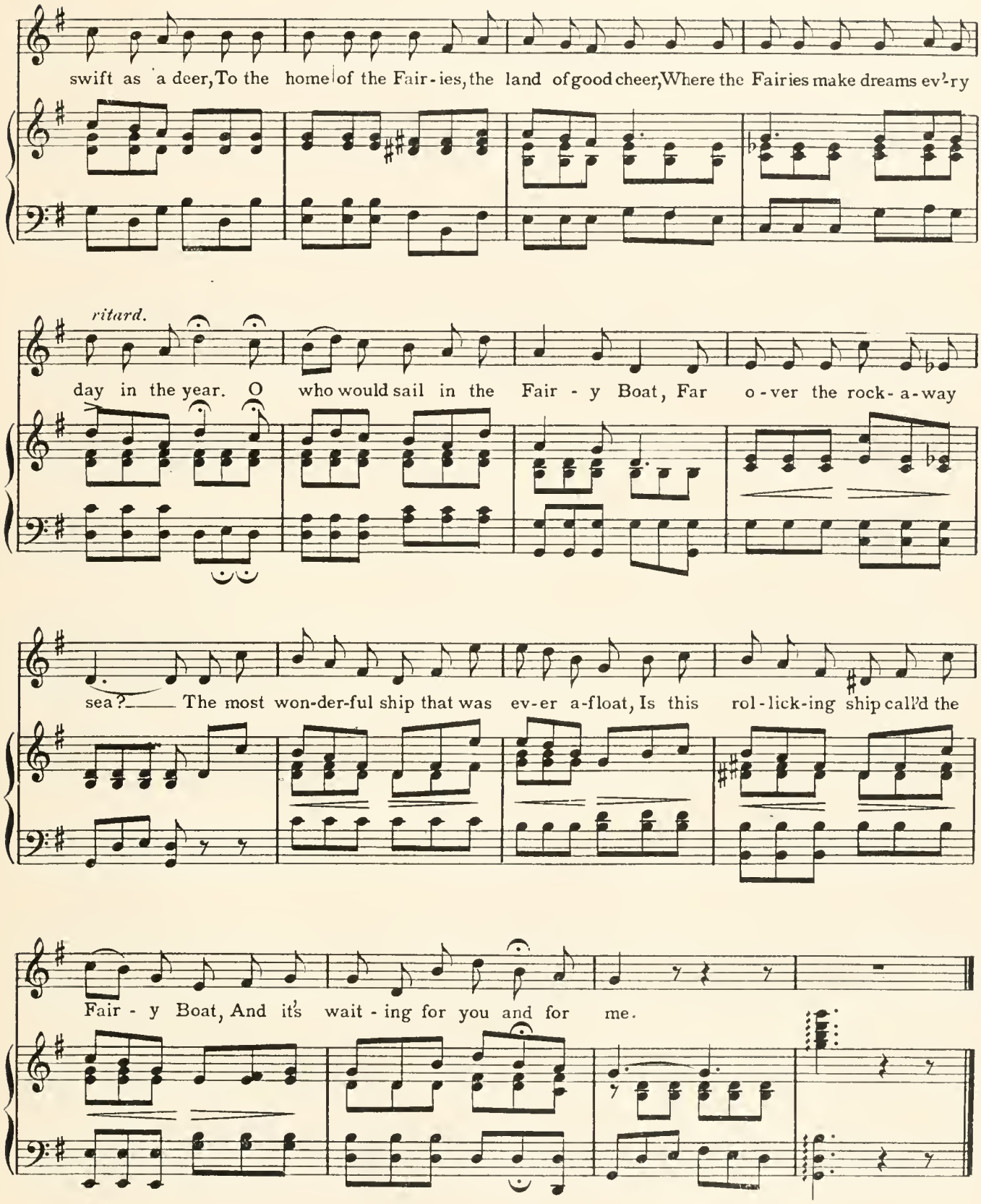
*To Charles*

# The Fairy Boat

Words by
WALTER A. RYAN

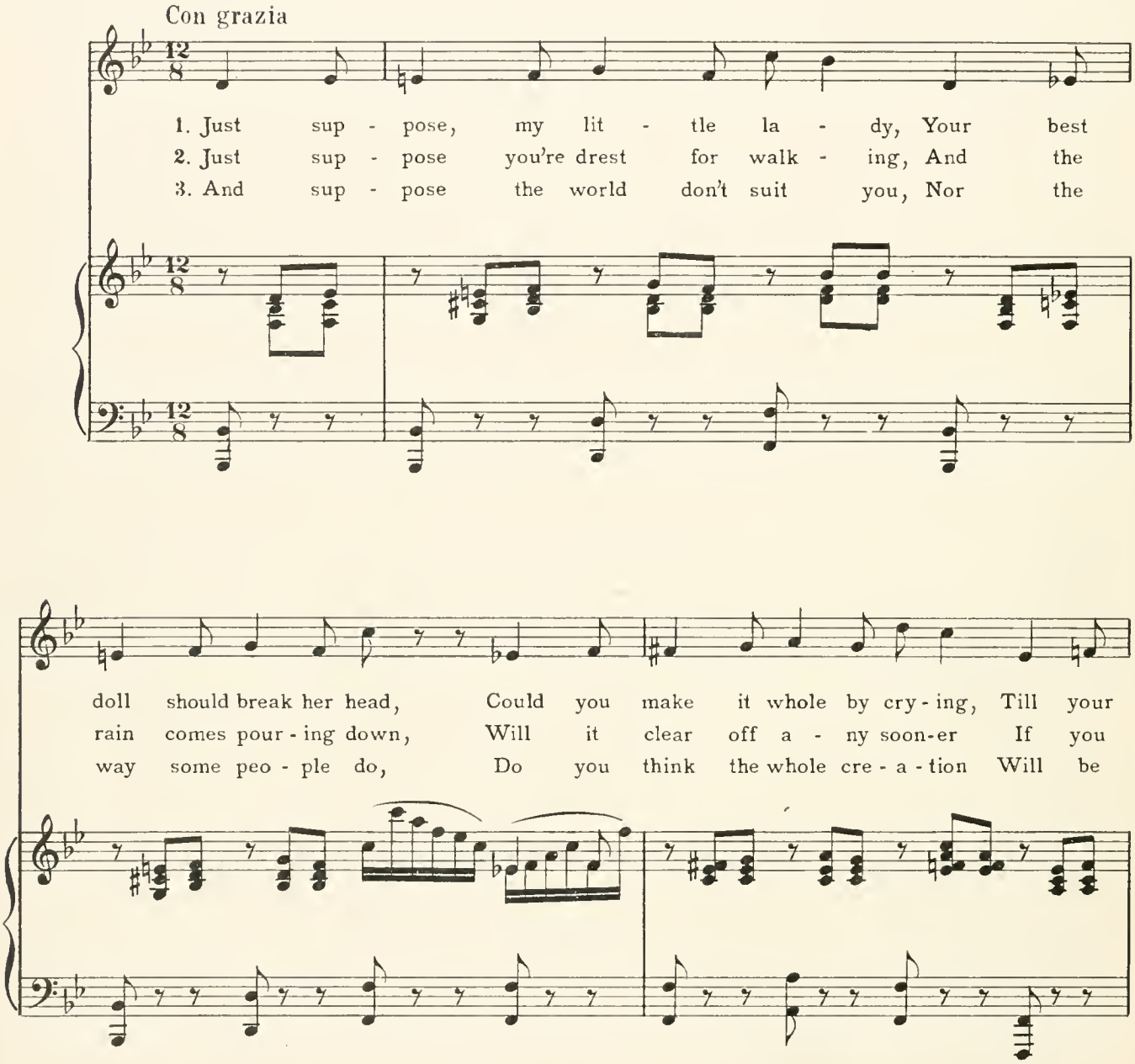
Allegretto con leggerezza


O who would sail in the Fair - y Boat, Far o - ver the rock - a - way
sea? The most won-der-ful ship that was ev-er a-float, Is this rol - lick-ing ship call'd the
Fair - y Boat, And it's wait - ing for you and for me. It's wait - ing to take us as

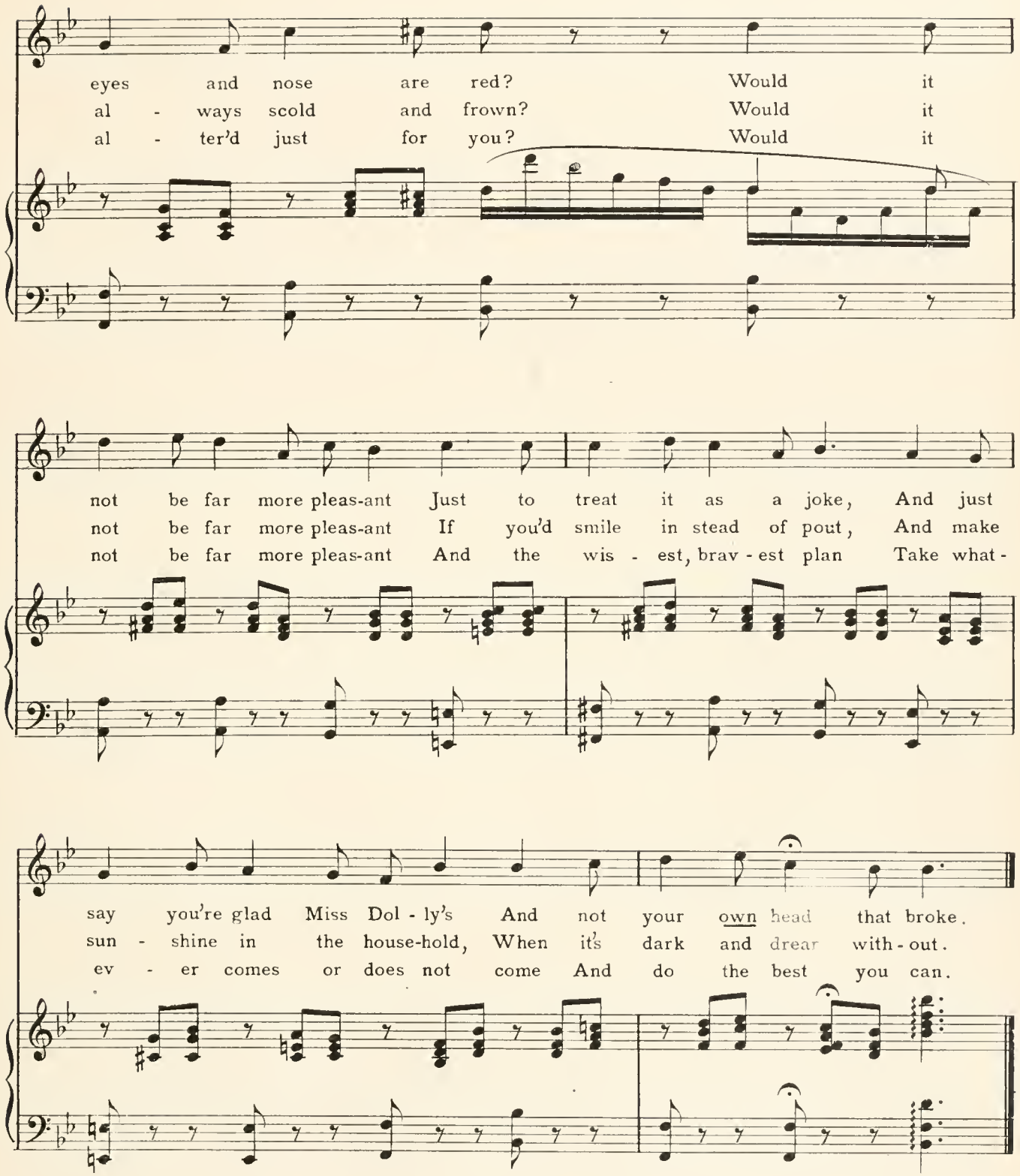
From "Childhood's Verse" by the kind permission of the author, Walter A. Ryan.

swift as a deer, To the home of the Fair - ies, the land of good cheer, Where the Fairies make dreams ev'-ry
ritard.
day in the year. O who would sail in the Fair - y Boat, Far o - ver the rock - a - way
sea? The most won-der-ful ship that was ev-er a-float, Is this rol - lick-ing ship call'd the
Fair - y Boat, And it's wait - ing for you and for me.

*To Gladys*

# Just Suppose

Words by
PHOEBE CARY

Con grazia
1. Just sup - pose, my lit - tle la - dy, Your best
2. Just sup - pose you're drest for walk - ing, And the
3. And sup - pose the world don't suit you, Nor the
doll should break her head, Could you make it whole by cry - ing, Till your
rain comes pour - ing down, Will it clear off a - ny soon-er If you
way some peo - ple do, Do you think the whole cre - a - tion Will be

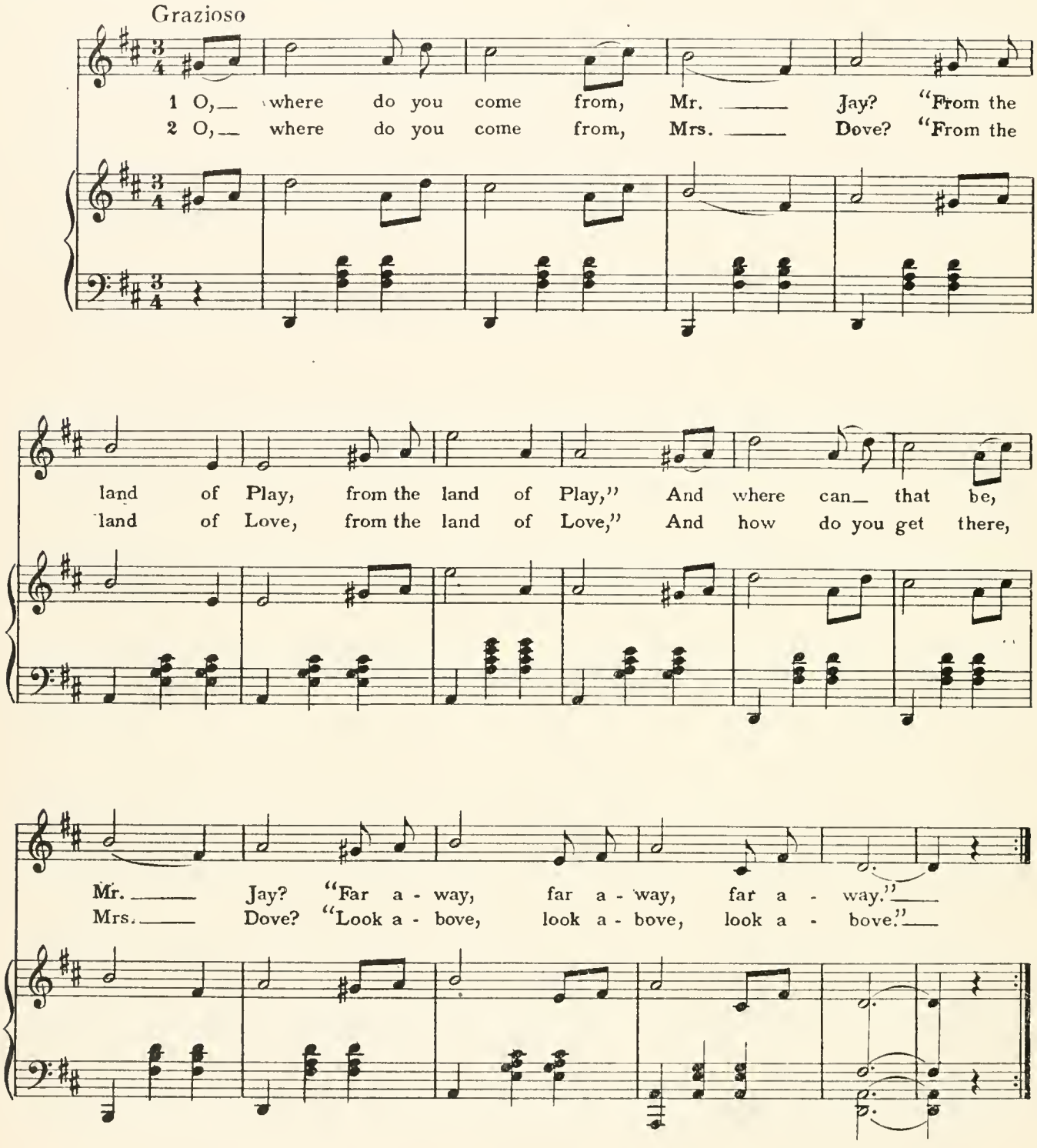
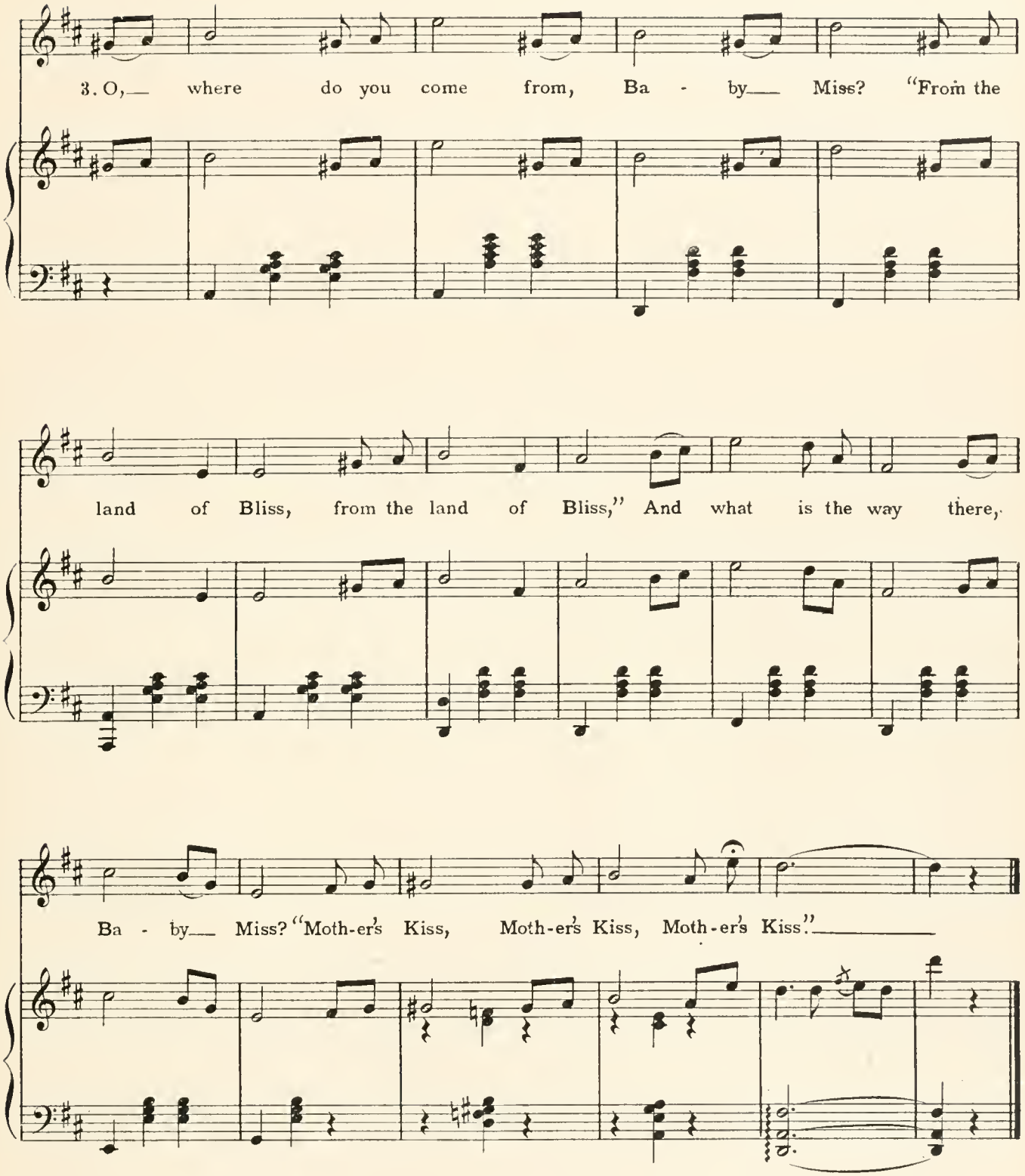
By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.


eyes and nose are red? Would it
al - ways scold and frown? Would it
al - ter'd just for you? Would it
not be far more pleas-ant Just to treat it as a joke, And just
not be far more pleas-ant If you'd smile in stead of pout, And make
not be far more pleas-ant And the wis - est, brav - est plan Take what -
say you're glad Miss Dol - ly's And not your own head that broke.
sun - shine in the house-hold, When it's dark and drear with - out.
ev - er comes or does not come And do the best you can.

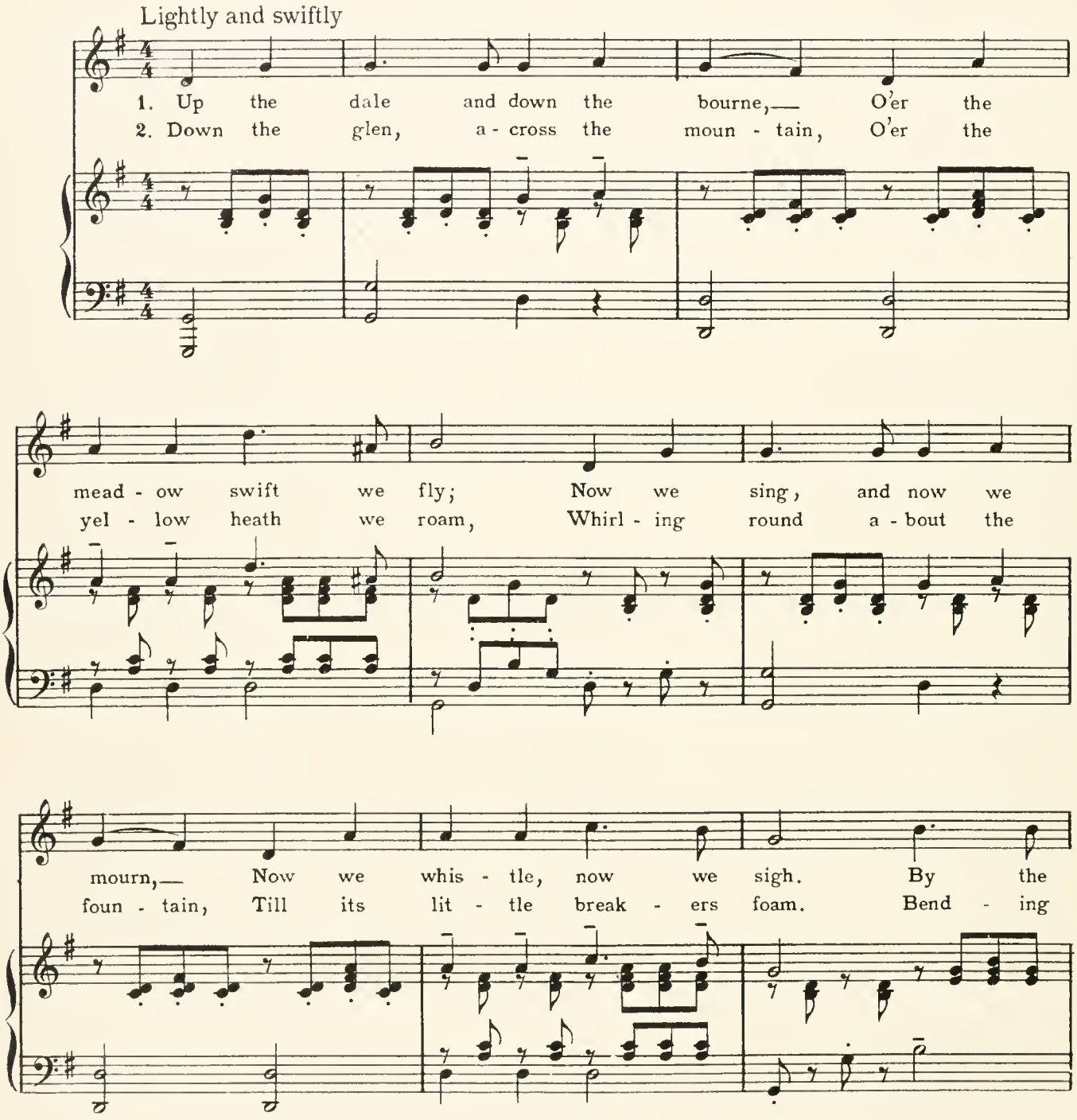
# Strange Lands

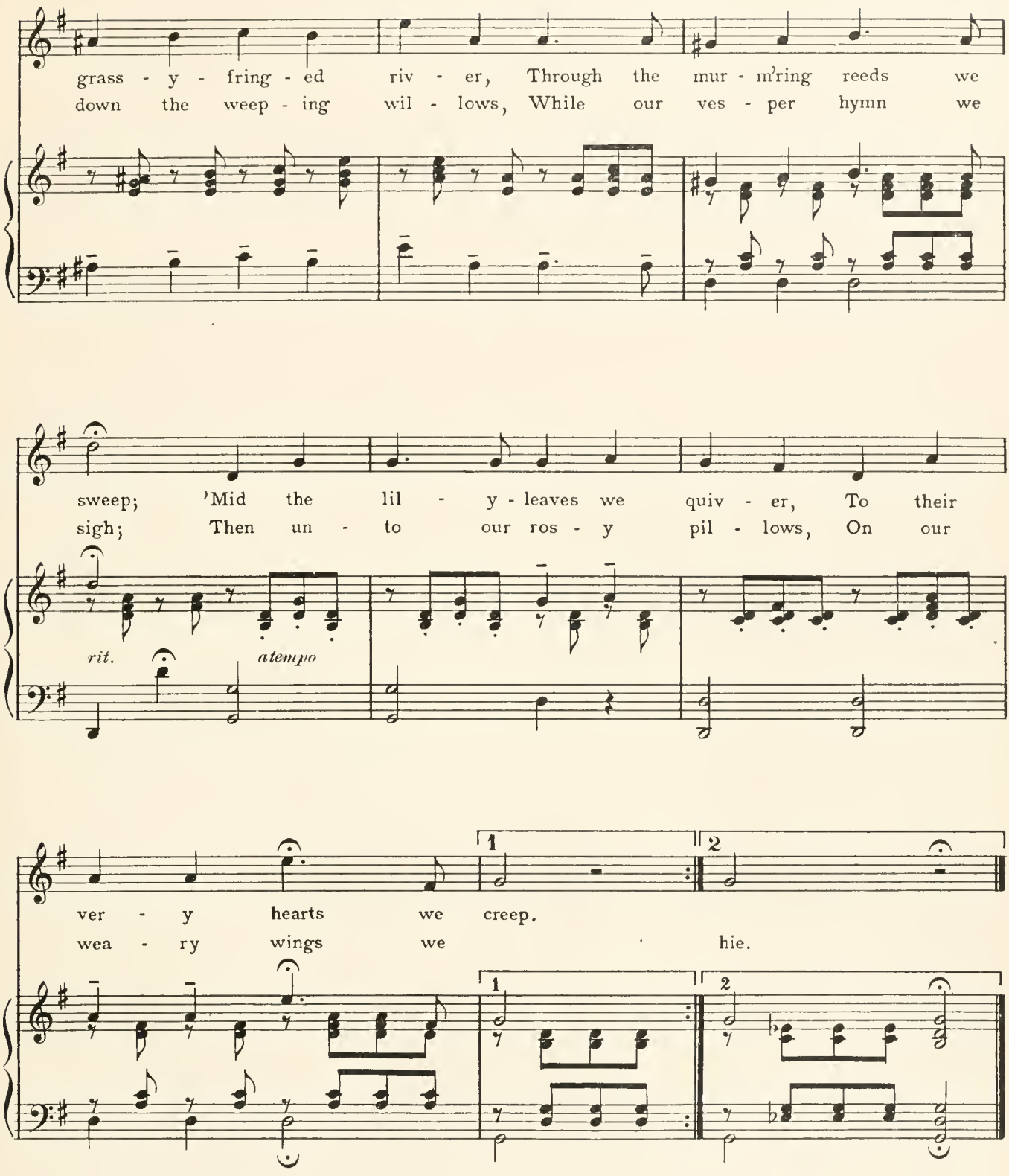
Words by
LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

Grazioso


1 O,— where do you come from, Mr. — Jay? "From the
2 O,— where do you come from, Mrs. — Dove? "From the
land of Play, from the land of Play," And where can— that be,
land of Love, from the land of Love," And how do you get there,
Mr. — Jay? "Far a - way, far a - way, far a - way."—
Mrs. — Dove? "Look a - bove, look a - bove, look a - bove."—

3. O, where do you come from, Ba - by Miss? "From the
land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss," And what is the way there,
Ba - by Miss? "Moth-er's Kiss, Moth-er's Kiss, Moth-er's Kiss."

# Song of the Summer Winds

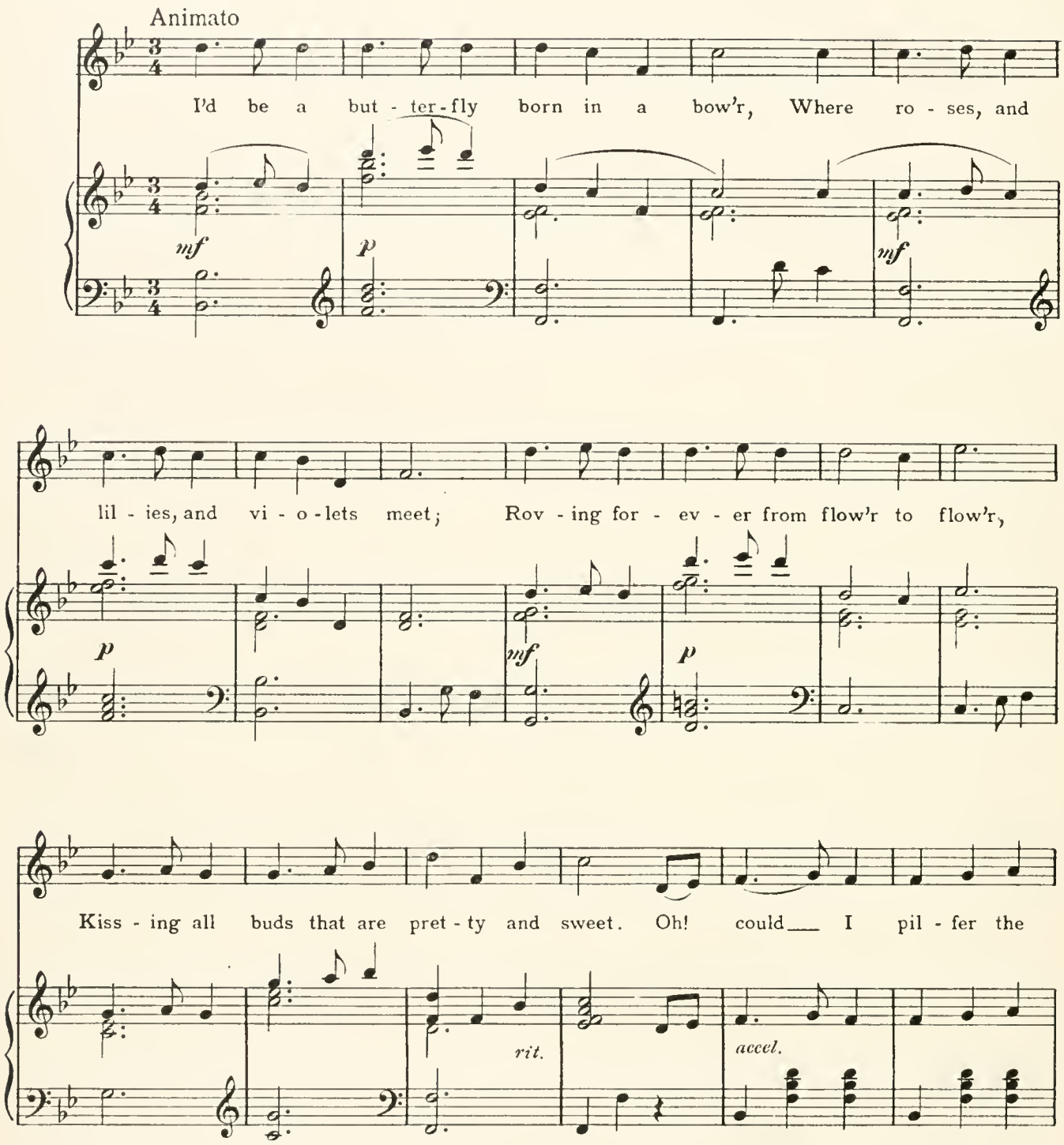
Words by
GEORGE DARLEY

Lightly and swiftly
1. Up the dale and down the bourne,— O'er the
2. Down the glen, a - cross the moun - tain, O'er the
mead - ow swift we fly; Now we sing, and now we
yel - low heath we roam, Whirl - ing round a - bout the
mourn,— Now we whis - tle, now we sigh. By the
foun - tain, Till its lit - tle break - ers foam. Bend - ing

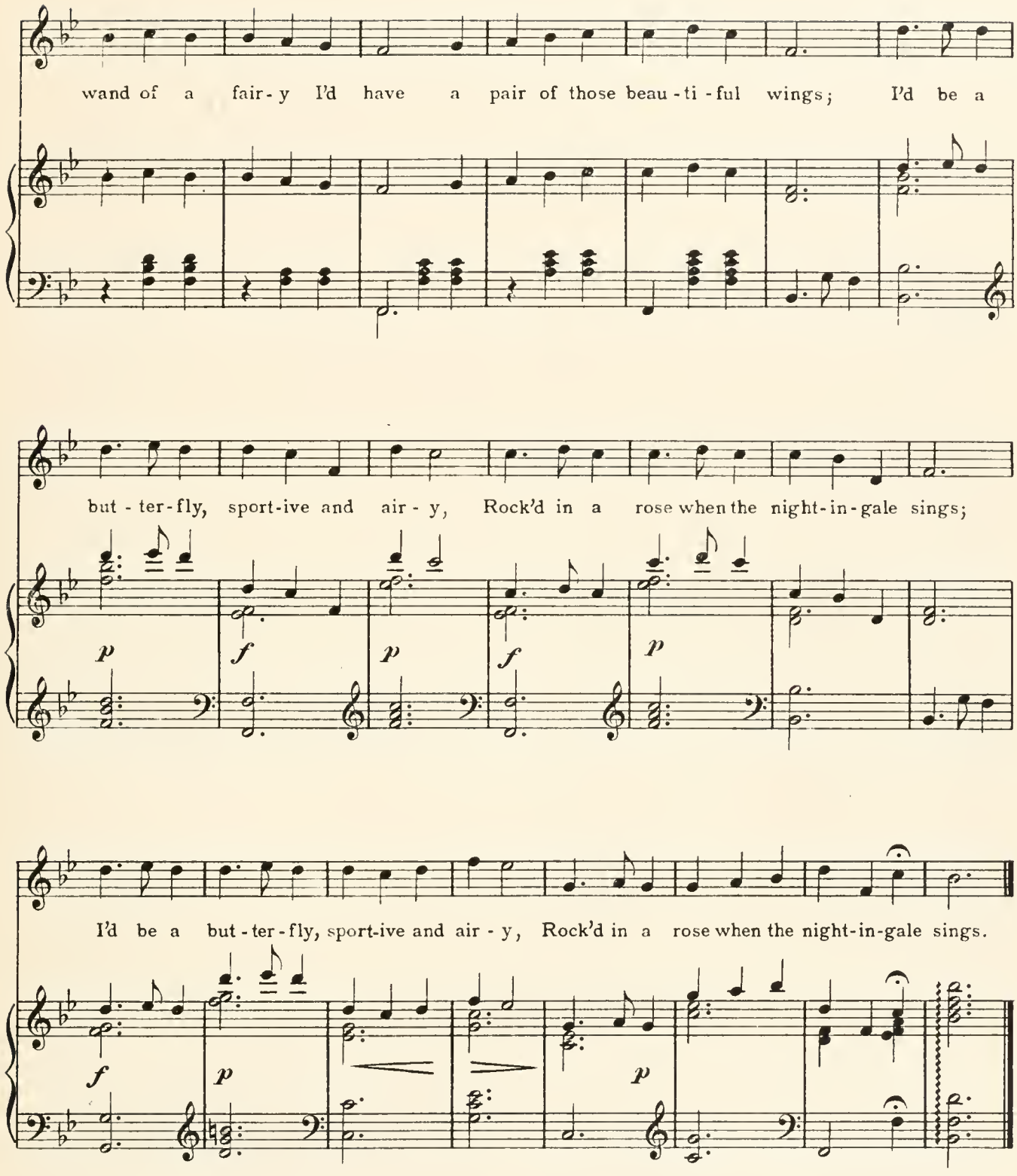

grass - y - fring - ed riv - er, Through the mur - m'ring reeds we
down the weep - ing wil - lows, While our ves - per hymn we
sweep; 'Mid the lil - y - leaves we quiv - er, To their
sigh; Then un - to our ros - y pil - lows, On our
rit.
atempo
ver - y hearts we creep.
wea - ry wings we hie.
1
2
1
2

*To Beatrice*

# I'd be a Butterfly

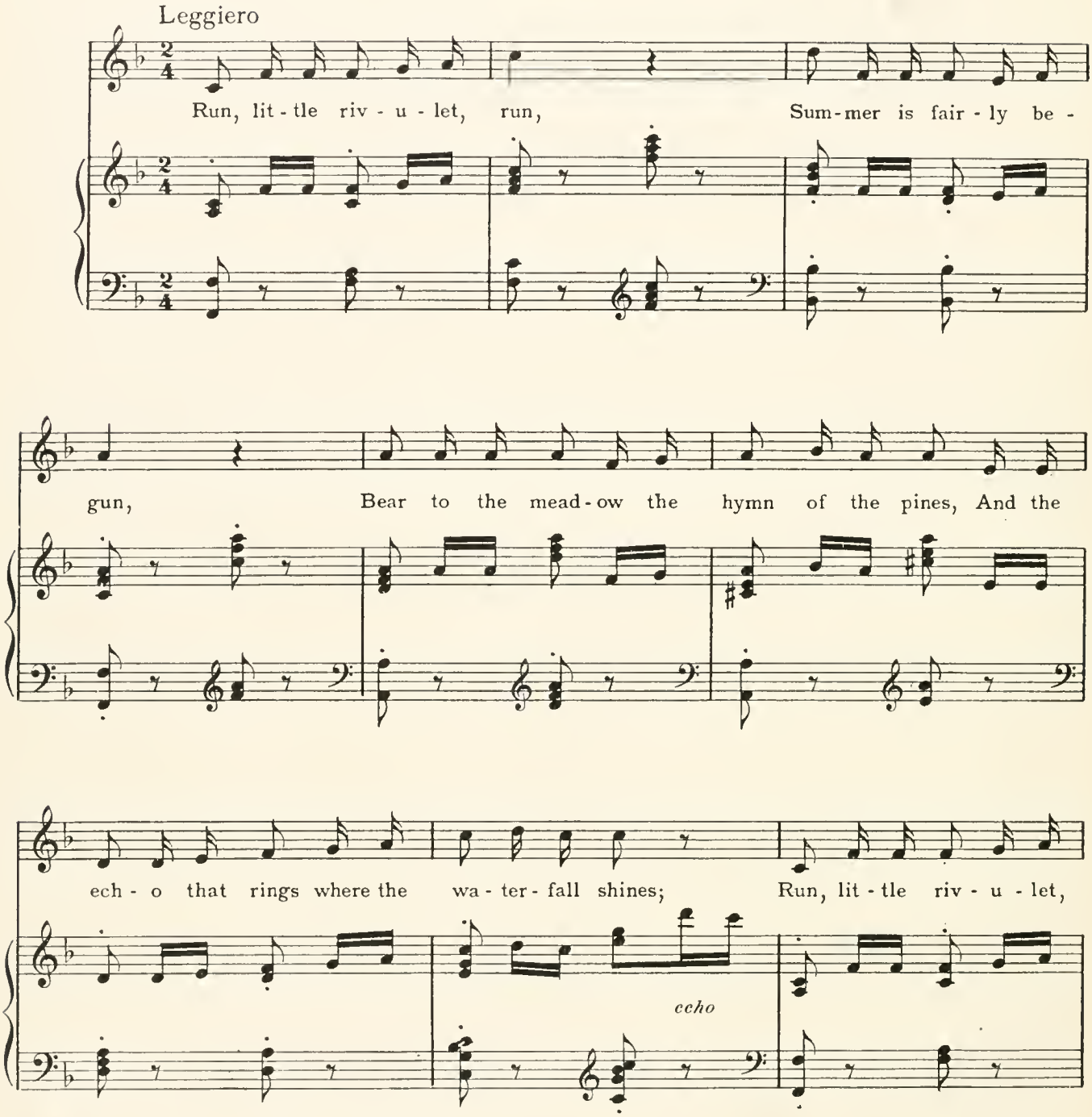
Words by
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY


Animato
I'd be a but - ter - fly born in a bow'r, Where ro - ses, and
mf
p
mf
lil - ies, and vi - o - lets meet; Rov - ing for - ev - er from flow'r to flow'r,
p
mf
p
Kiss - ing all buds that are pret - ty and sweet. Oh! could I pil - fer the
rit.
accel.

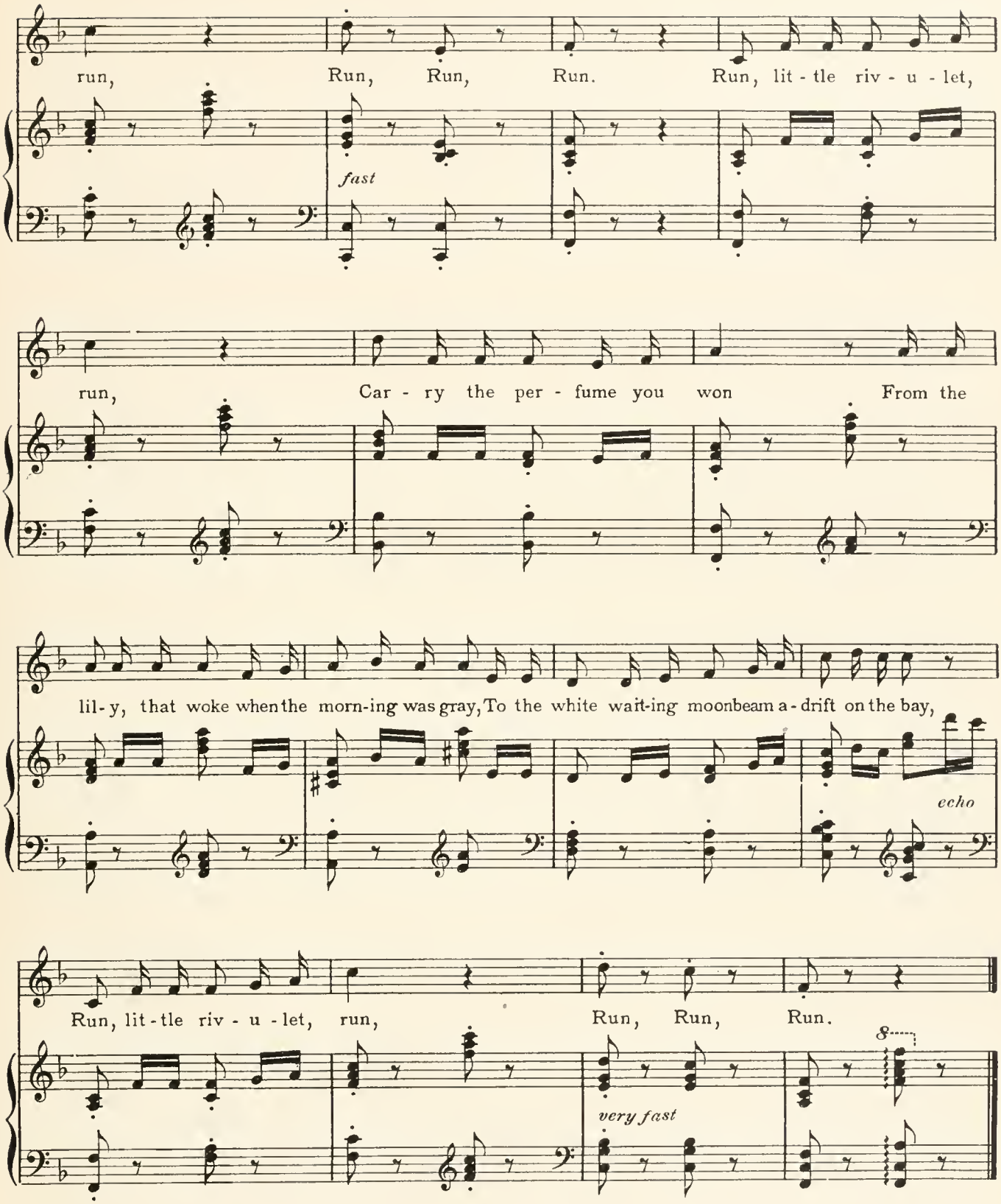

wand of a fair-y I'd have a pair of those beau-ti-ful wings; I'd be a
but-ter-fly, sport-ive and air-y, Rock'd in a rose when the night-in-gale sings;
p
f
p
f
p
I'd be a but-ter-fly, sport-ive and air-y, Rock'd in a rose when the night-in-gale sings.
f
p
p

# Run, Little Rivulet, Run

Words by
LUCY LARCOM

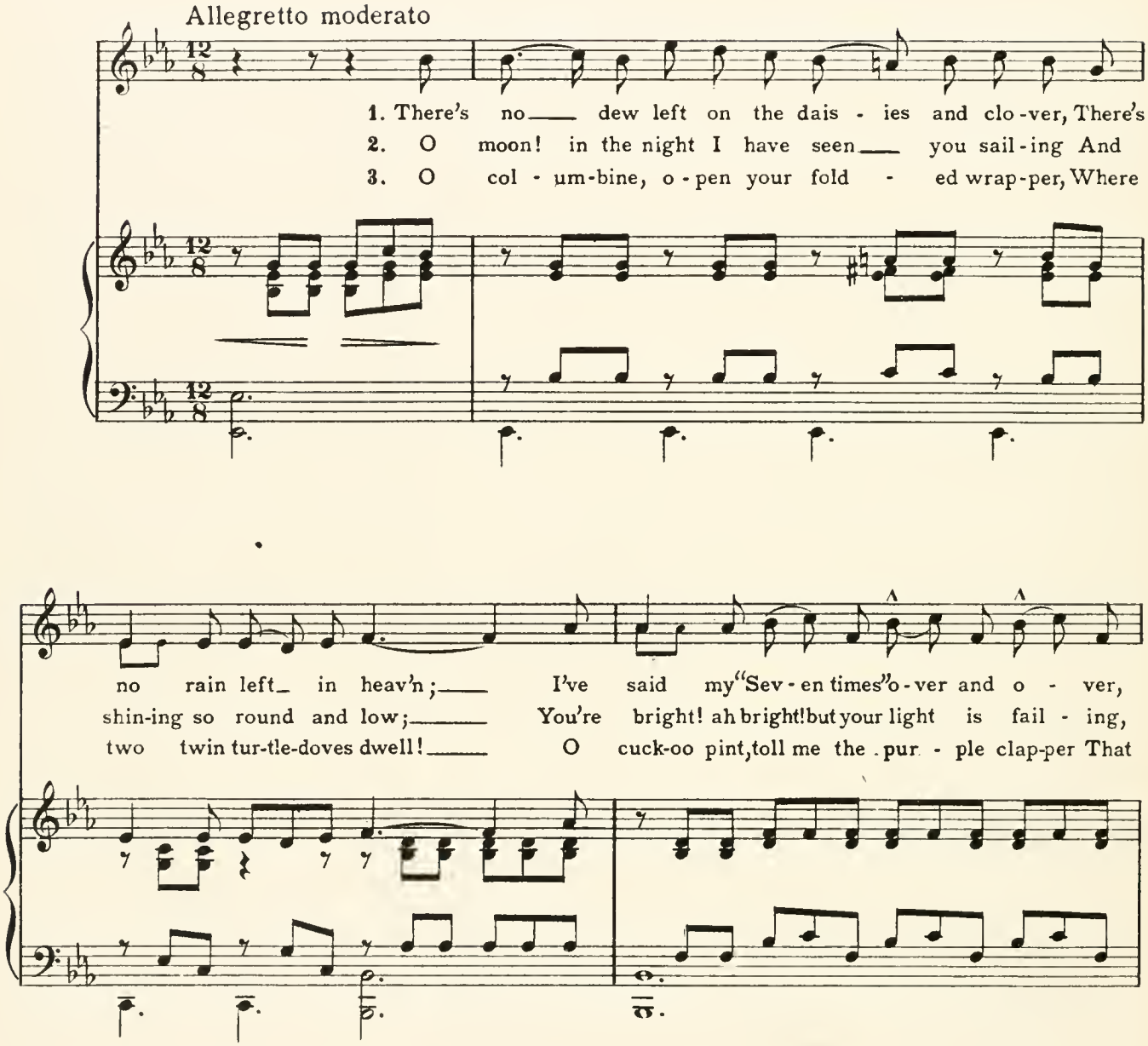

Leggiero
Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run, Sum - mer is fair - ly be -
gun, Bear to the mead - ow the hymn of the pines, And the
ech - o that rings where the wa - ter - fall shines; Run, lit - tle riv - u - let,
echo

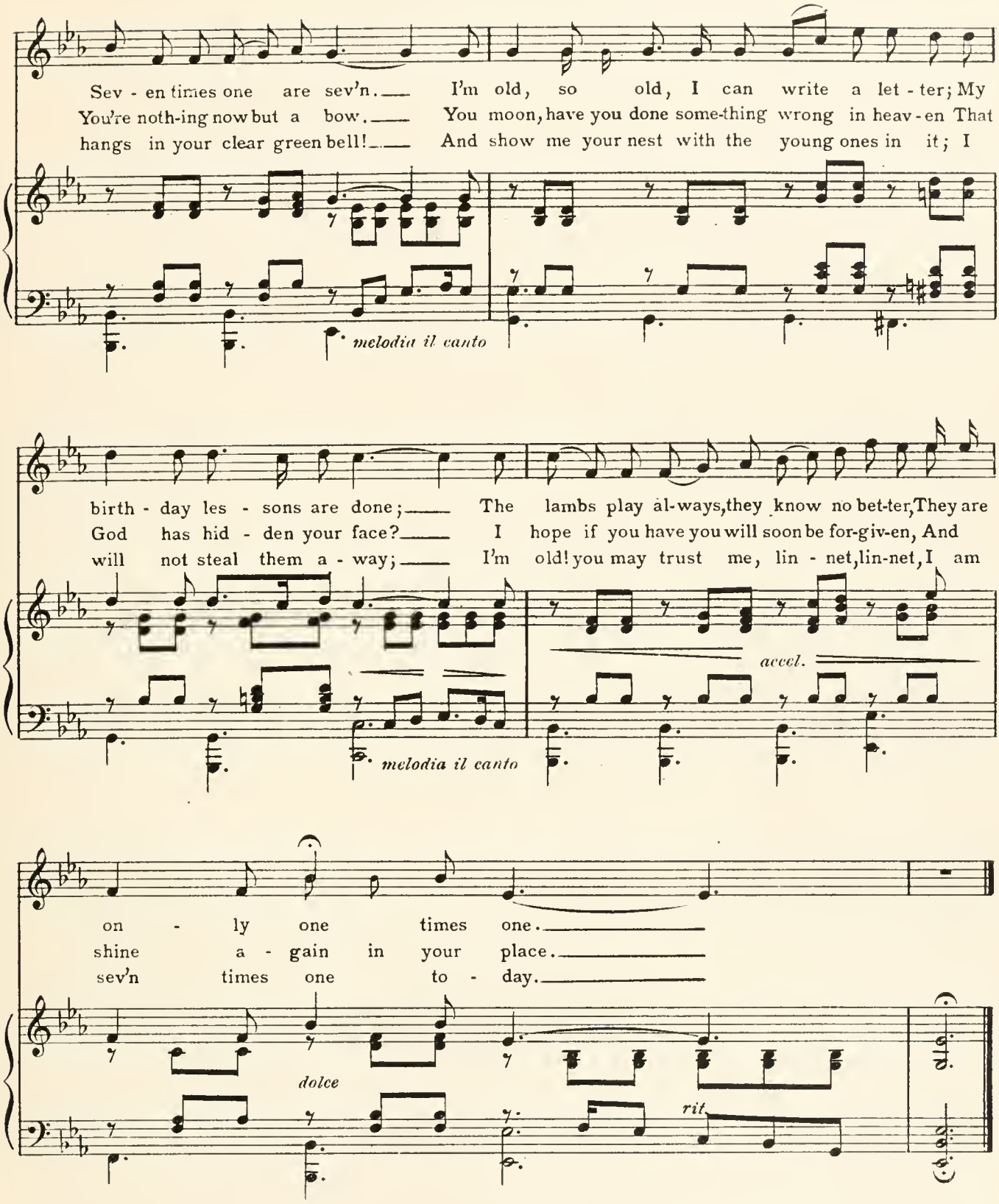
By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Publishers.


run, Run, Run, Run. Run, lit - tle riv - u - let,
fast
run, Car - ry the per - fume you won From the
lil - y, that woke when the morn-ing was gray, To the white wait-ing moonbeam a - drift on the bay,
echo
Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run, Run, Run, Run.
very fast

*To Laura*

# Seven Times One

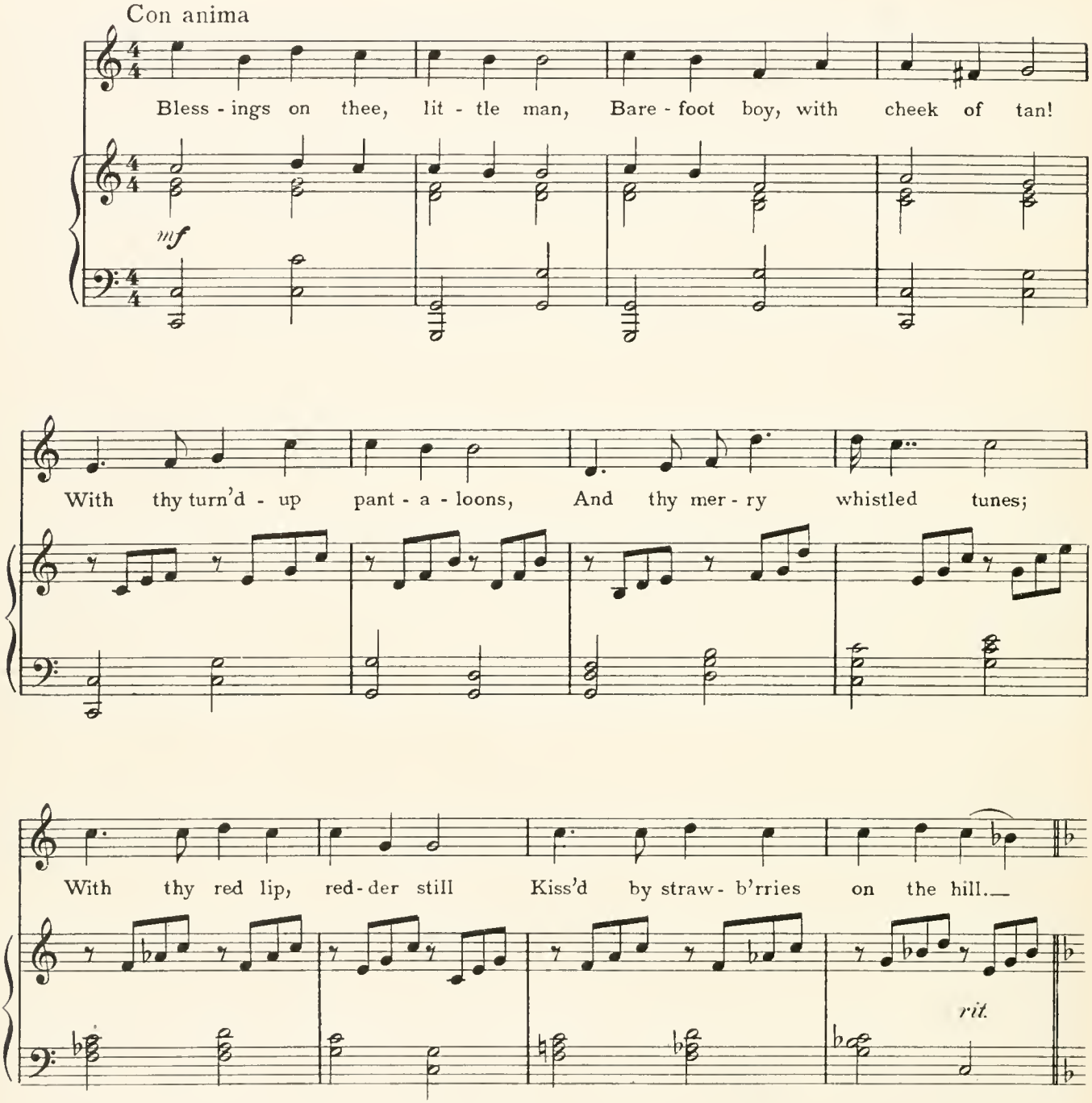
Words by
JEAN INGELOW

Allegretto moderato
1. There's no dew left on the dais - ies and clo-ver, There's
2. O moon! in the night I have seen you sail-ing And
3. O col - um-bine, o-pen your fold - ed wrap-per, Where
no rain left in heav'n; I've said my "Sev-en times" o-ver and o - ver,
shin-ing so round and low; You're bright! ah bright! but your light is fail - ing,
two twin tur-tle-doves dwell! O cuck-oo pint, toll me the pur - ple clap-per That

From "Songs of Seven" (Exultation) by special permission of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

Sev - en times one are sev'n.
You're noth-ing now but a bow.
hangs in your clear green bell!
I'm old, so old, I can write a let - ter; My
You moon, have you done some-thing wrong in heav - en That
And show me your nest with the young ones in it; I
melodia il canto
birth - day les - sons are done;
God has hid - den your face?
will not steal them a - way;
The lambs play al-ways, they know no bet-ter, They are
I hope if you have you will soon be for-giv-en, And
I'm old! you may trust me, lin - net, lin-net, I am
melodia il canto
accel.
on - ly one times one.
shine a - gain in your place.
sev'n times one to - day.
dolce
rit

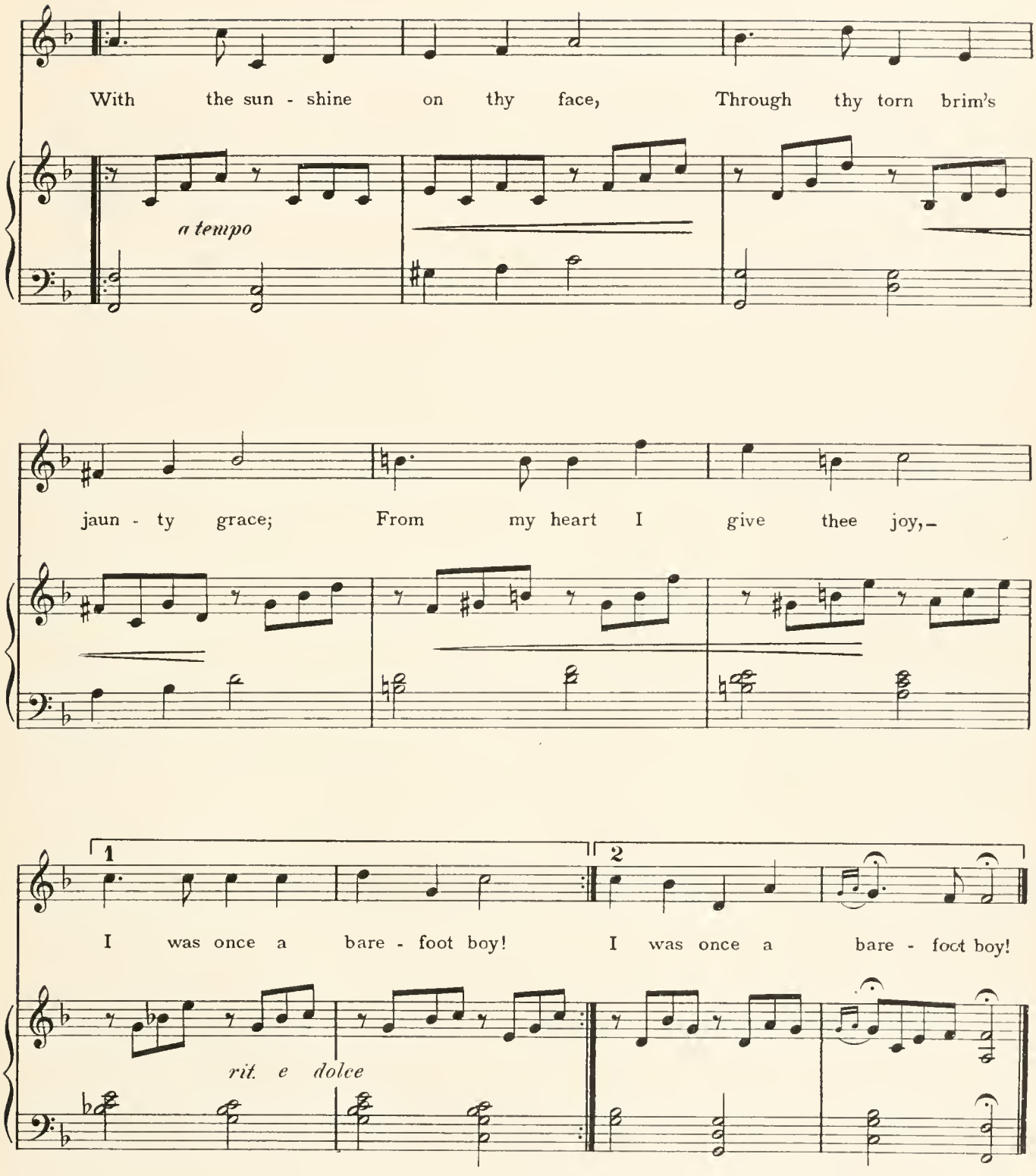
*To George*

# The Barefoot Boy

Words by
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

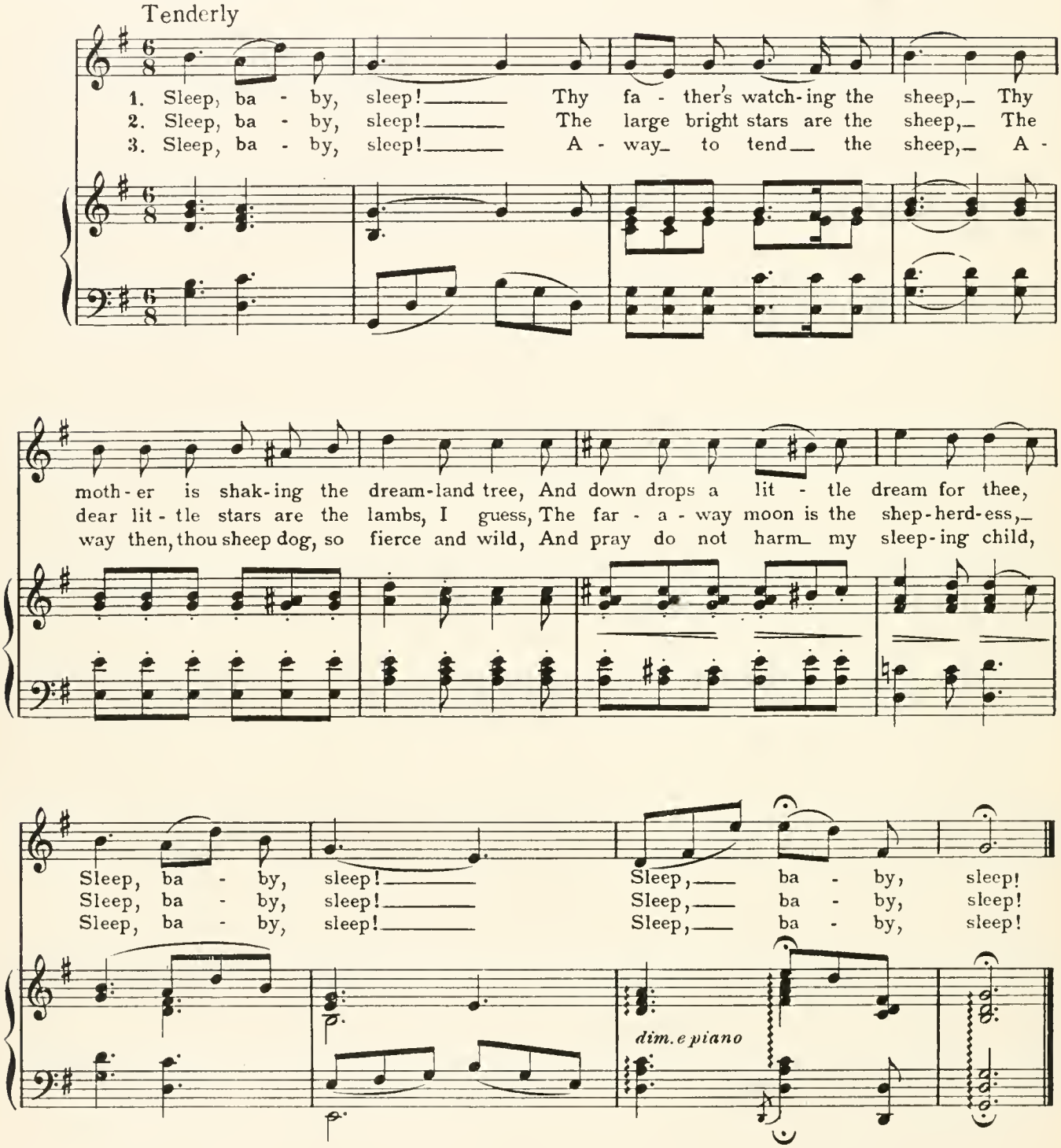

Con anima
Bless - ings on thee, lit - tle man, Bare - foot boy, with cheek of tan!
mf
With thy turn'd - up pant - a - loons, And thy mer - ry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, red - der still Kiss'd by straw - b'rries on the hill.
rit.

By special permission of Houghton, Miffin & Co. Publishers.


With the sun - shine on thy face, Through thy torn brim's
a tempo
jaun - ty grace; From my heart I give thee joy,–
1
2
I was once a bare - foot boy! I was once a bare - foot boy!
rit. e dolce

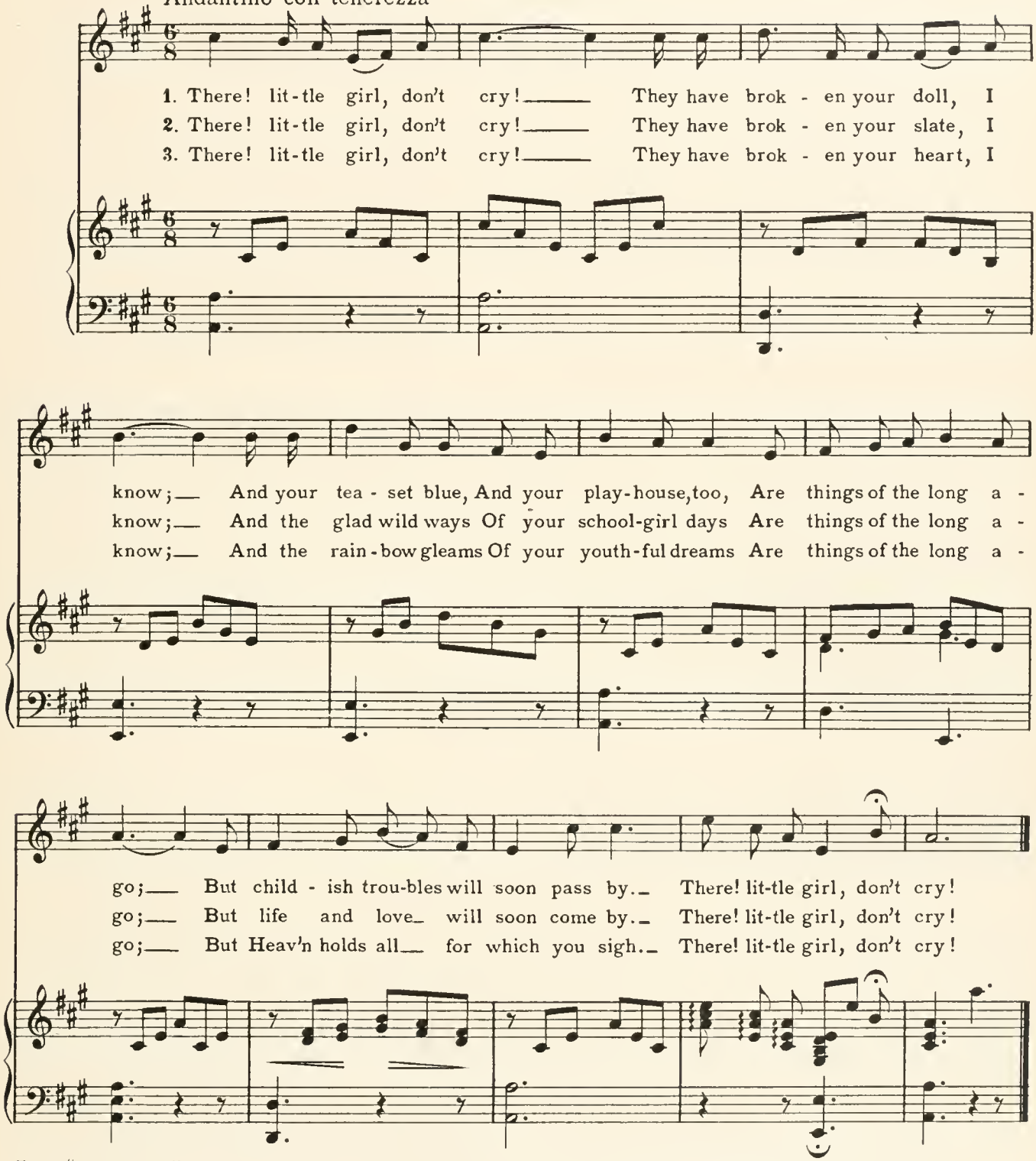
*To Marie*

# Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Translation from the German by
ELIZABETH PRENTISS

Tenderly
1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther's watch-ing the sheep, Thy
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large bright stars are the sheep, The
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! A - way to tend the sheep, A -
moth-er is shak-ing the dream-land tree, And down drops a lit - tle dream for thee,
dear lit-tle stars are the lambs, I guess, The far - a - way moon is the shep-herd-ess,
way then, thou sheep dog, so fierce and wild, And pray do not harm my sleep-ing child,
Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
dim. e piano

# A Life-Lesson

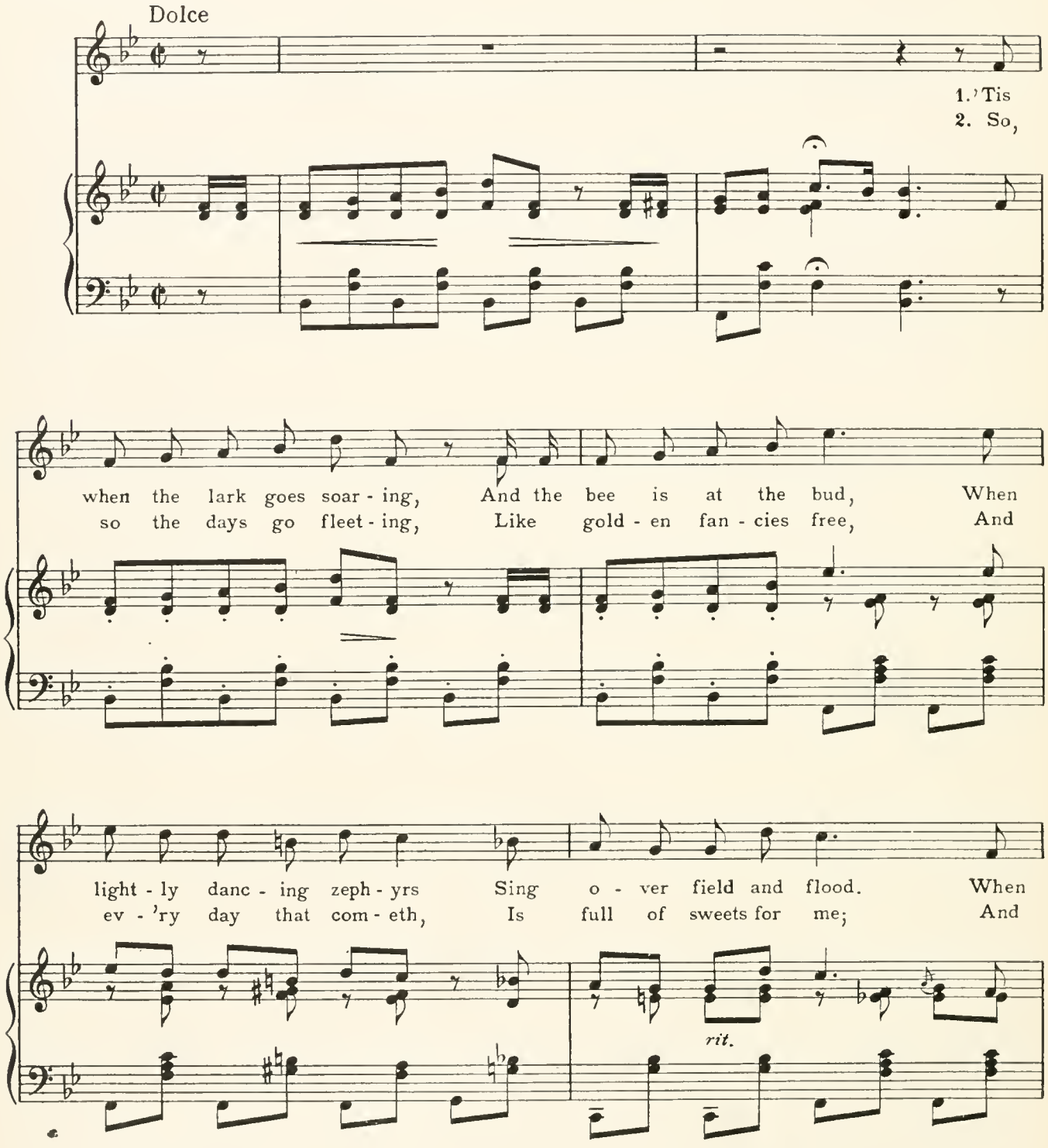
Words by
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Andantino con tenerezza

1. There! lit-tle girl, don't cry! They have brok - en your doll, I
2. There! lit-tle girl, don't cry! They have brok - en your slate, I
3. There! lit-tle girl, don't cry! They have brok - en your heart, I
know; And your tea - set blue, And your play-house, too, Are things of the long a -
know; And the glad wild ways Of your school-girl days Are things of the long a -
know; And the rain-bow gleams Of your youth-ful dreams Are things of the long a -
go; But child - ish trou-bles will soon pass by. There! lit-tle girl, don't cry!
go; But life and love will soon come by. There! lit-tle girl, don't cry!
go; But Heav'n holds all for which you sigh. There! lit-tle girl, don't cry!

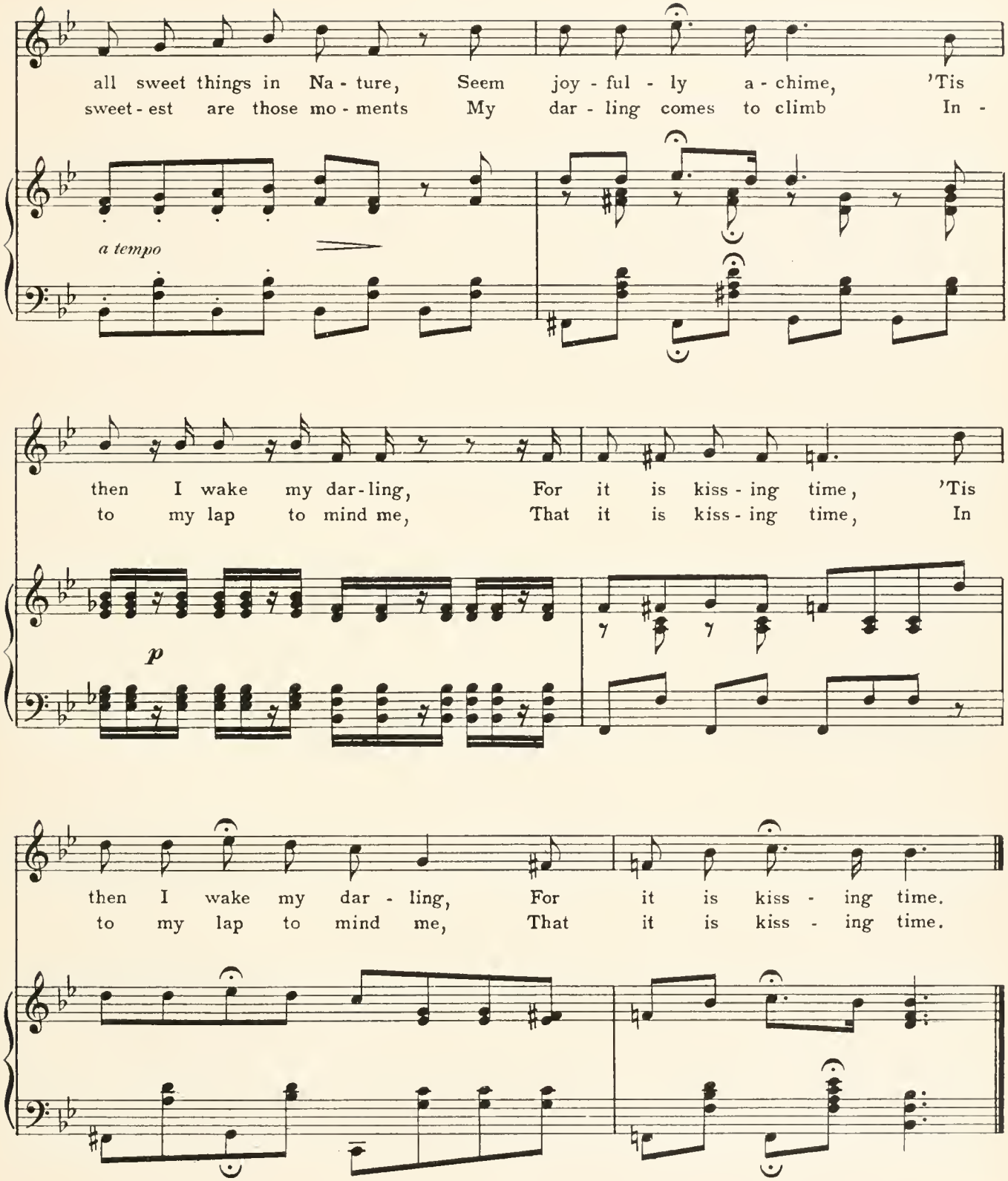
From "Afterwhiles" Copyright 1898. By special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

# Kissing Time

Words by
EUGENE FIELD

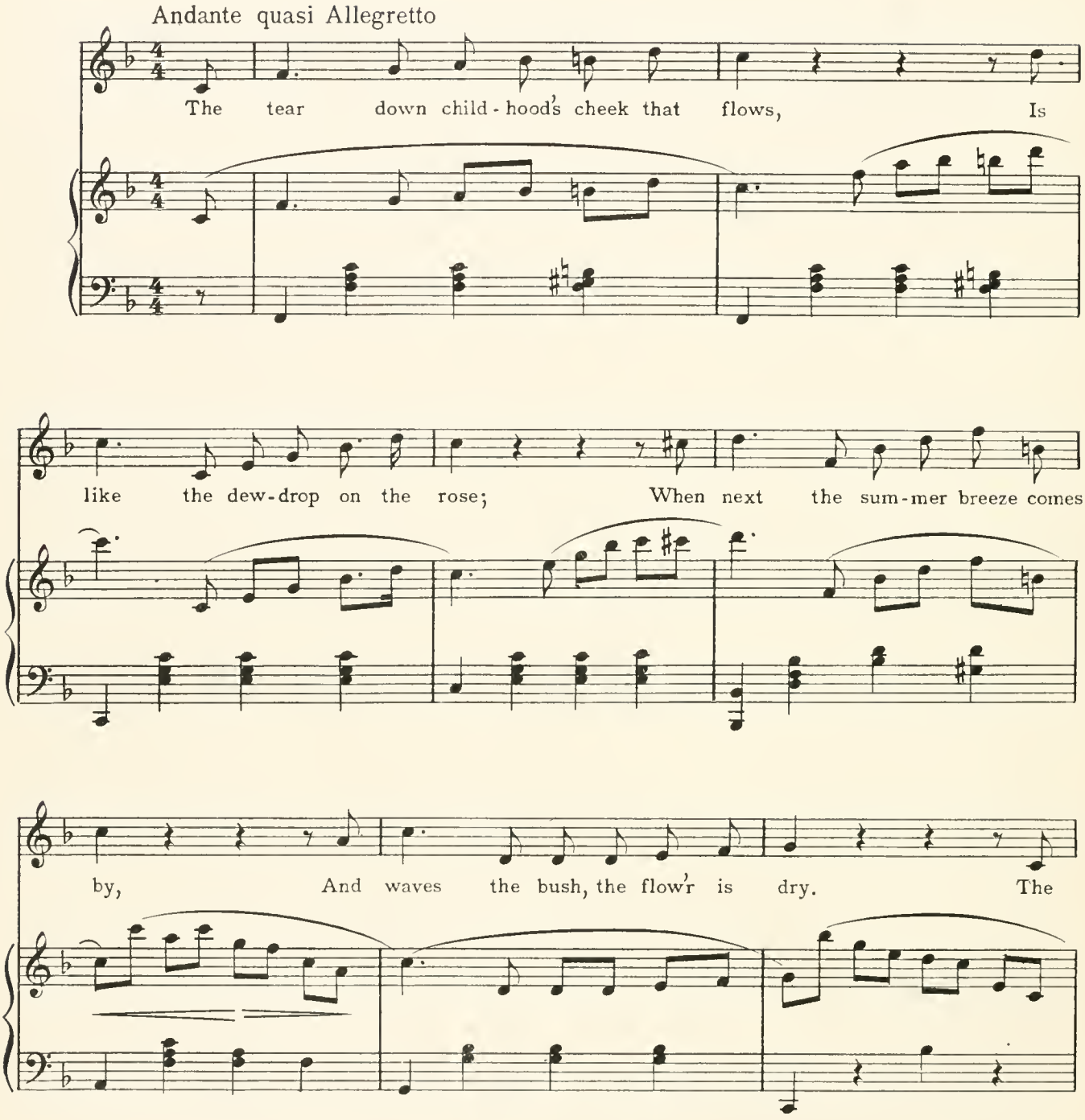

Dolce
1. 'Tis
2. So,
when the lark goes soar - ing, And the bee is at the bud, When
so the days go fleet - ing, Like gold - en fan - cies free, And
light - ly danc - ing zeph - yrs Sing o - ver field and flood. When
ev - 'ry day that com - eth, Is full of sweets for me; And
rit.

From Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood." By permission of Julia Sutherland Field and special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

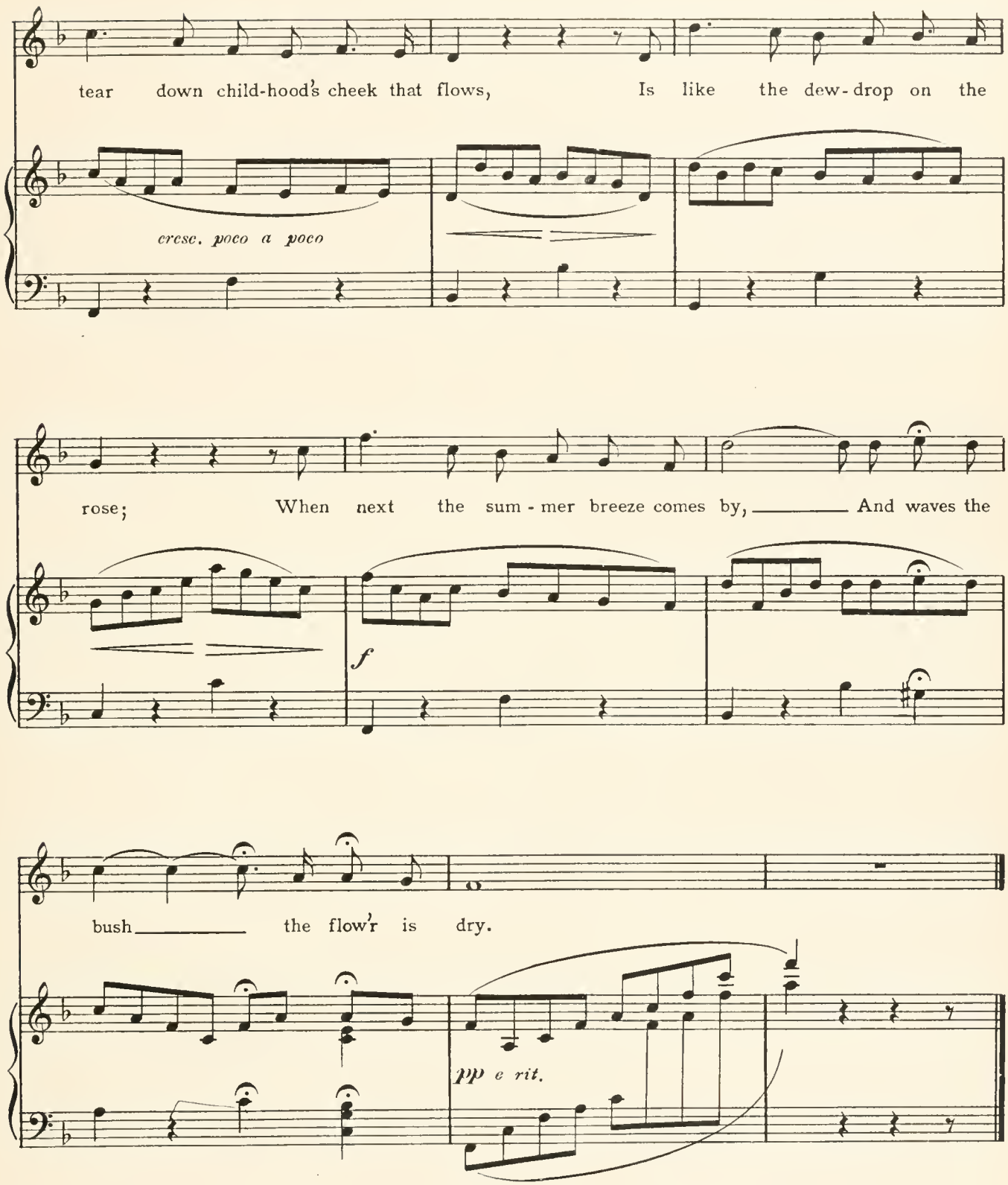

all sweet things in Na - ture, Seem joy - ful - ly a - chime, 'Tis
sweet - est are those mo - ments My dar - ling comes to climb In -
a tempo
then I wake my dar - ling, For it is kiss - ing time, 'Tis
to my lap to mind me, That it is kiss - ing time, In
p
then I wake my dar - ling, For it is kiss - ing time.
to my lap to mind me, That it is kiss - ing time.

# Childhood's Tears

Words by
SIR WALTER SCOTT

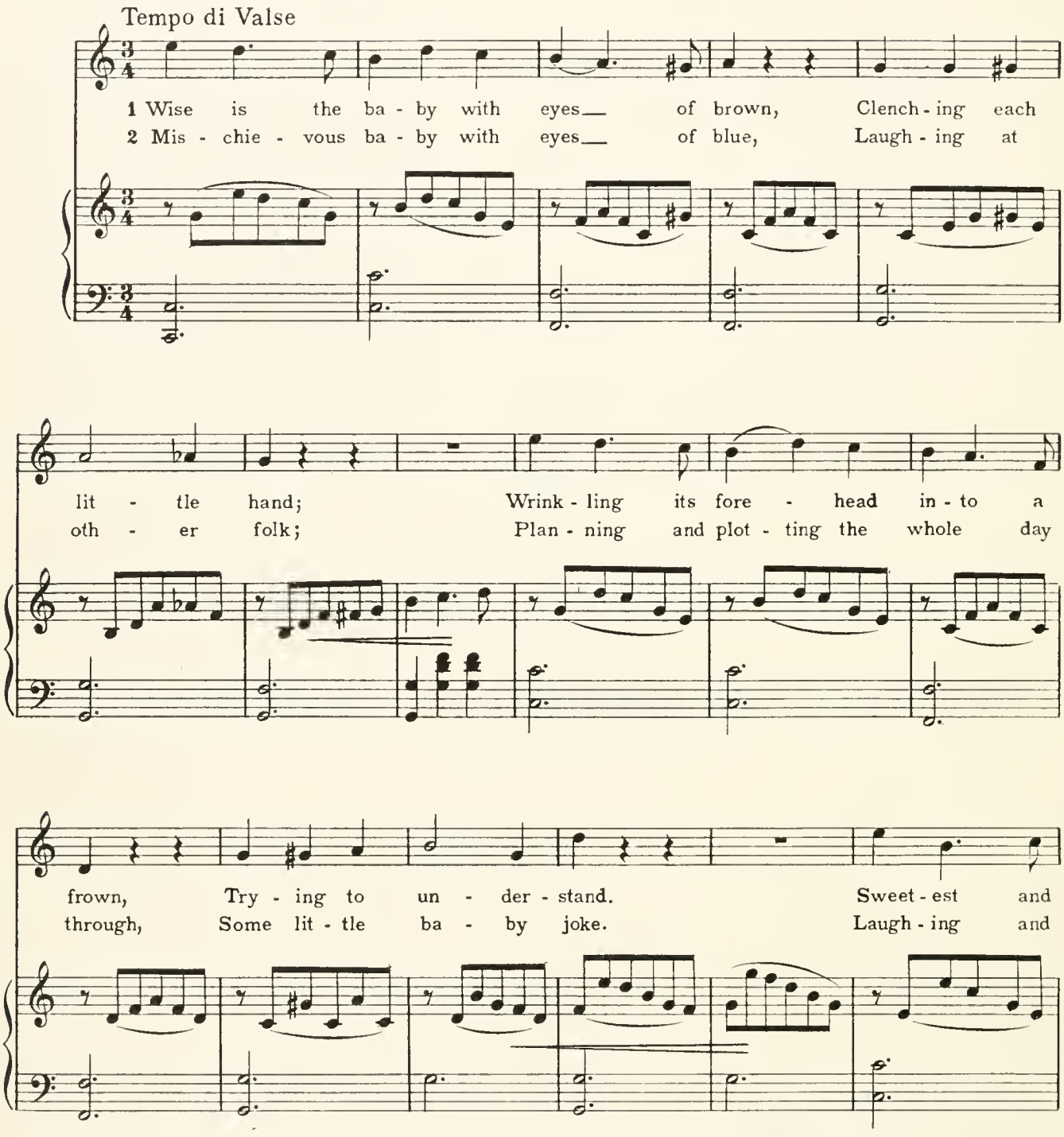

Andante quasi Allegretto
The tear down child-hood's cheek that flows, Is
like the dew-drop on the rose; When next the sum-mer breeze comes
by, And waves the bush, the flow'r is dry. The

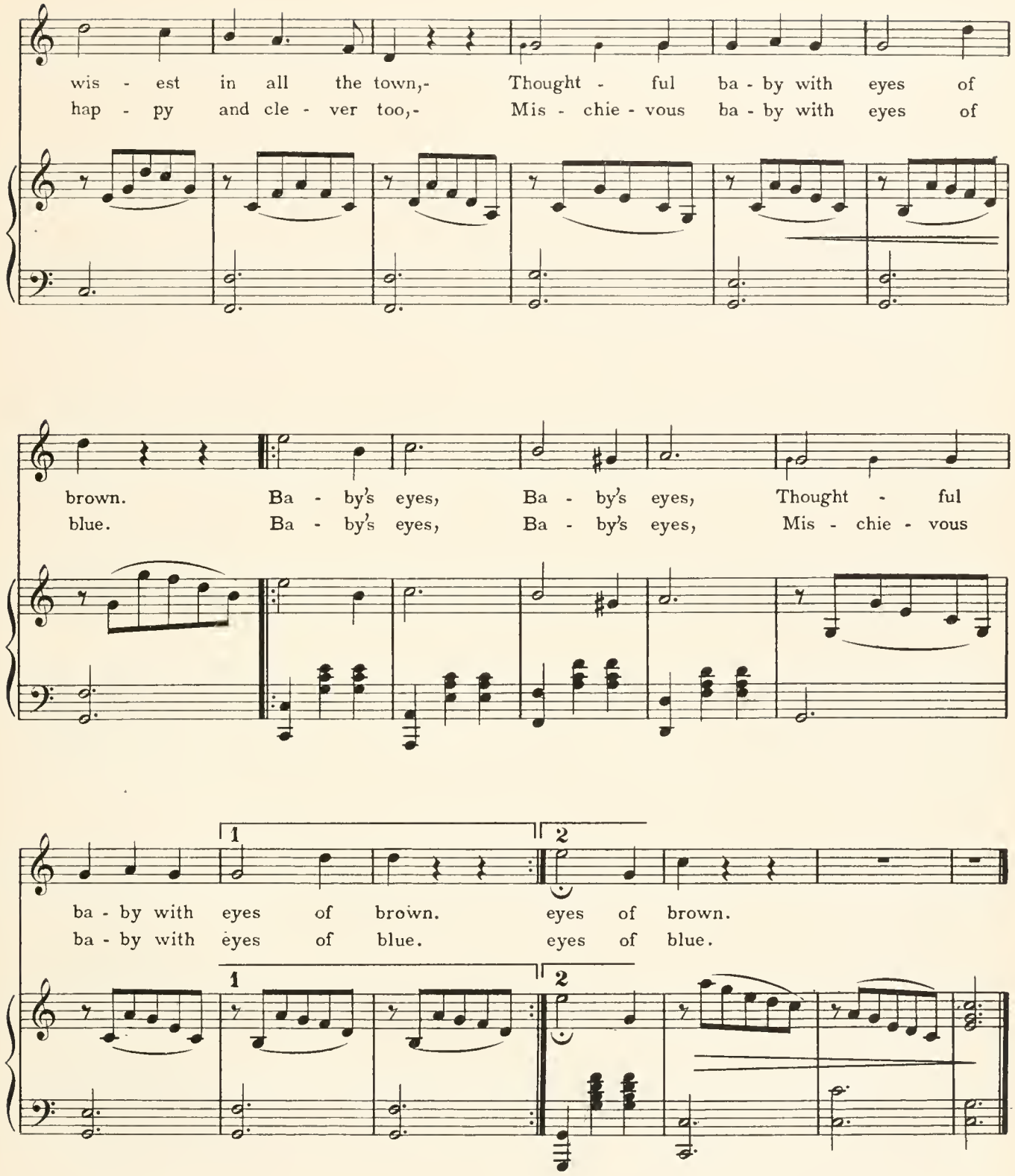
From Sir Walter Scott's poem entitled "Rokeby" Canto IV. Published in 1813


tear down child-hood's cheek that flows, Is like the dew-drop on the
cresc. poco a poco
rose; When next the sum-mer breeze comes by, And waves the
f
bush the flow'r is dry.
pp e rit.

*To Paul and Harold*

# Baby's Eyes

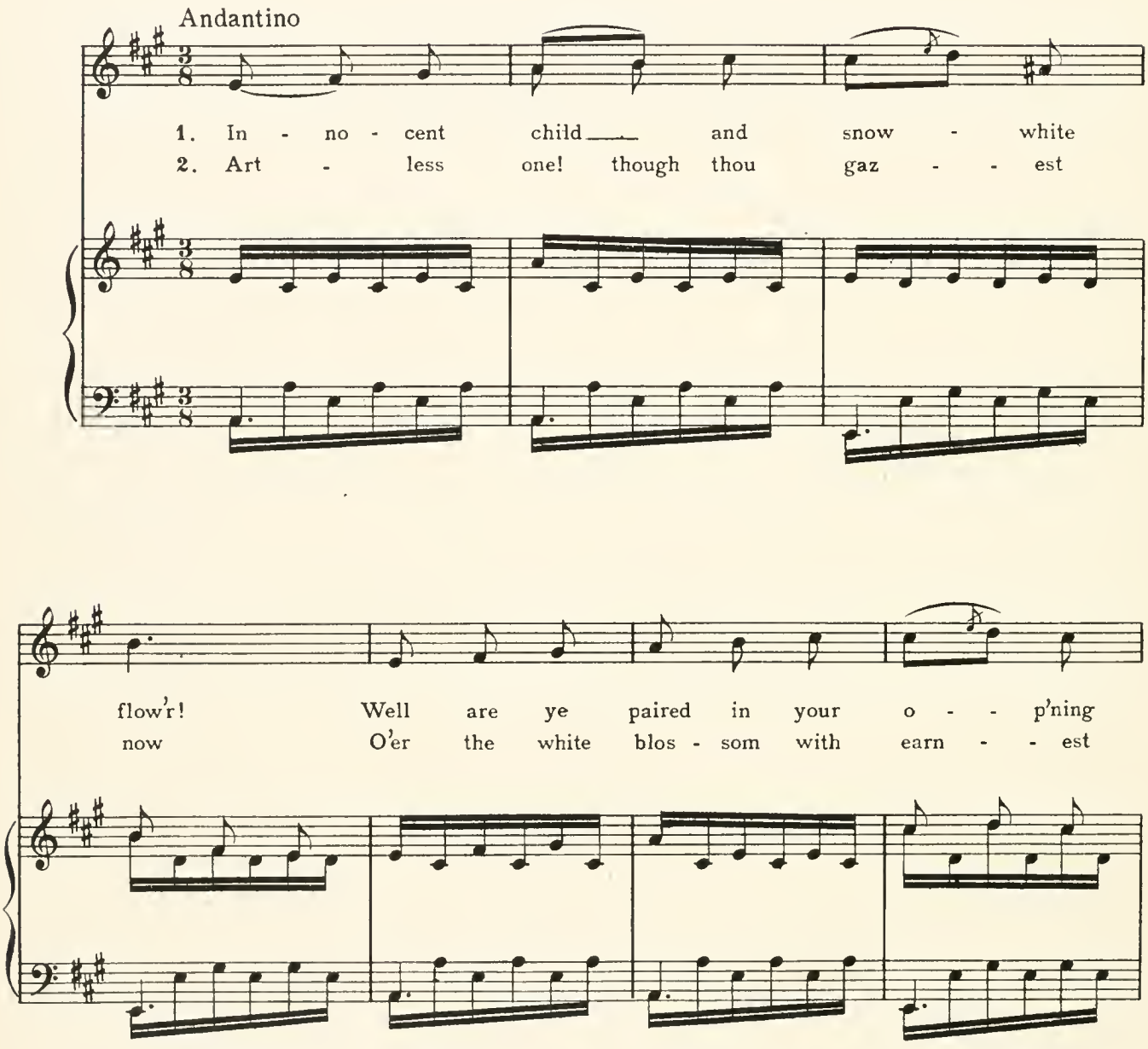
Words by
BURGES JOHNSON

Tempo di Valse
1 Wise is the ba - by with eyes of brown, Clench - ing each
2 Mis - chie - vous ba - by with eyes of blue, Laugh - ing at
lit - tle hand; Wrink - ling its fore - head in - to a
oth - er folk; Plan - ning and plot - ting the whole day
frown, Try - ing to un - der - stand. Sweet - est and
through, Some lit - tle ba - by joke. Laugh - ing and

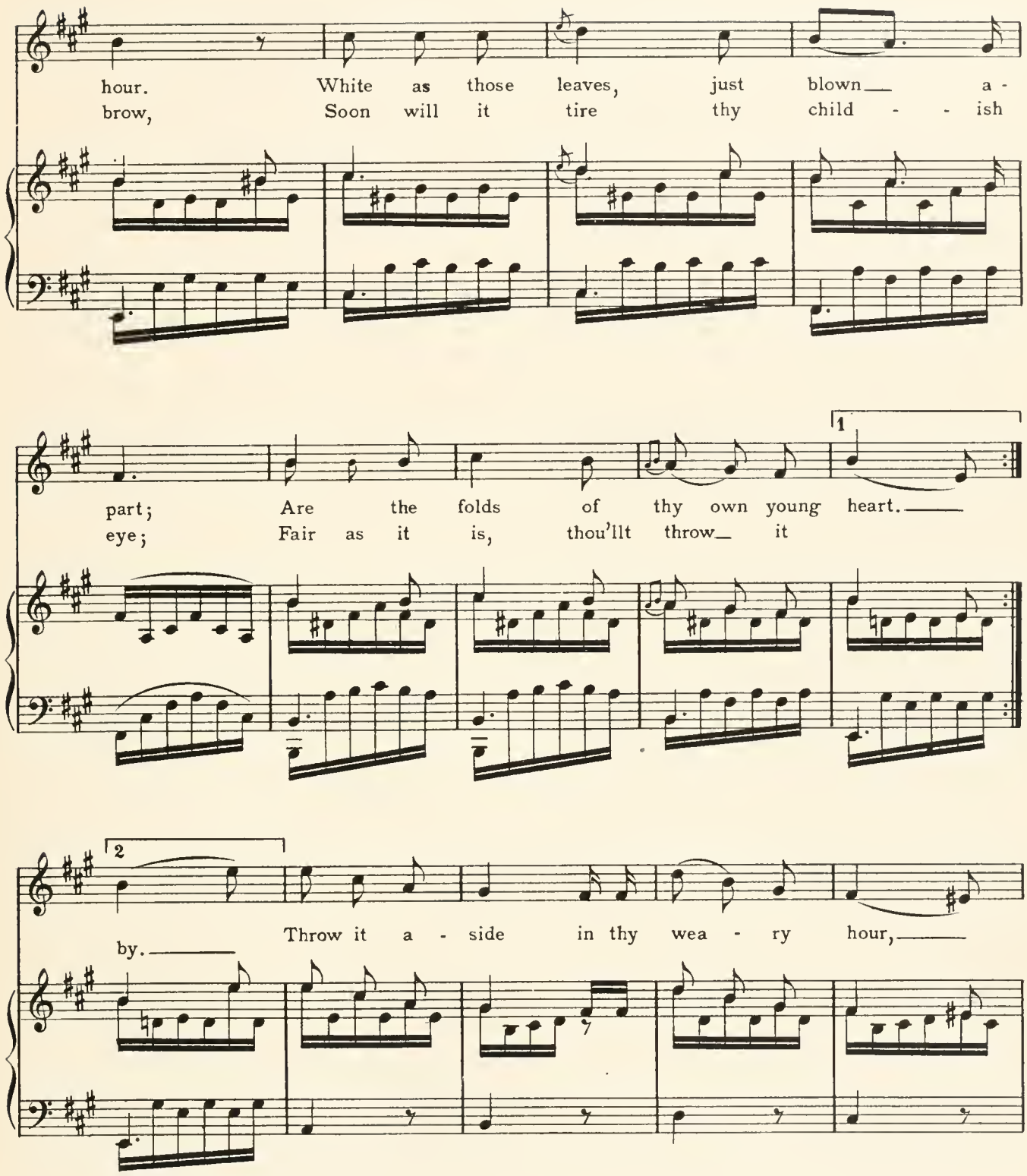
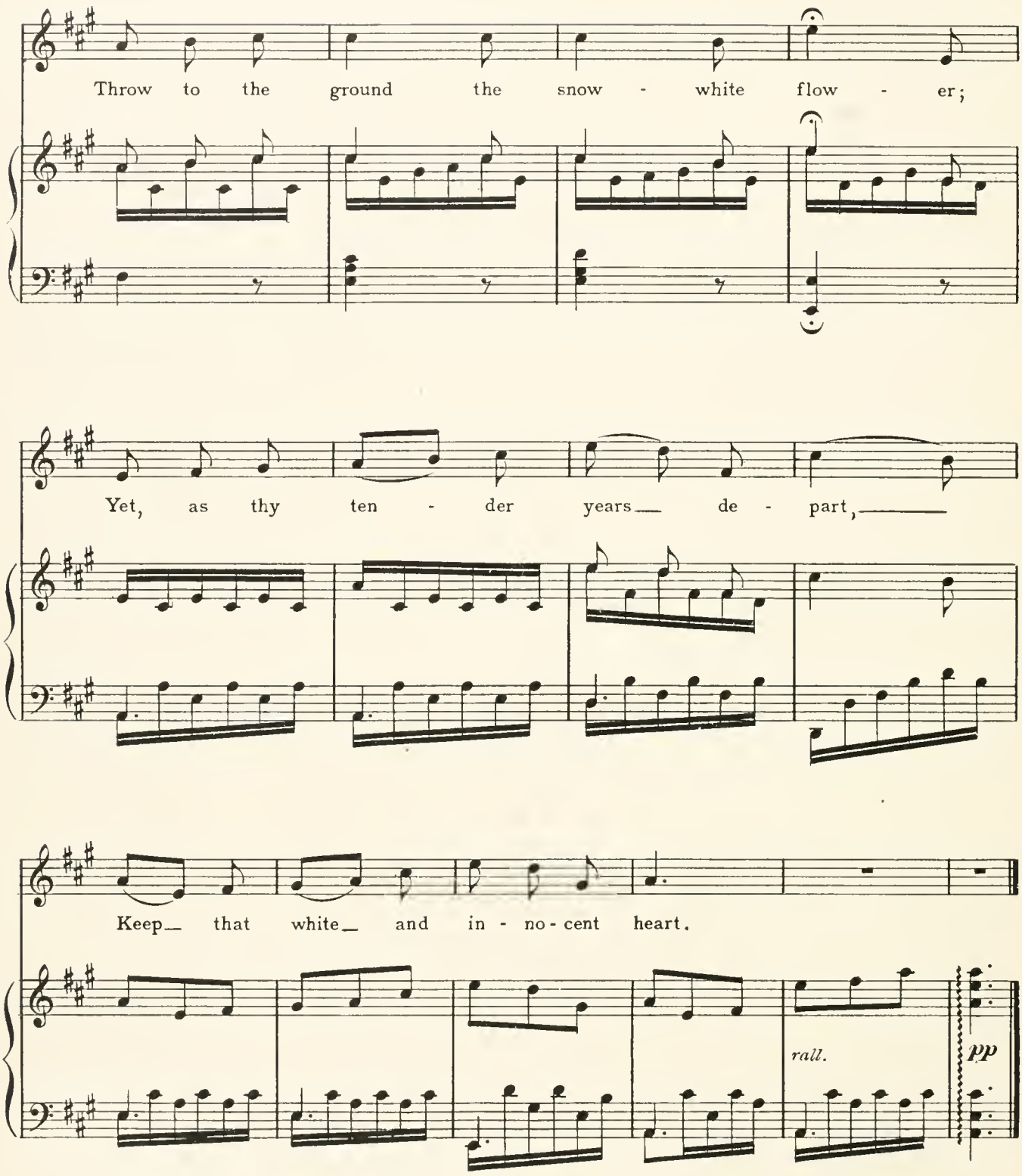
By the kind permission of the Author, Burges Johnson. From "Rhymes for little boys." Copyright 1905, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Publishers

wis - est in all the town,- Thought - ful ba - by with eyes of
hap - py and cle - ver too,- Mis - chie - vous ba - by with eyes of
brown. Ba - by's eyes, Ba - by's eyes, Thought - ful
blue. Ba - by's eyes, Ba - by's eyes, Mis - chie - vous
1
2
ba - by with eyes of brown. eyes of brown.
ba - by with eyes of blue. eyes of blue.
1
2

*To Adelaide*

# Innocent Child and Snow-white Flower

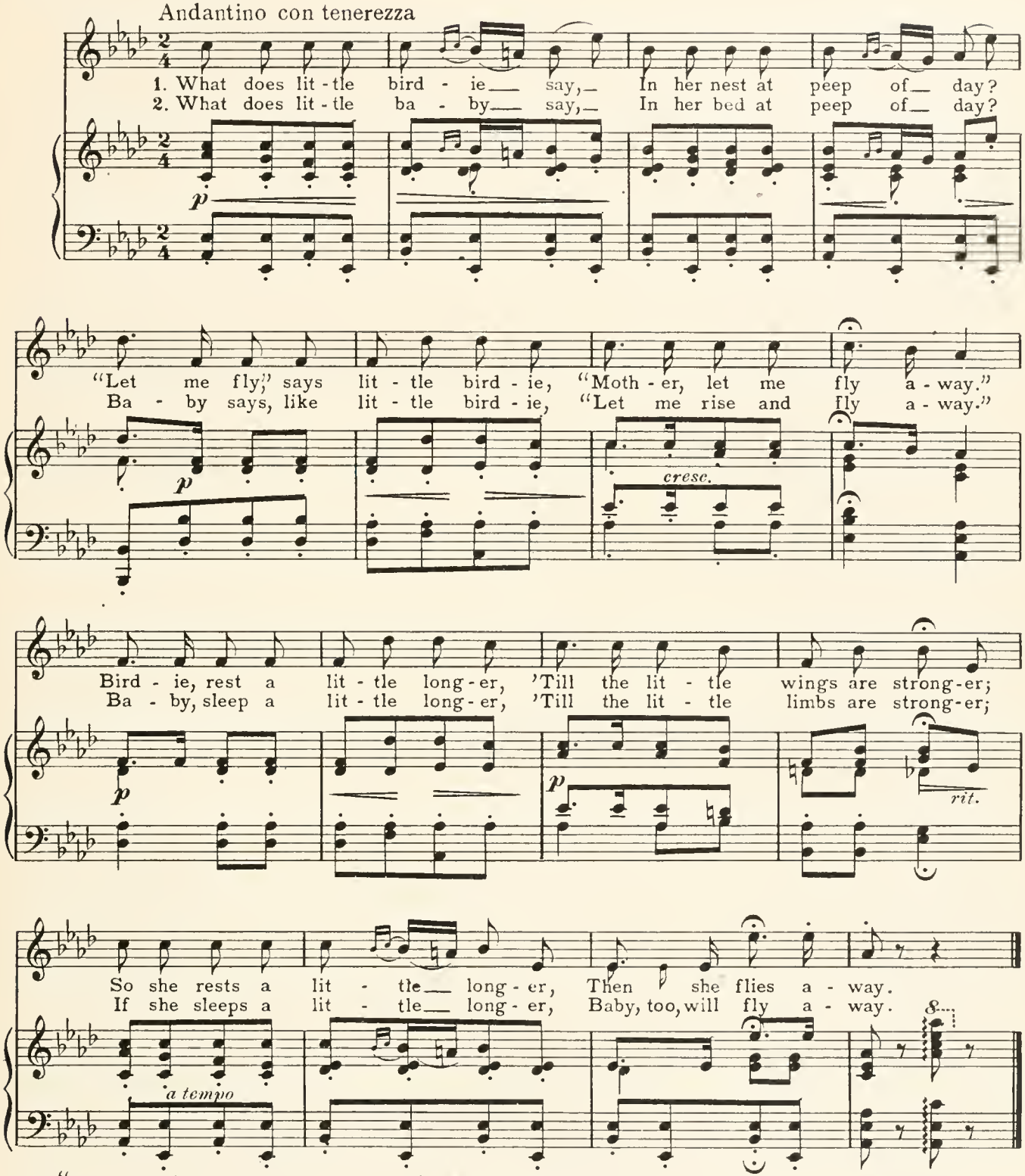
Words by
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT


Andantino
1. In - no - cent child and snow - white
2. Art - less one! though thou gaz - - est
flow'r! Well are ye paired in your o - - p'ning
now O'er the white blos - som with earn - - est

First published in "The Talisman" in 1830
Reprinted by special permission of D. Appleton & Co.

hour. White as those leaves, just blown a -
brow, Soon will it tire thy child - - ish
part; Are the folds of thy own young heart.
eye; Fair as it is, thou'llt throw it
1
2
by.
Throw it a - side in thy wea - ry hour,

Throw to the ground the snow - white flow - er;
Yet, as thy ten - der years de - part,
Keep that white and in - no - cent heart.
rall.
pp

# What Does Little Birdie Say?

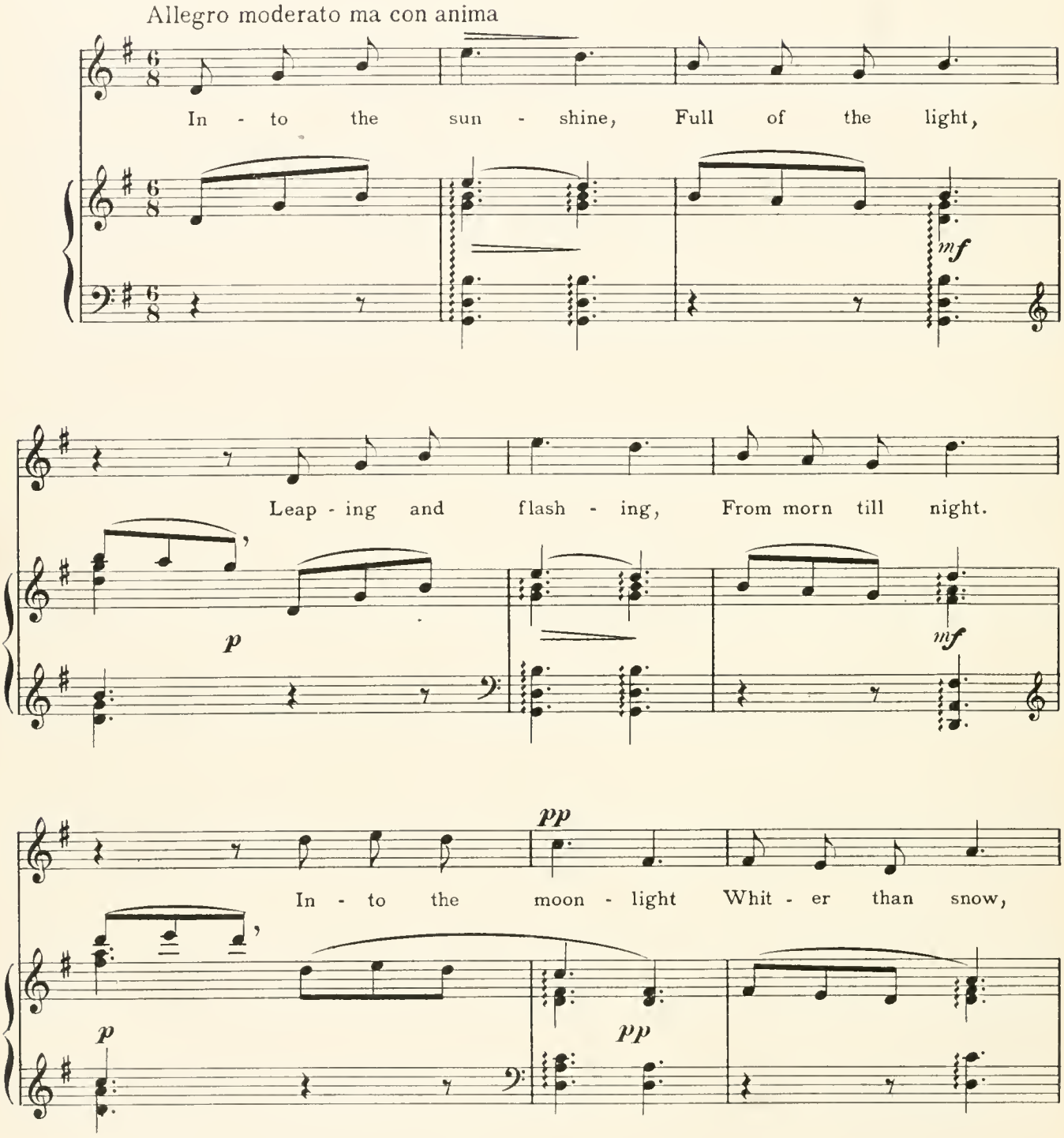
Words by
ALFRED TENNYSON

Andantino con tenerezza

1. What does lit-tle bird - ie say, In her nest at peep of day?
2. What does lit-tle ba - by say, In her bed at peep of day?
p
"Let me fly," says lit - tle bird - ie, "Moth - er, let me fly a - way."
Ba - by says, like lit - tle bird - ie, "Let me rise and fly a - way."
cresc.
Bird - ie, rest a lit - tle long - er, 'Till the lit - tle wings are strong - er;
Ba - by, sleep a lit - tle long - er, 'Till the lit - tle limbs are strong - er;
rit.
So she rests a lit - tle long - er, Then she flies a - way.
If she sleeps a lit - tle long - er, Baby, too, will fly a - way.
a tempo

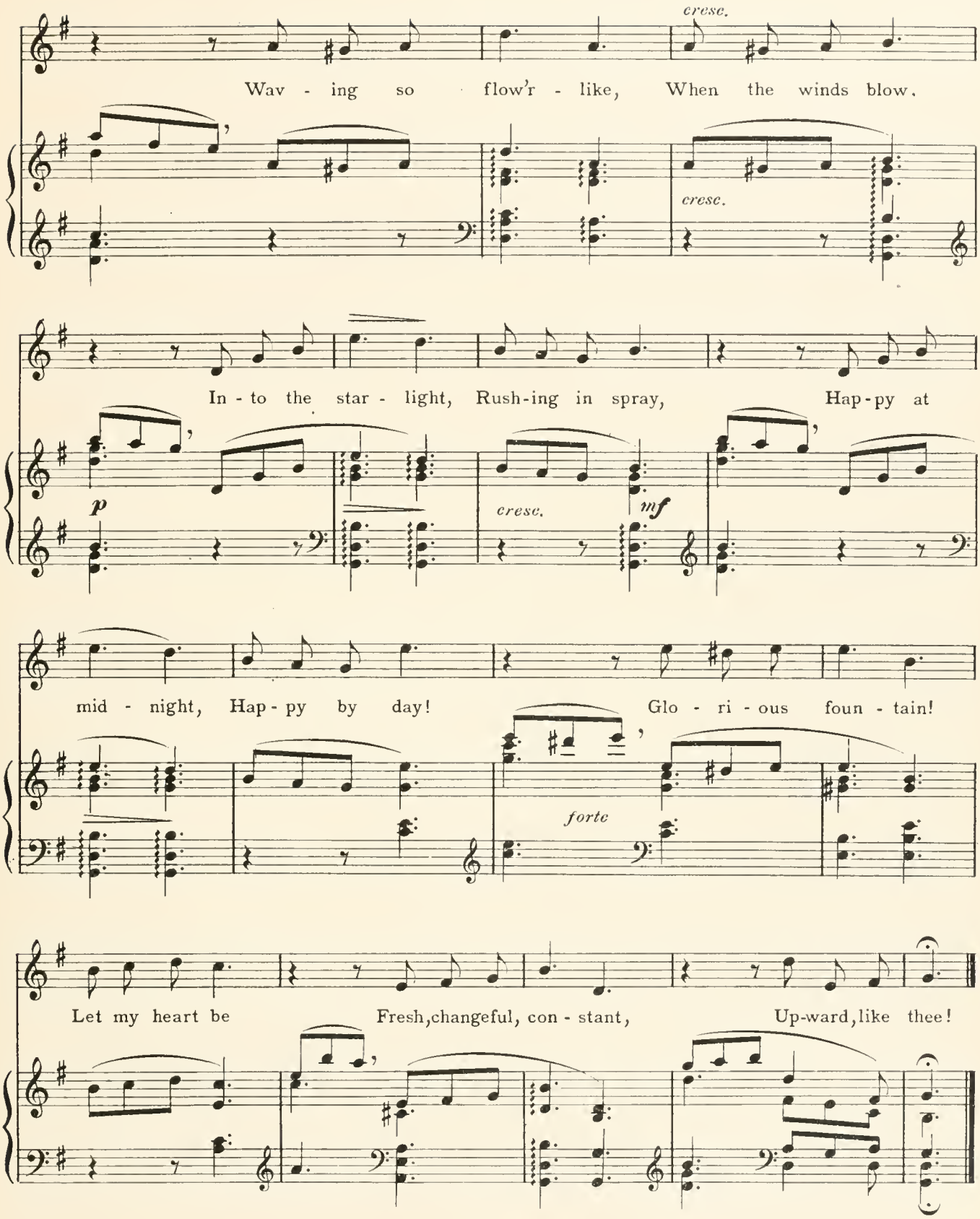
From "Sea Dreams." Contributed to Macmillan's Magazine, January 1860.

# The Fountain

Words by
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

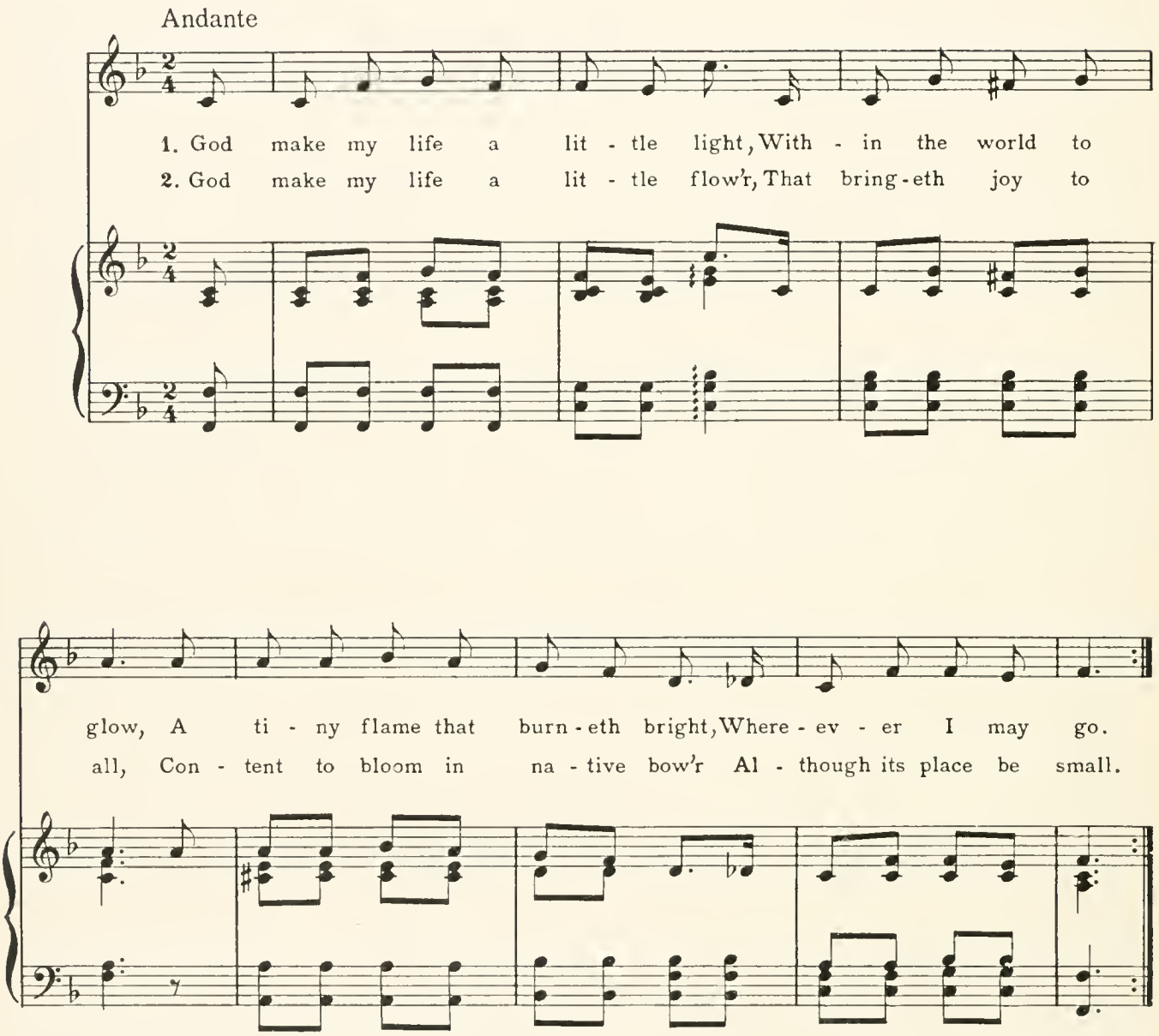

Allegro moderato ma con anima
In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light,
mf
Leap - ing and flash - ing, From morn till night.
p
mf
pp
In - to the moon - light Whit - er than snow,
p
pp

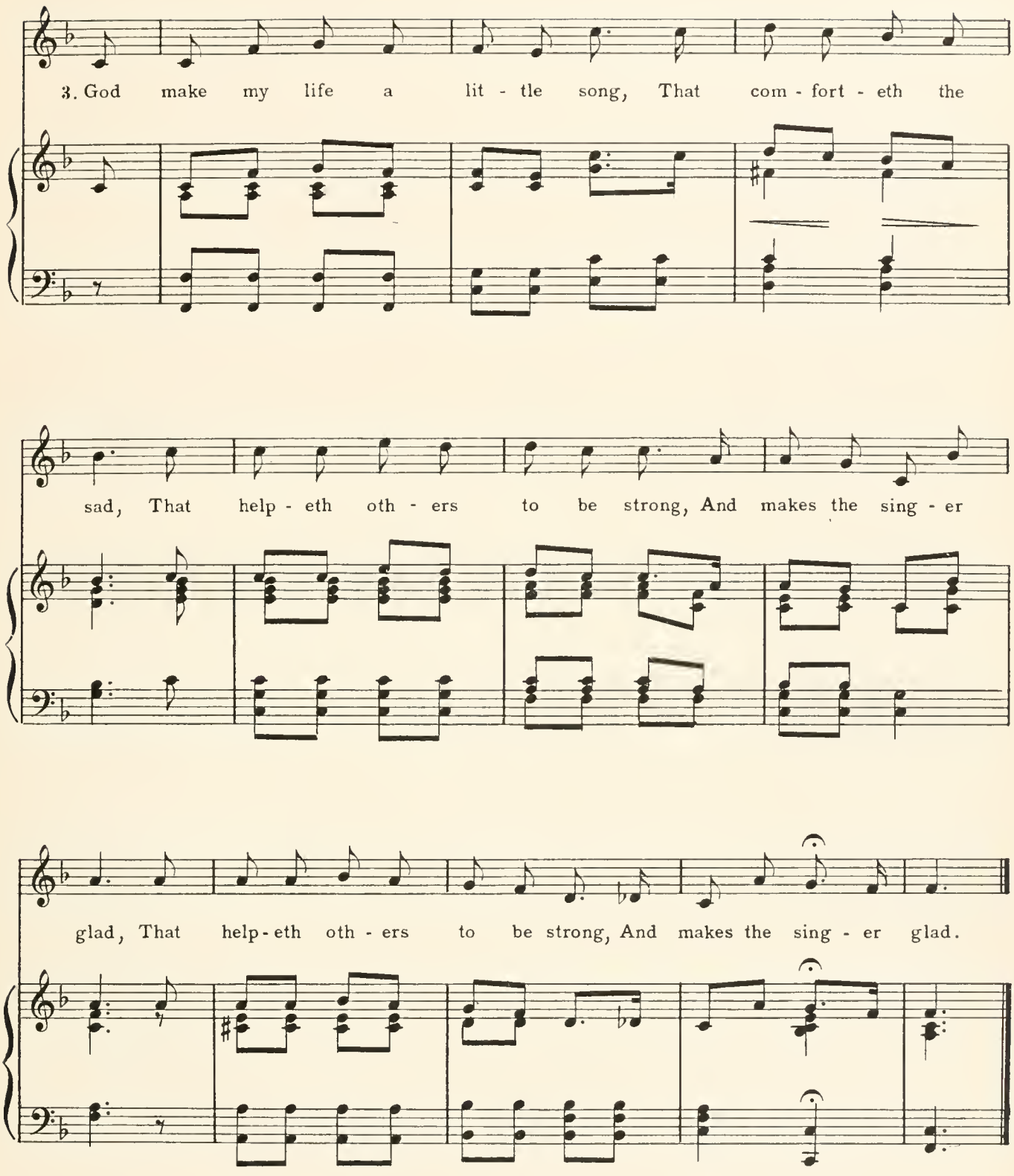
By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co, Publishers.


cresc.
Wav - ing so flow'r - like, When the winds blow.
cresc.
In - to the star - light, Rush-ing in spray, Hap-py at
p
cresc.
mf
mid - night, Hap - py by day!
Glo - ri - ous foun - tain!
forte
Let my heart be
Fresh,changeful, con - stant,
Up-ward,like thee!

# A Child's Prayer

Words by
MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS

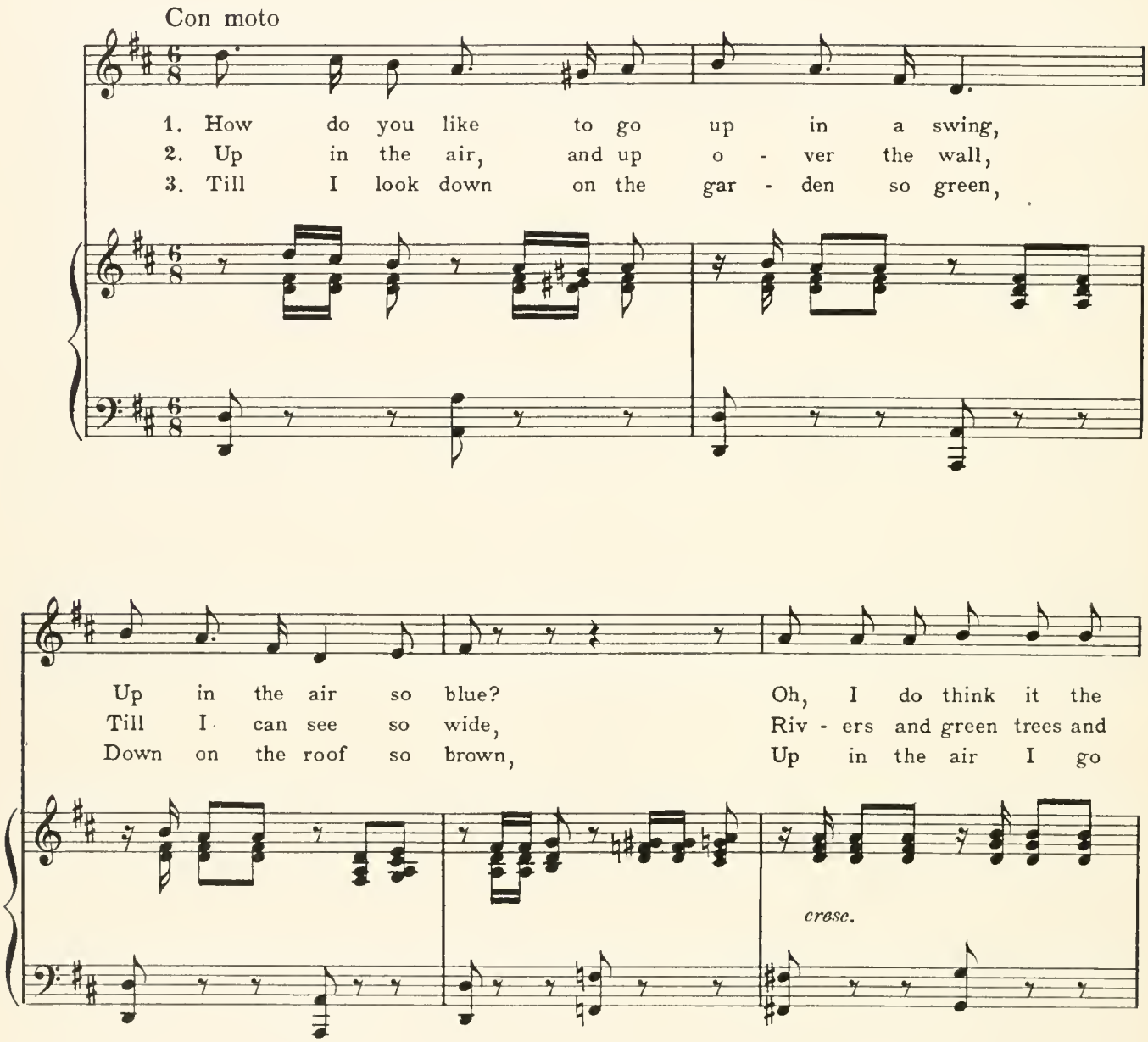

Andante
1. God make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to
2. God make my life a lit - tle flow'r, That bring - eth joy to
glow, A ti - ny flame that burn - eth bright, Where - ev - er I may go.
all, Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bow'r Al - though its place be small.


3. God make my life a lit - tle song, That com - fort - eth the
sad, That help - eth oth - ers to be strong, And makes the sing - er
glad, That help-eth oth - ers to be strong, And makes the sing - er glad.

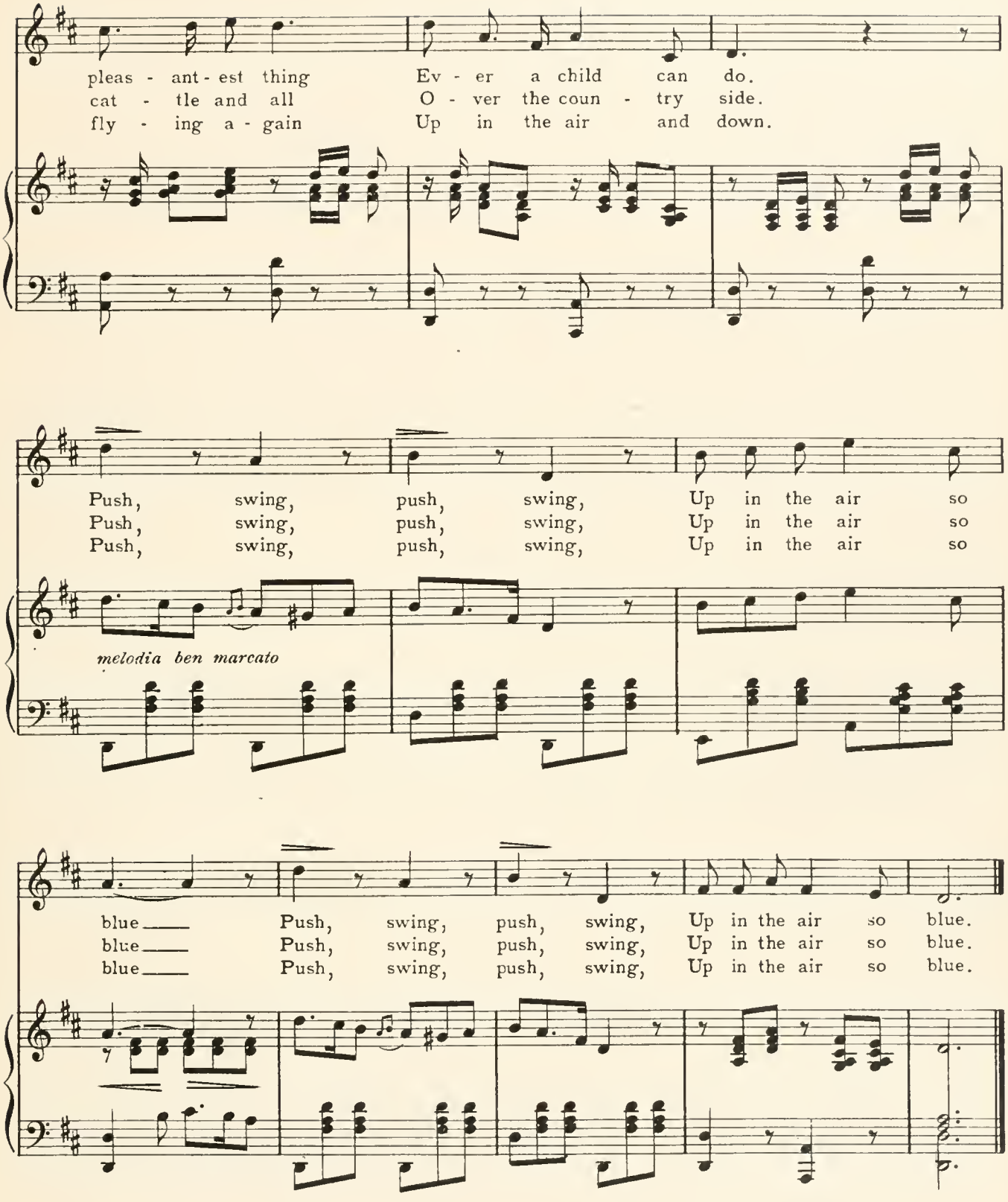
*To Albert*

# The Swing

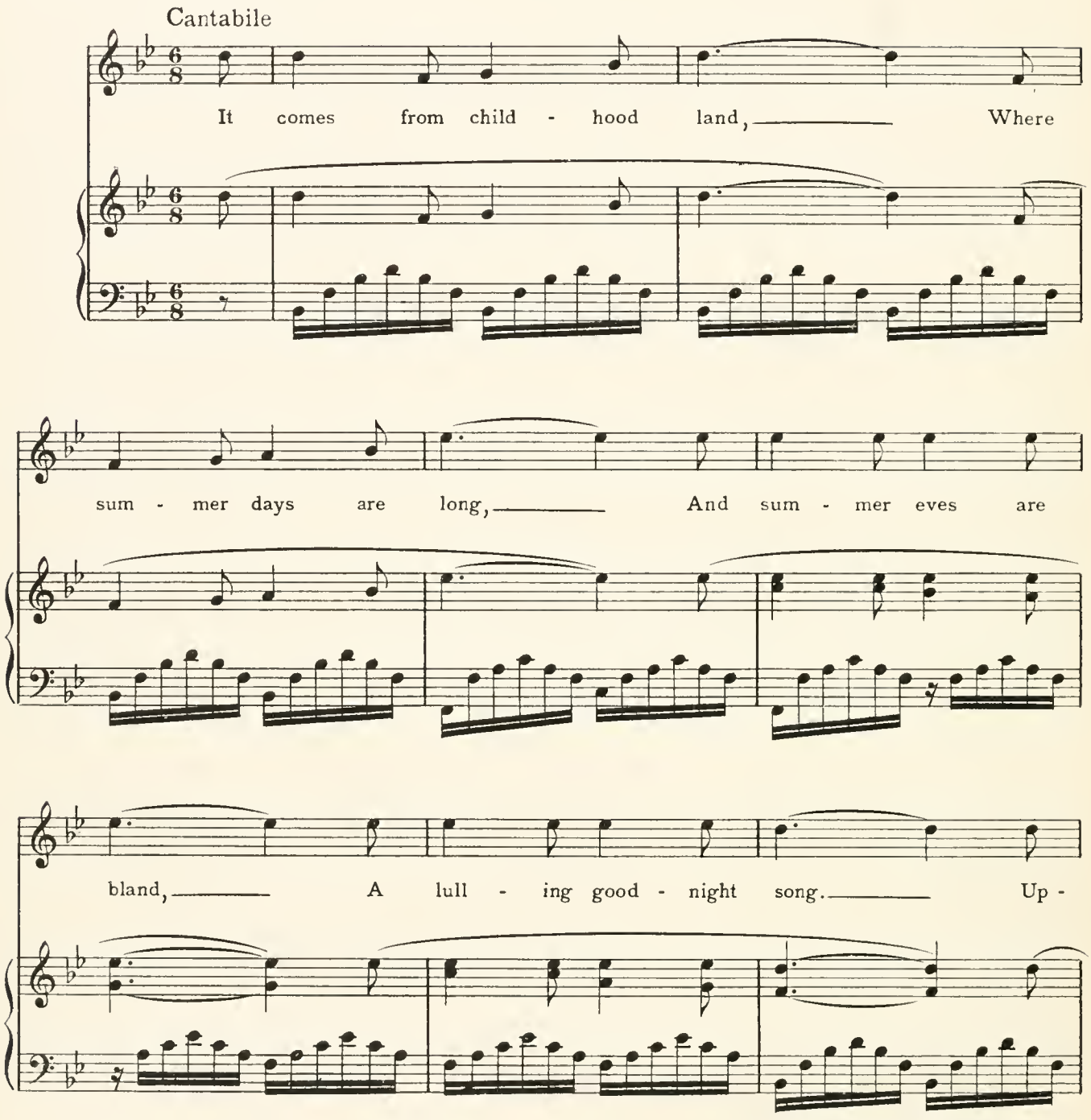
Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

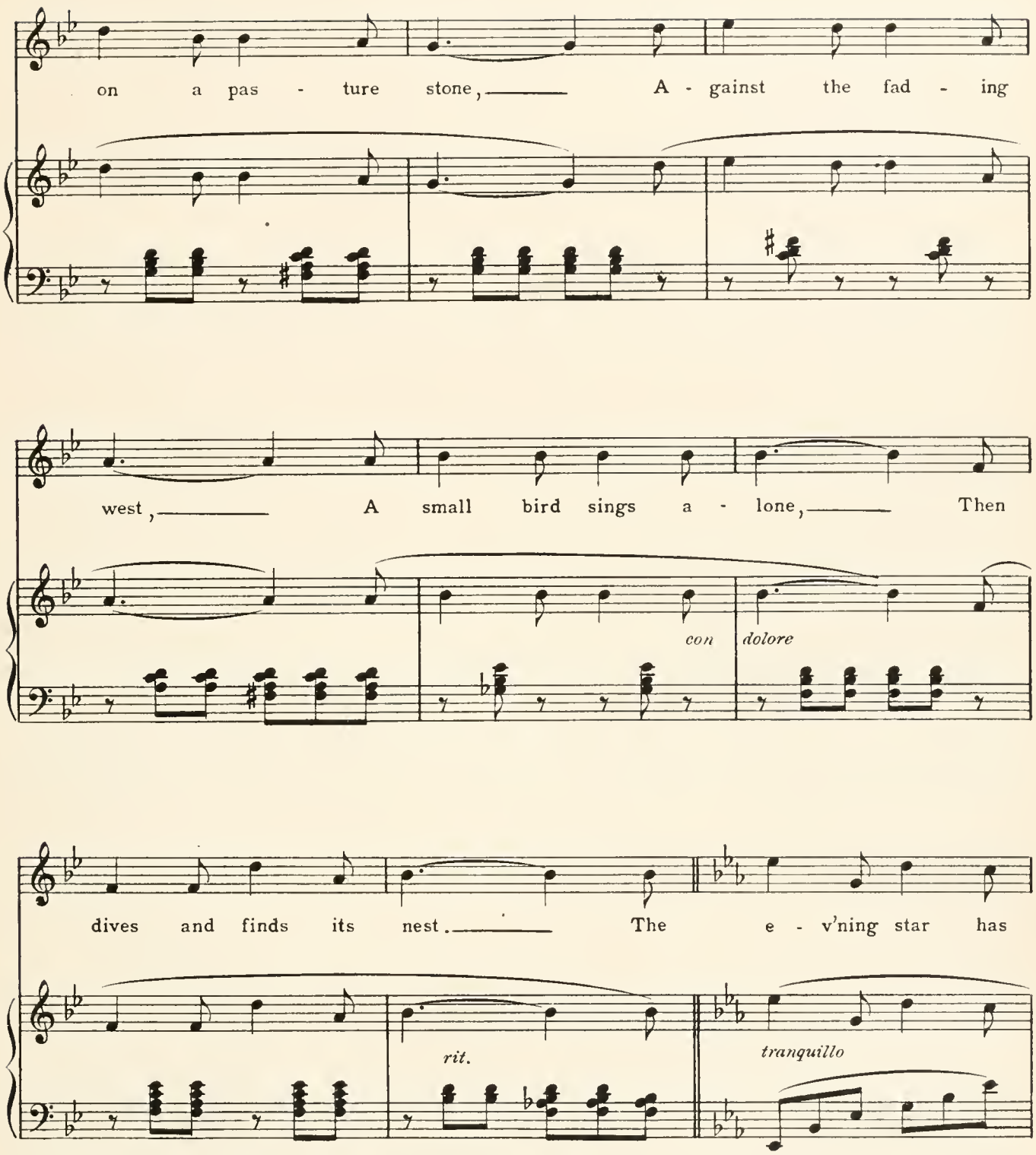

Con moto
1. How do you like to go up in a swing,
2. Up in the air, and up o - ver the wall,
3. Till I look down on the gar - den so green,
Up in the air so blue?
Till I can see so wide,
Down on the roof so brown,
Oh, I do think it the
Riv - ers and green trees and
Up in the air I go
cresc.

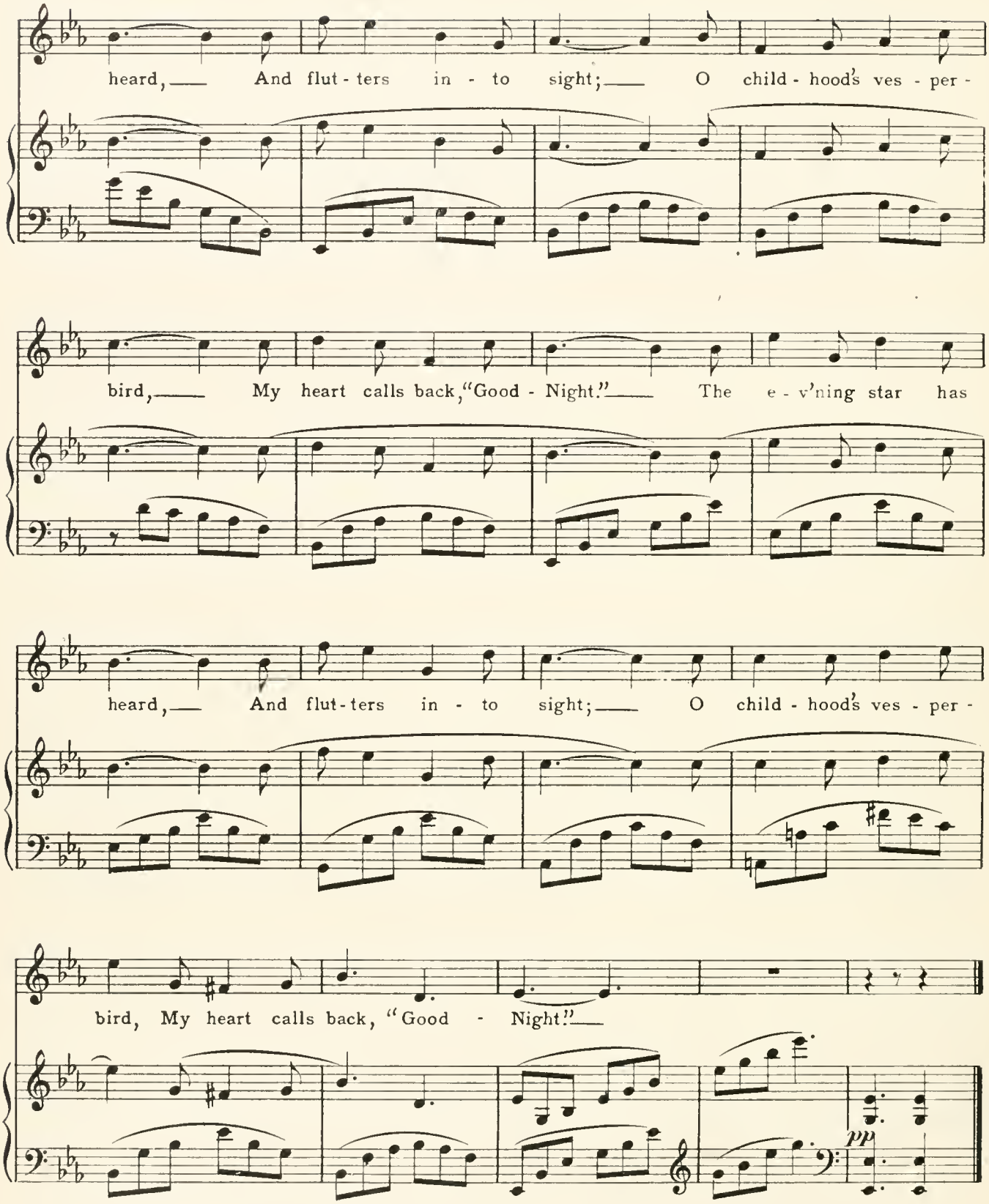
From a Child's Garden of Verses
From "Poems and Ballads" Copyright 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.


pleas - ant - est thing Ev - er a child can do.
cat - tle and all O - ver the coun - try side.
fly - ing a - gain Up in the air and down.
Push, swing, push, swing, Up in the air so
Push, swing, push, swing, Up in the air so
Push, swing, push, swing, Up in the air so
melodia ben marcato
blue___ Push, swing, push, swing, Up in the air so blue.
blue___ Push, swing, push, swing, Up in the air so blue.
blue___ Push, swing, push, swing, Up in the air so blue.

# The Vesper Sparrow

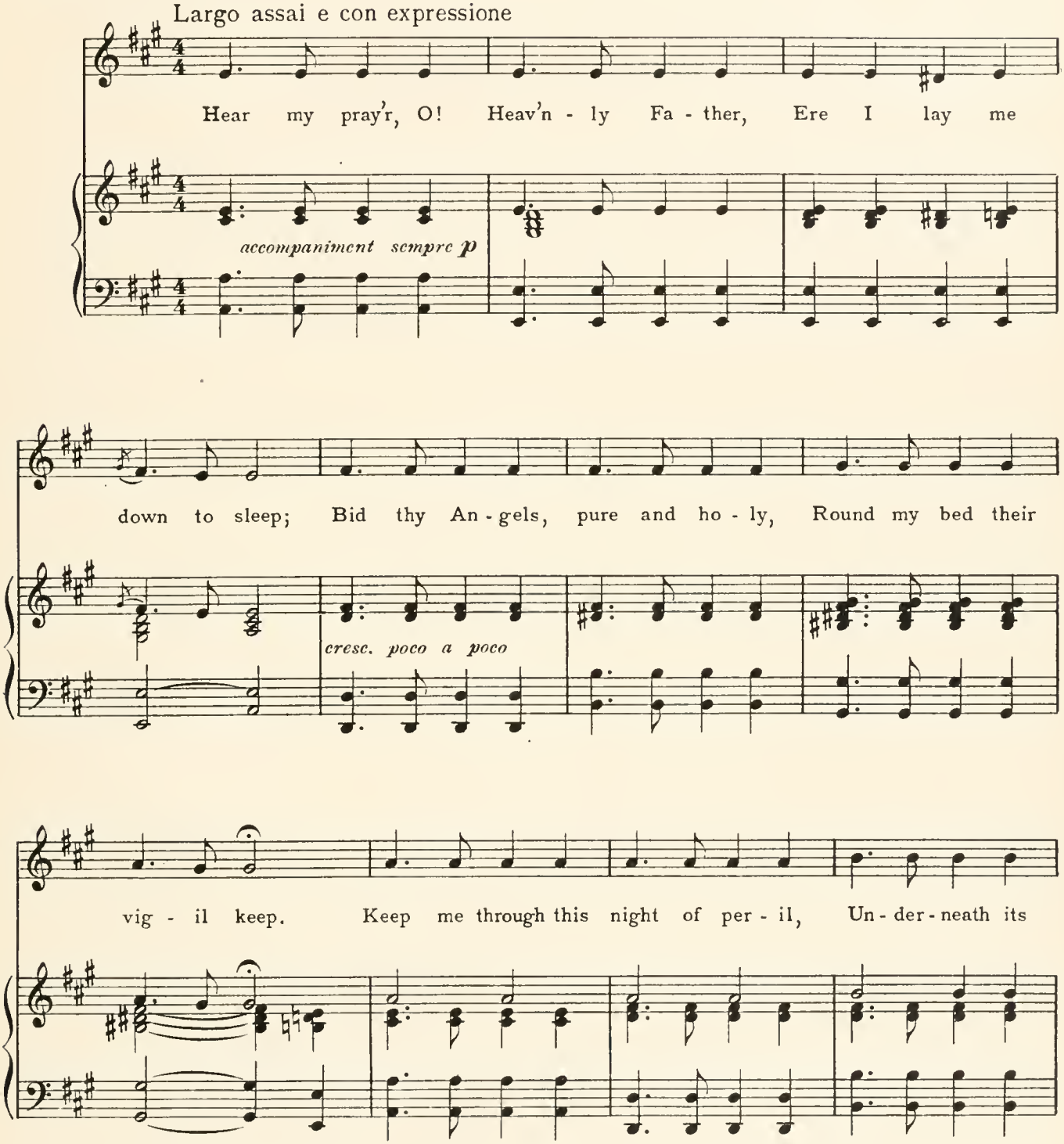
Words by
EDITH M. THOMAS

From "In Sunshine Land" by special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Publishers


on a pas - ture stone, A - gainst the fad - ing
west, A small bird sings a - lone, Then
con dolore
dives and finds its nest. The e - v'ning star has
rit.
tranquillo

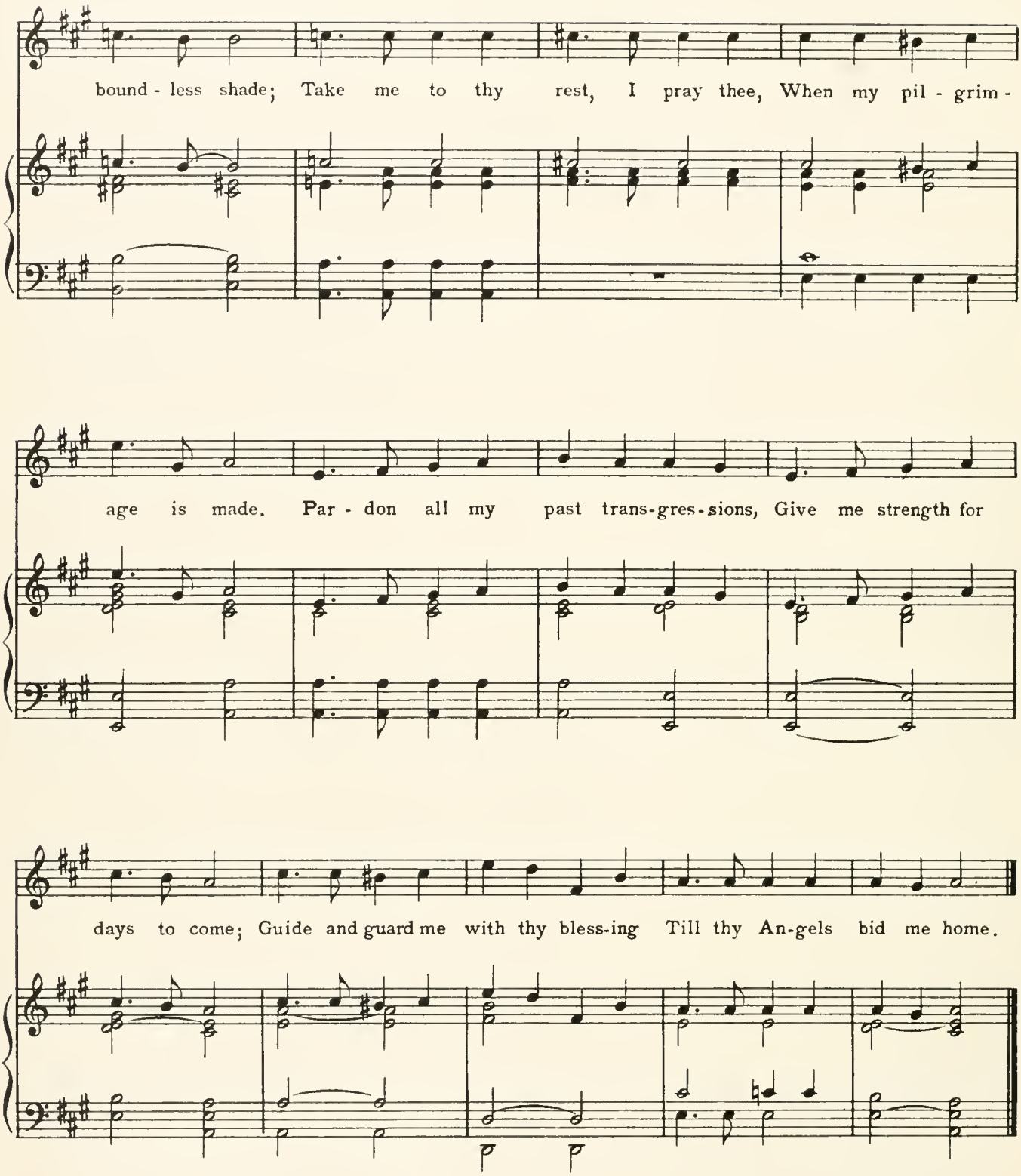

heard, And flut - ters in - to sight; O child - hood's ves - per -
bird, My heart calls back, "Good - Night." The e - v'ning star has
heard, And flut - ters in - to sight; O child - hood's ves - per -
bird, My heart calls back, "Good - Night."
pp

# Ere I lay me down to sleep

Words by
CHARLES DICKENS


Largo assai e con expressione
Hear my pray'r, O! Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Ere I lay me
accompaniment sempre p
down to sleep; Bid thy An - gels, pure and ho - ly, Round my bed their
cresc. poco a poco
vig - il keep. Keep me through this night of per - il, Un - der - neath its

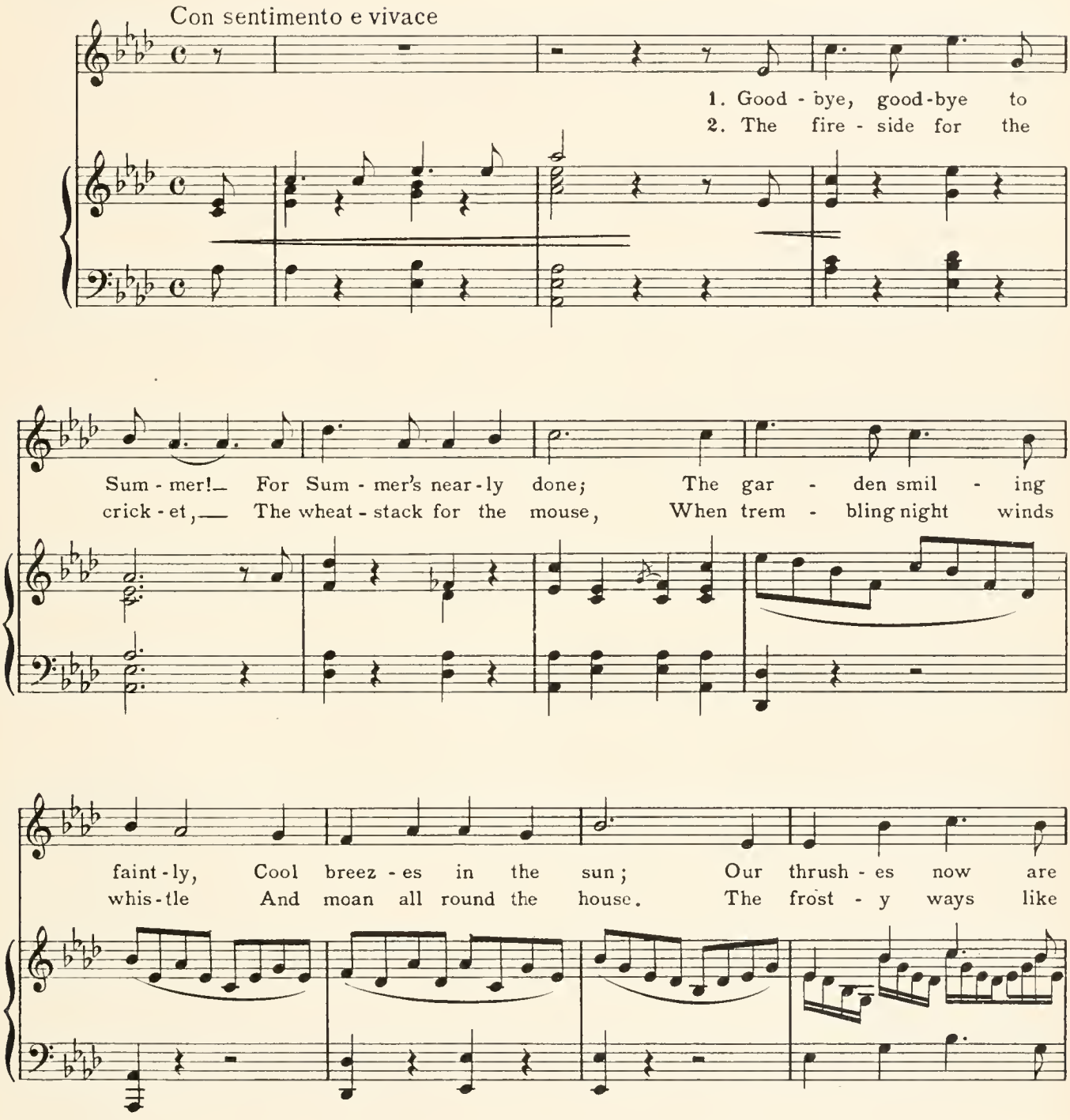
From the Christmas Number of "Household Words," Magazine; published by Dickens in 1856.

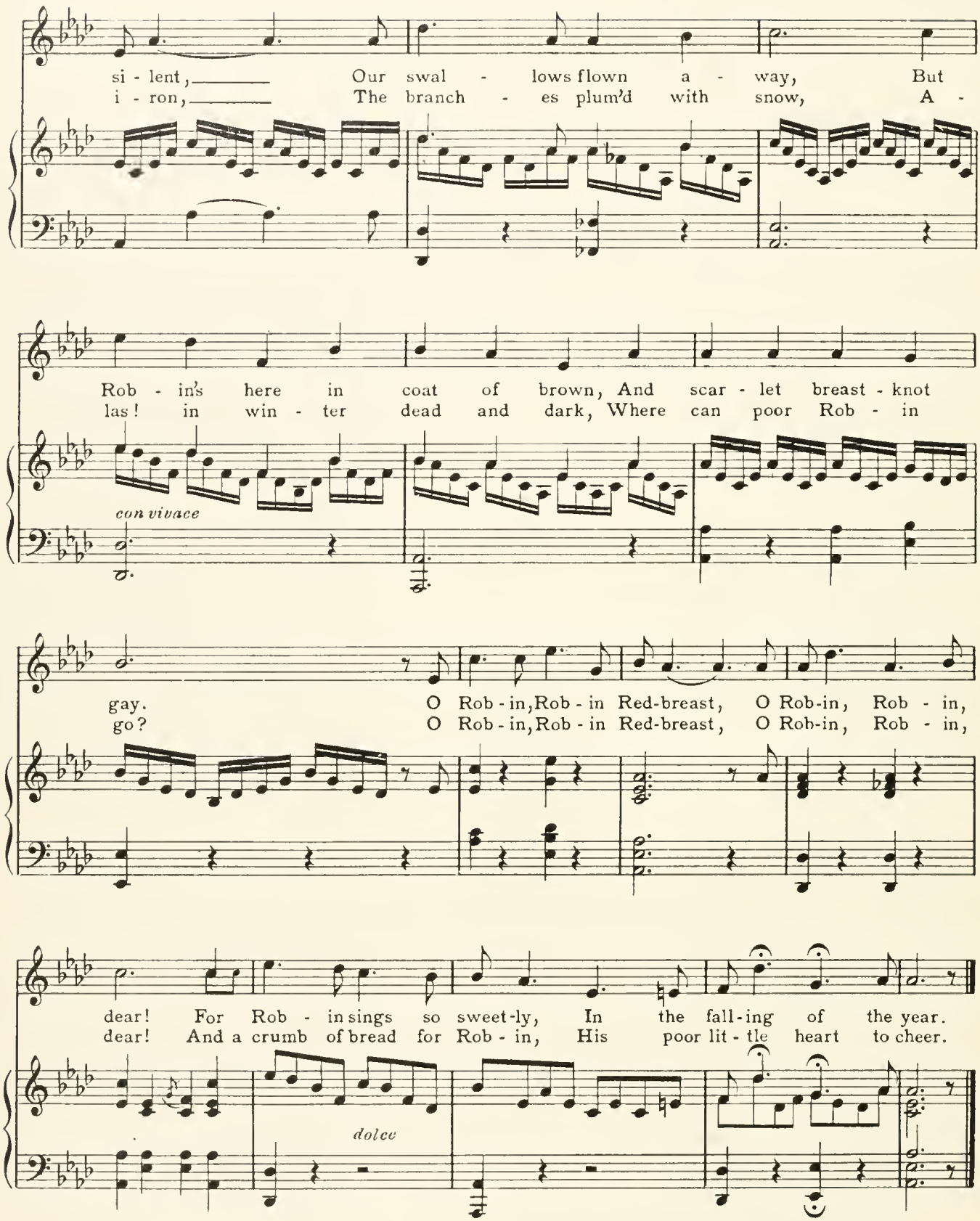

bound - less shade; Take me to thy rest, I pray thee, When my pil - grim -
age is made. Par - don all my past trans-gres-sions, Give me strength for
days to come; Guide and guard me with thy bless-ing Till thy An-gels bid me home.

# Robin Redbreast

A Song for Autumn

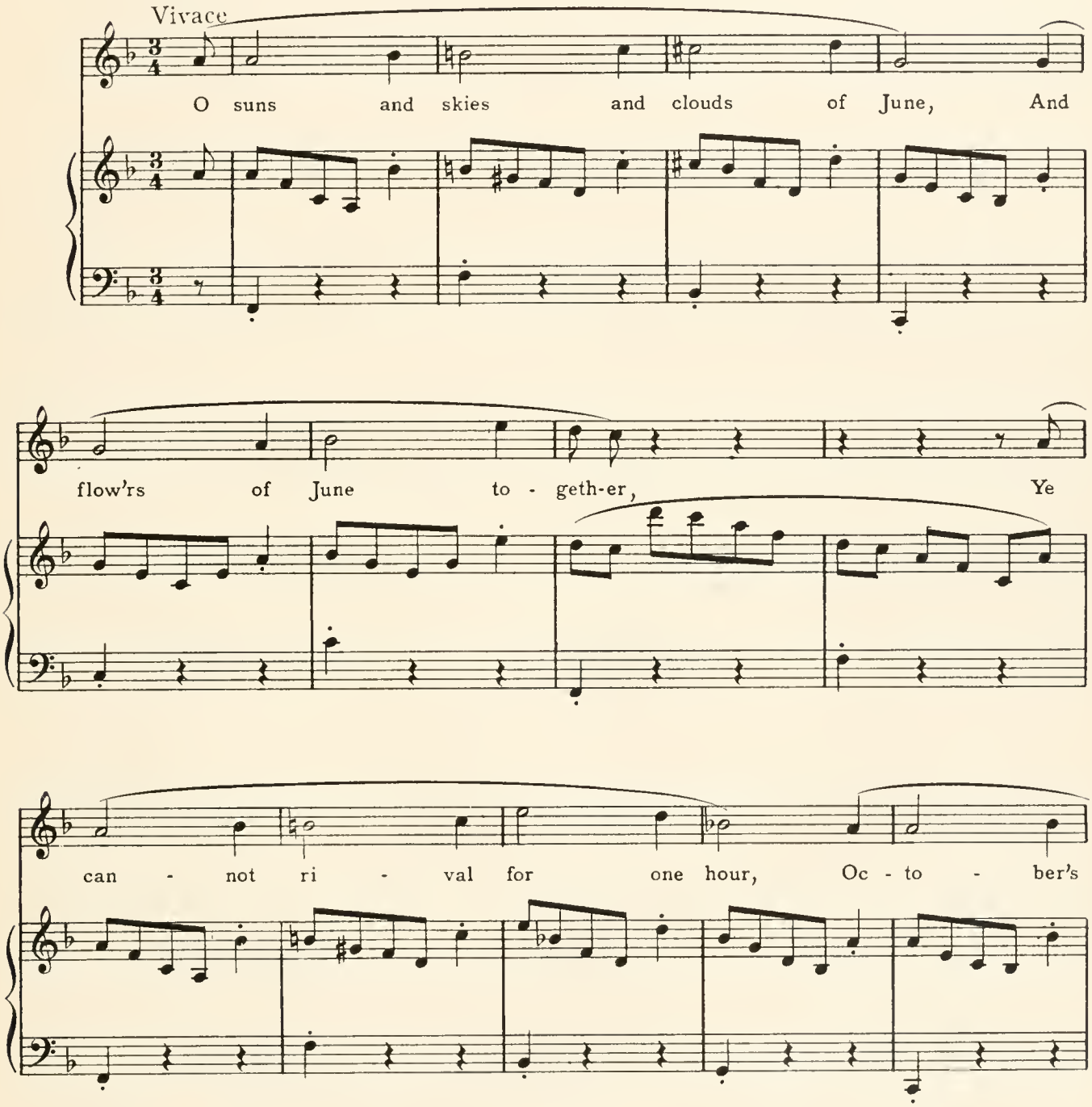
Words by
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

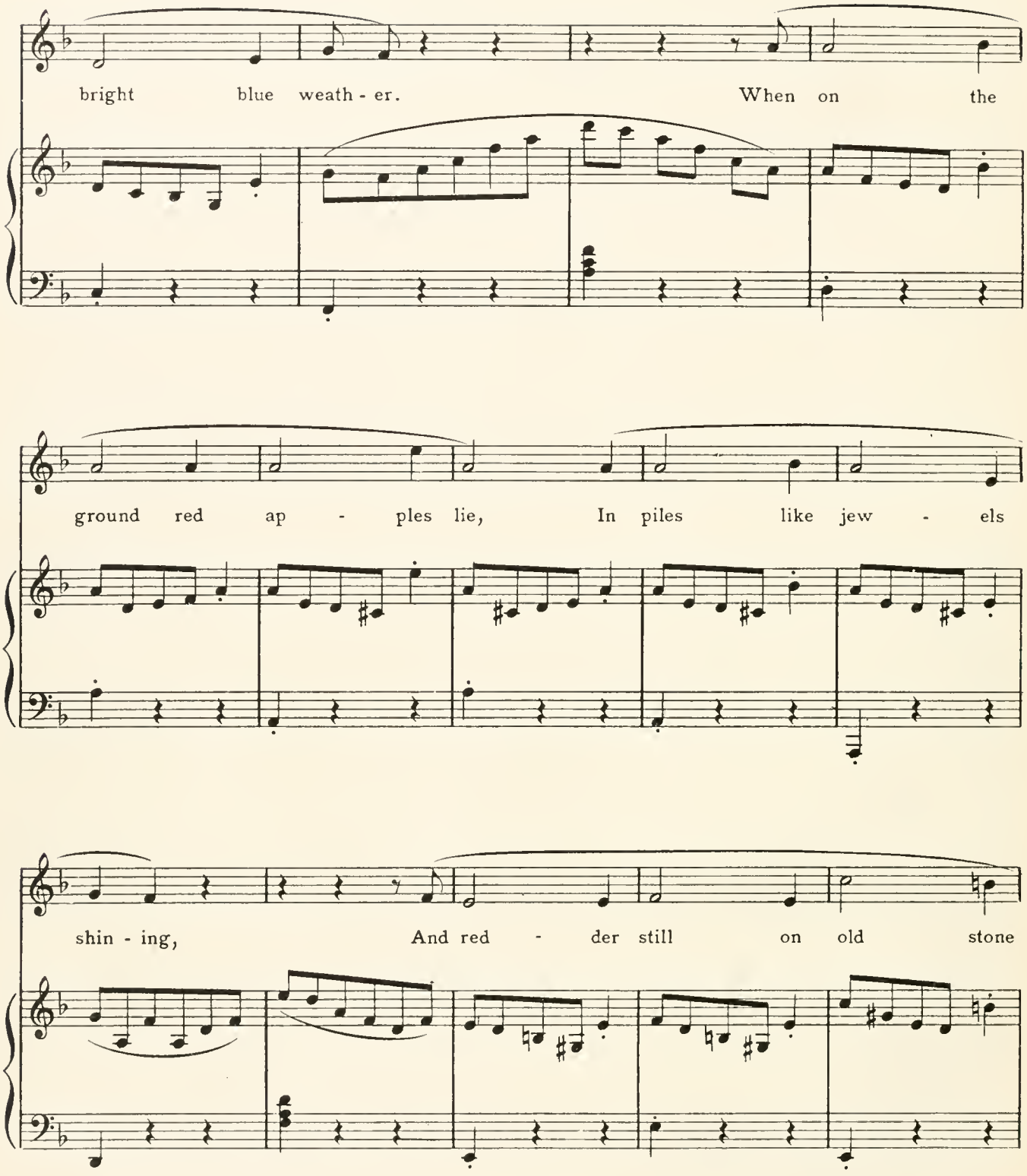
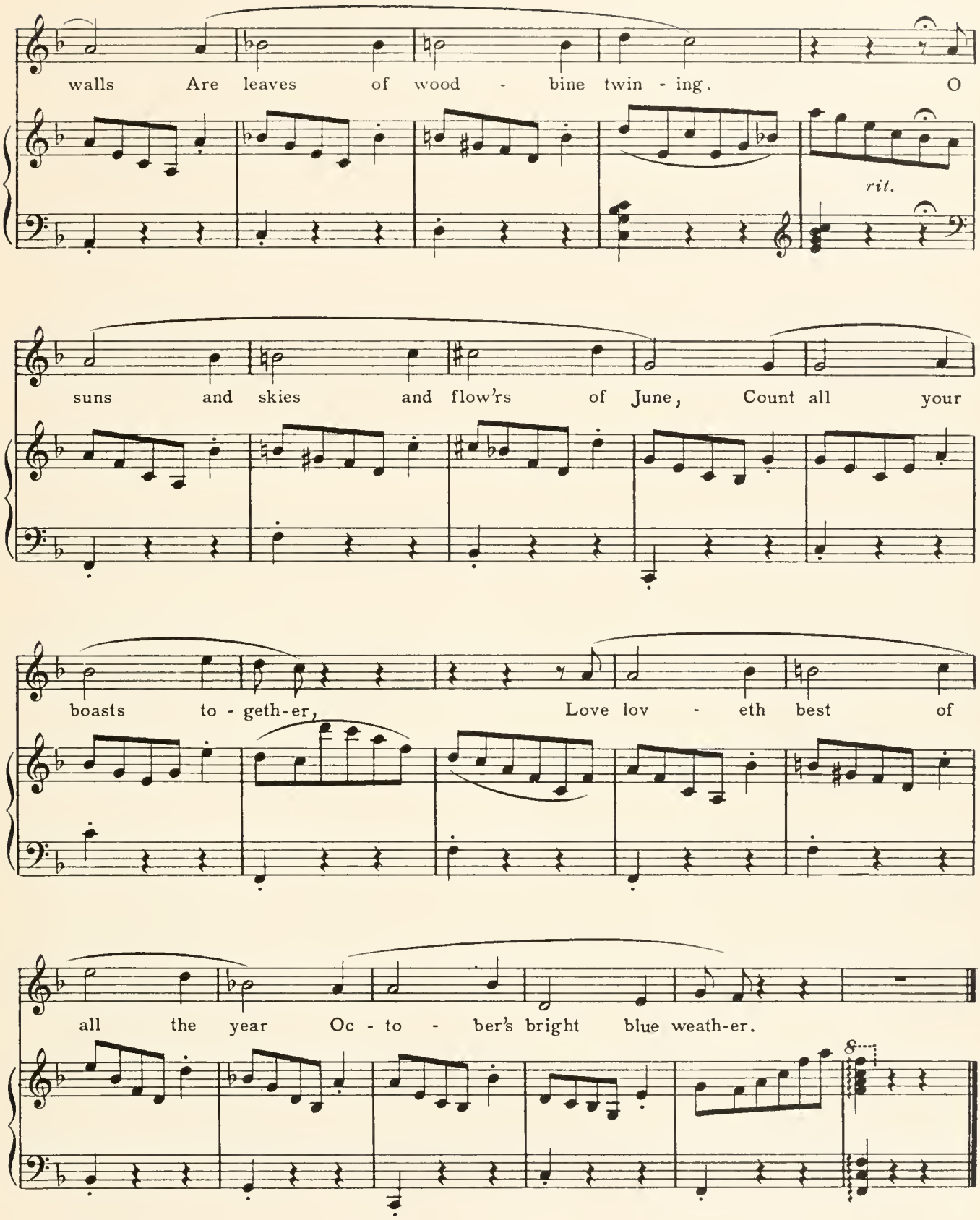

Con sentimento e vivace
1. Good - bye, good-bye to
2. The fire - side for the
Sum - mer!— For Sum - mer's near - ly done; The gar - den smil - ing
crick - et,— The wheat - stack for the mouse, When trem - bling night winds
faint - ly, Cool breez - es in the sun; Our thrush - es now are
whis - tle And moan all round the house. The frost - y ways like


si - lent, Our swal - lows flown a - way, But
i - ron, The branch - es plum'd with snow, A -
Rob - in's here in coat of brown, And scar - let breast - knot
las! in win - ter dead and dark, Where can poor Rob - in
con vivace
gay. O Rob - in, Rob - in Red-breast, O Rob-in, Rob - in,
go? O Rob - in, Rob - in Red-breast, O Rob-in, Rob - in,
dear! For Rob - in sings so sweet-ly, In the fall-ing of the year.
dear! And a crumb of bread for Rob - in, His poor lit - tle heart to cheer.
dolce

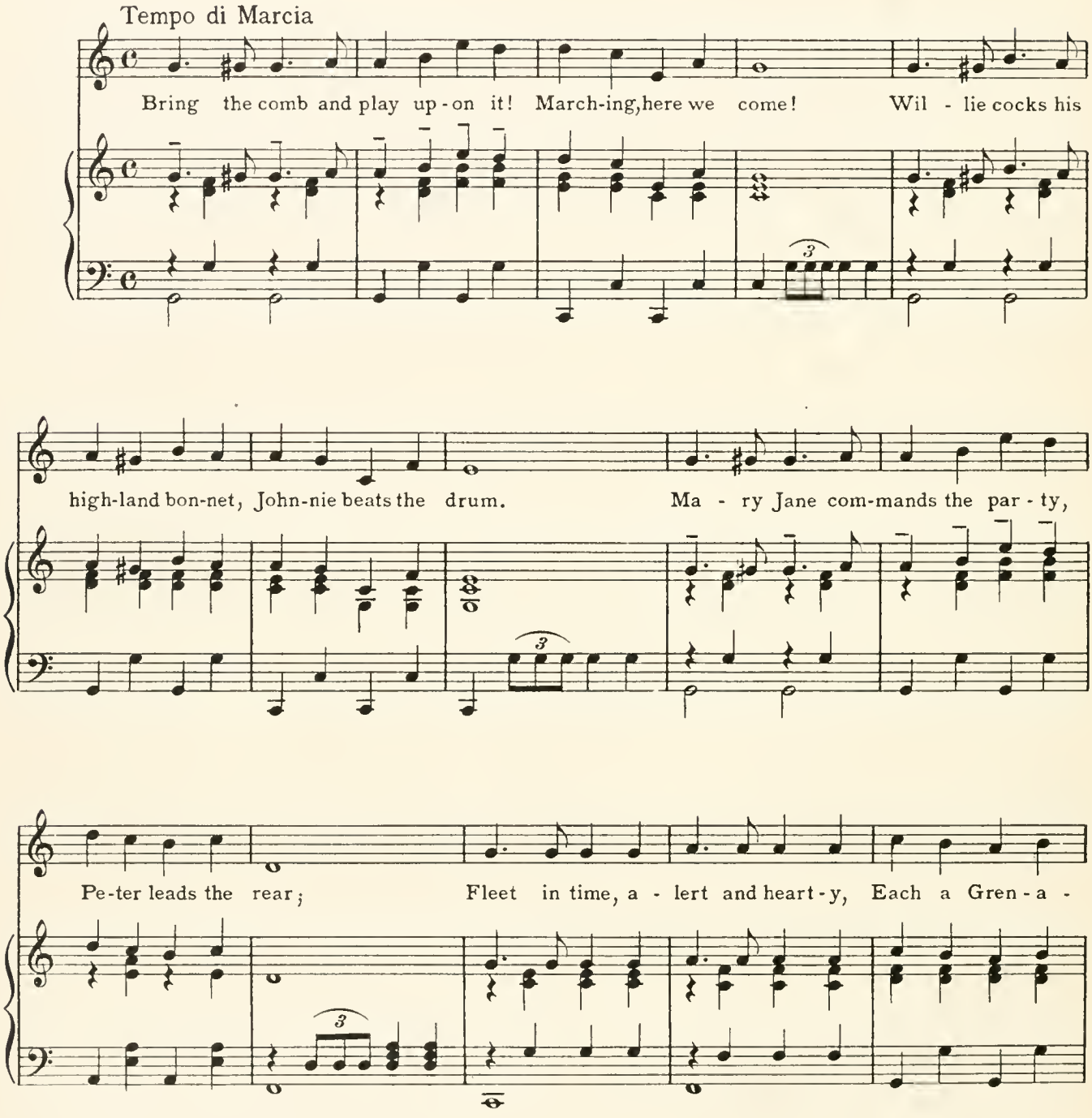
# October's Bright Blue Weather

Words by
HELEN HUNT JACKSON
("H. H.")

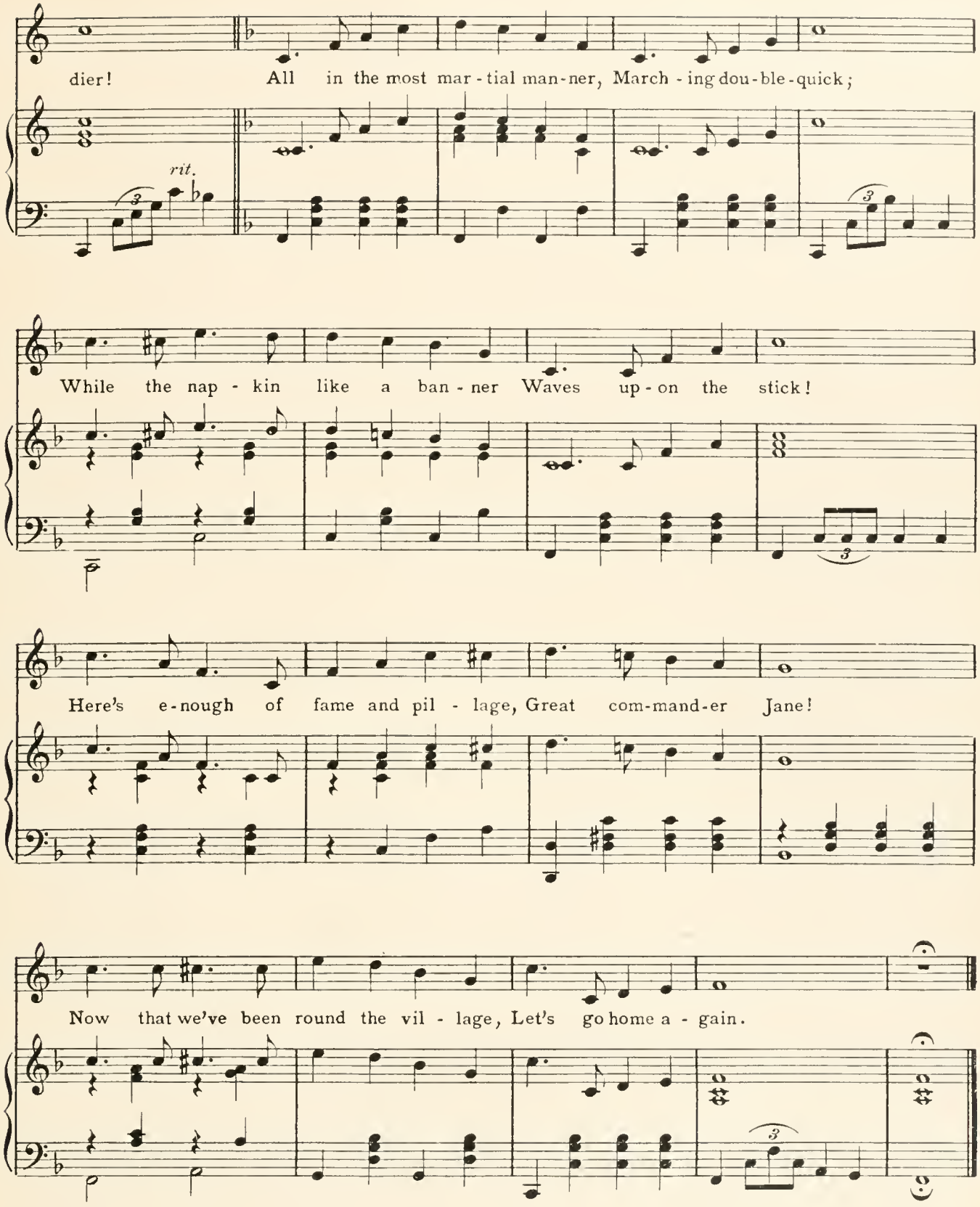



By special arrangement with Little, Brown, & Co. Publishers.

bright blue weath - er. When on the
ground red ap - ples lie, In piles like jew - els
shin - ing, And red - der still on old stone

walls Are leaves of wood - bine twin - ing. O
rit.
suns and skies and flow'rs of June, Count all your
boasts to - geth-er, Love lov - eth best of
all the year Oc - to - ber's bright blue weath-er.
8

# Marching, Here We Come

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Tempo di Marcia
Bring the comb and play up-on it! March-ing, here we come! Wil - lie cocks his
high-land bon-net, John-nie beats the drum. Ma - ry Jane com-mands the par - ty,
Pe-ter leads the rear; Fleet in time, a - lert and heart-y, Each a Gren-a -

From Louis Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses.
From "Poems and Ballads"; copyright 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

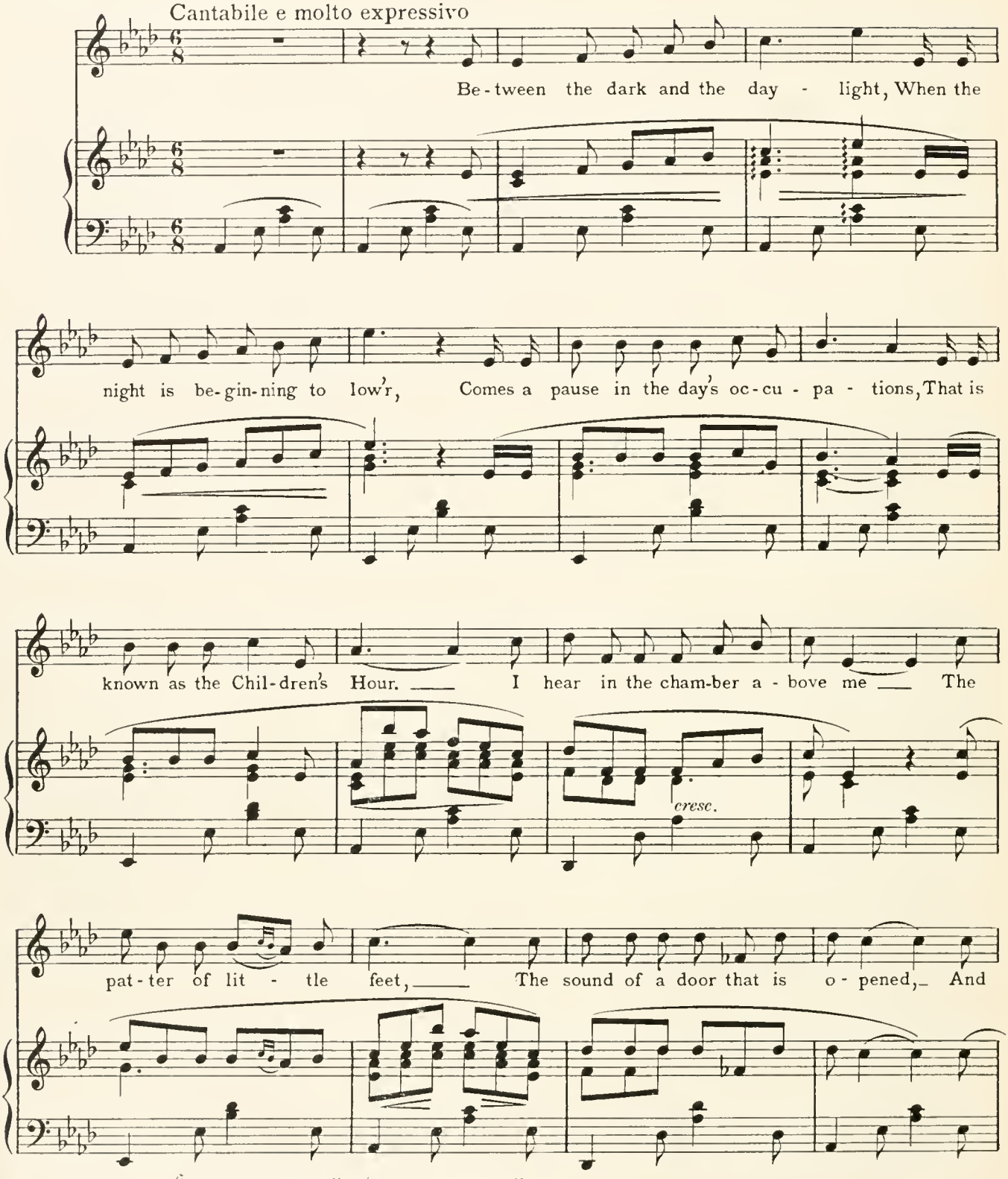

dier! All in the most mar - tial man-ner, March - ing dou-ble-quick;
rit.
While the nap - kin like a ban - ner Waves up - on the stick!
Here's e-nough of fame and pil - lage, Great com-mand-er Jane!
Now that we've been round the vil - lage, Let's go home a - gain.

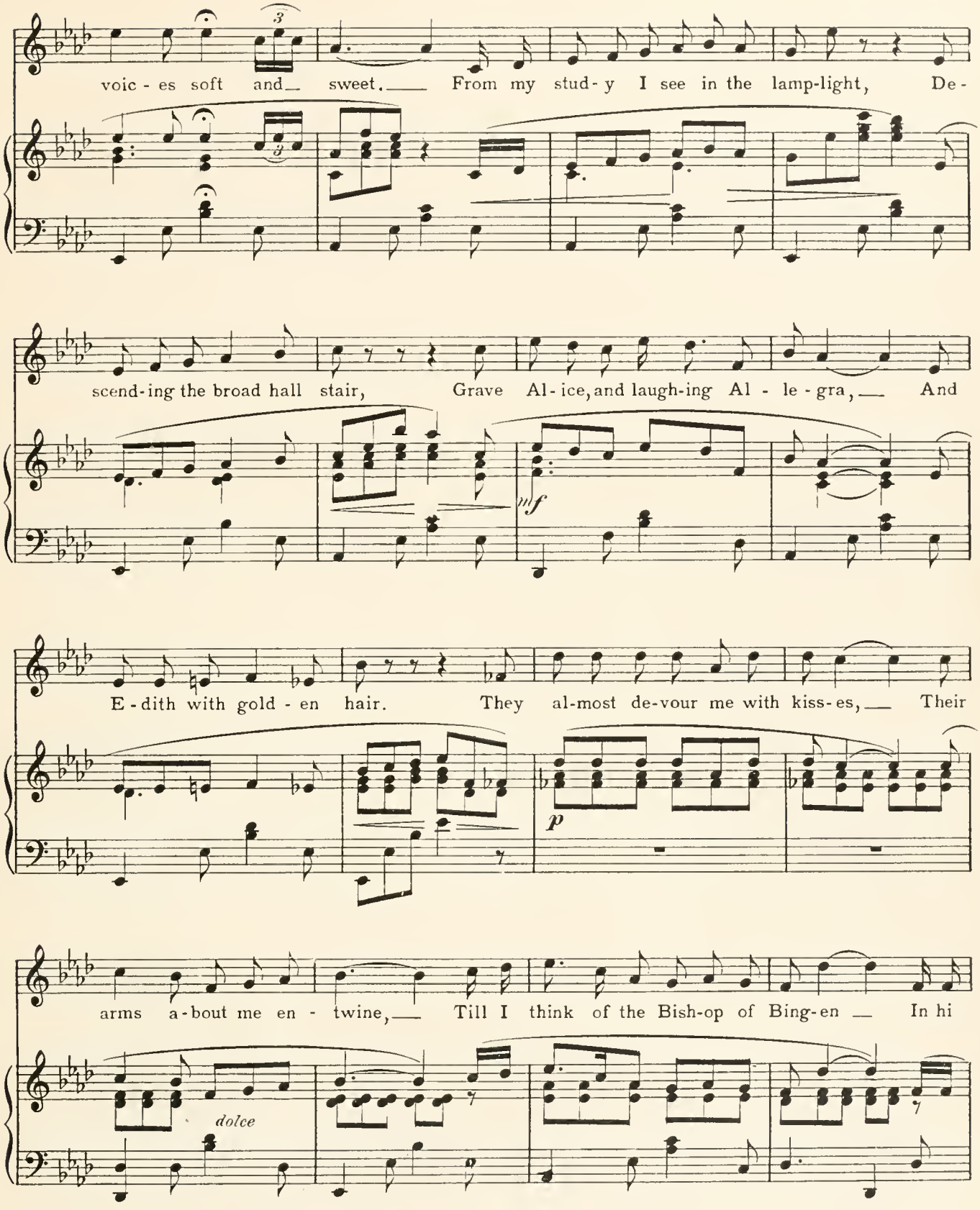
*To Edith, Alice, and Allegra*

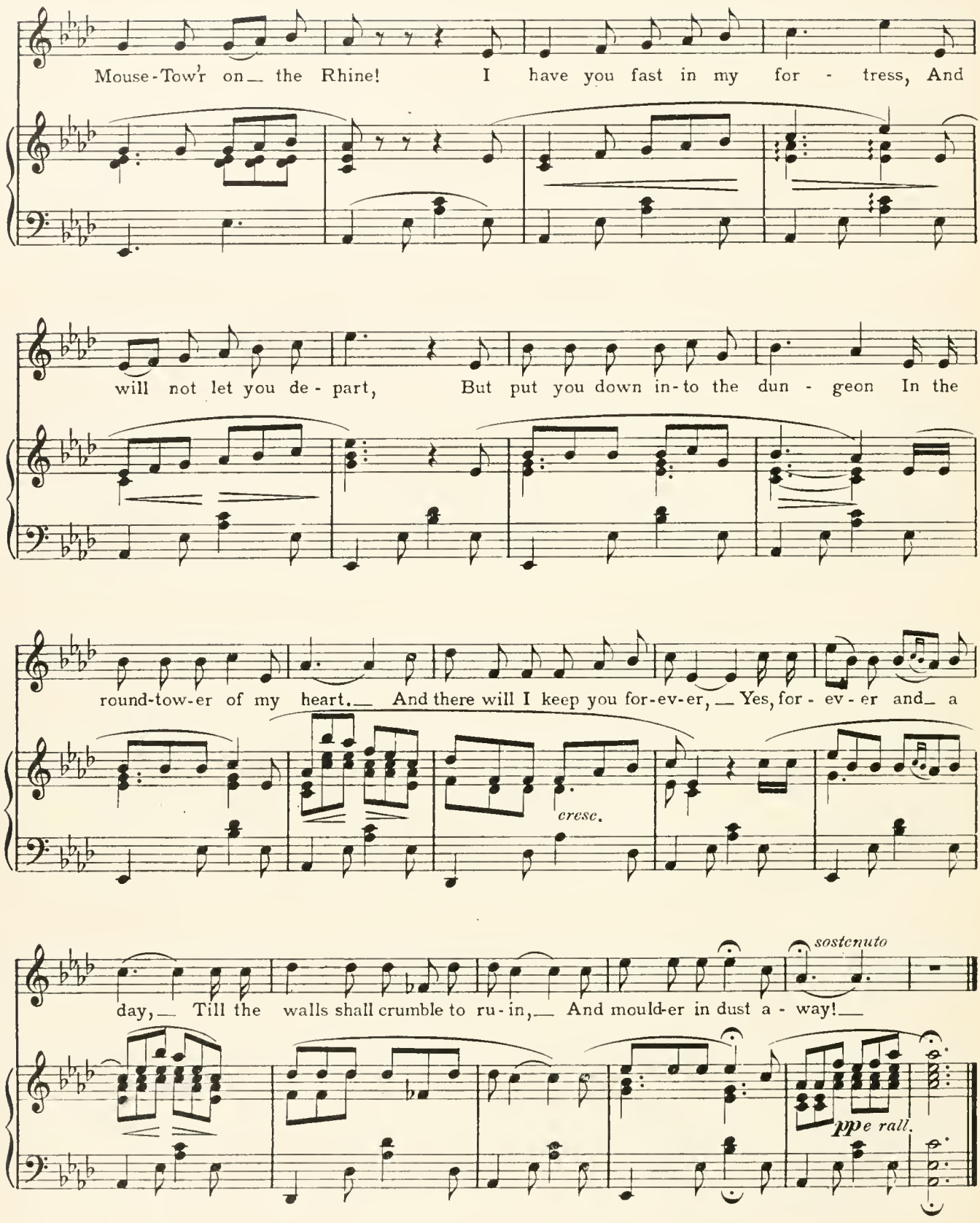
# The Children's Hour

Words by
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Cantabile e molto expressivo

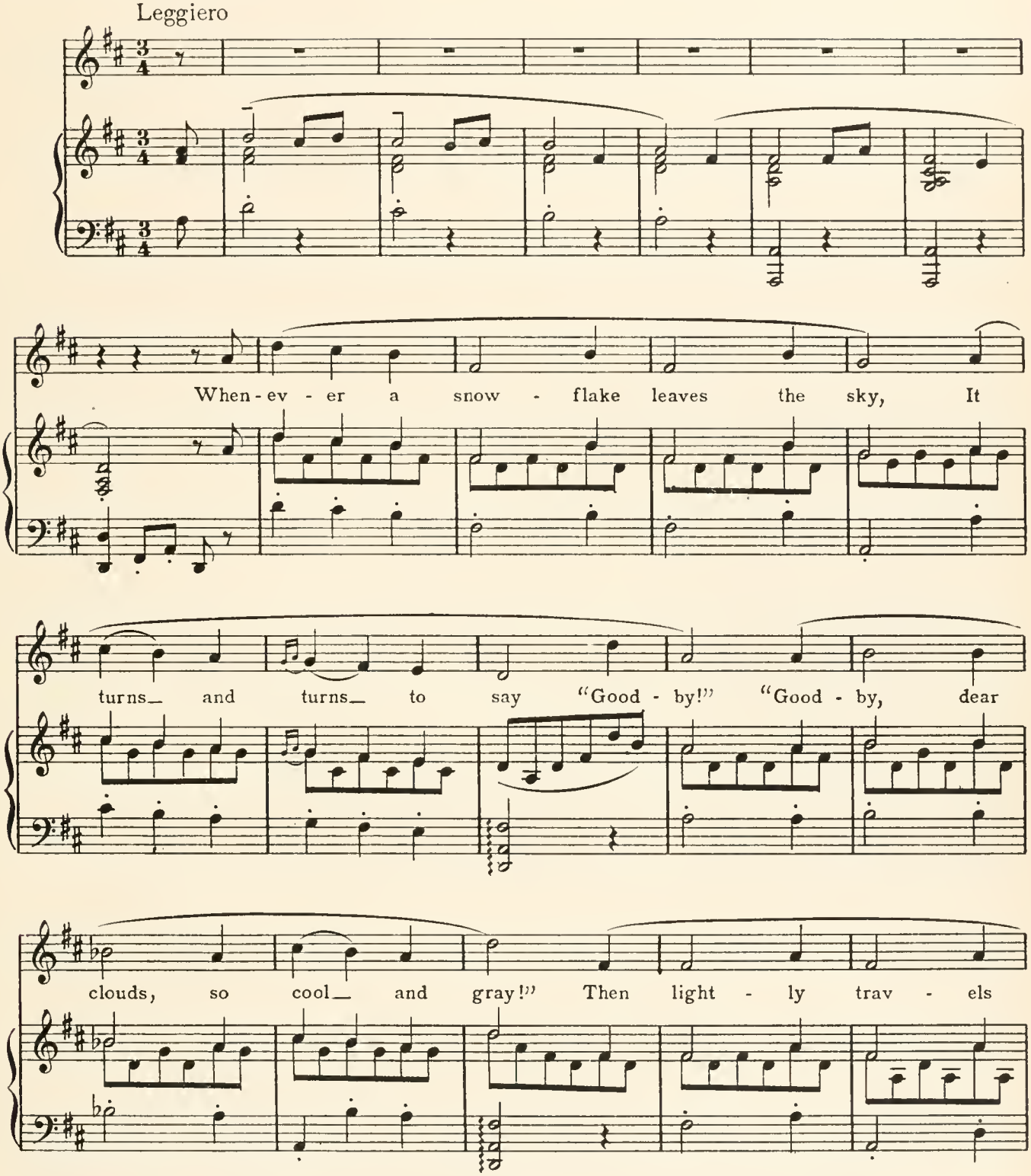

Be-tween the dark and the day - light, When the
night is be-gin-ning to low'r, Comes a pause in the day's oc-cu - pa - tions, That is
known as the Chil-dren's Hour. I hear in the cham-ber a - bove me The
cresc.
pat-ter of lit - tle feet, The sound of a door that is o - pened, And

This poem occurs in "Flight the Second" of "Birds of Passage"
By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin Co, Publishers of Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works.
1088

voic - es soft and sweet. From my stud - y I see in the lamp-light, De -
scend-ing the broad hall stair, Grave Al - ice, and laugh-ing Al - le - gra, And
mf
E - dith with gold - en hair. They al-most de-vour me with kiss-es, Their
p
arms a - bout me en - twine, Till I think of the Bish-op of Bing-en In hi
dolce

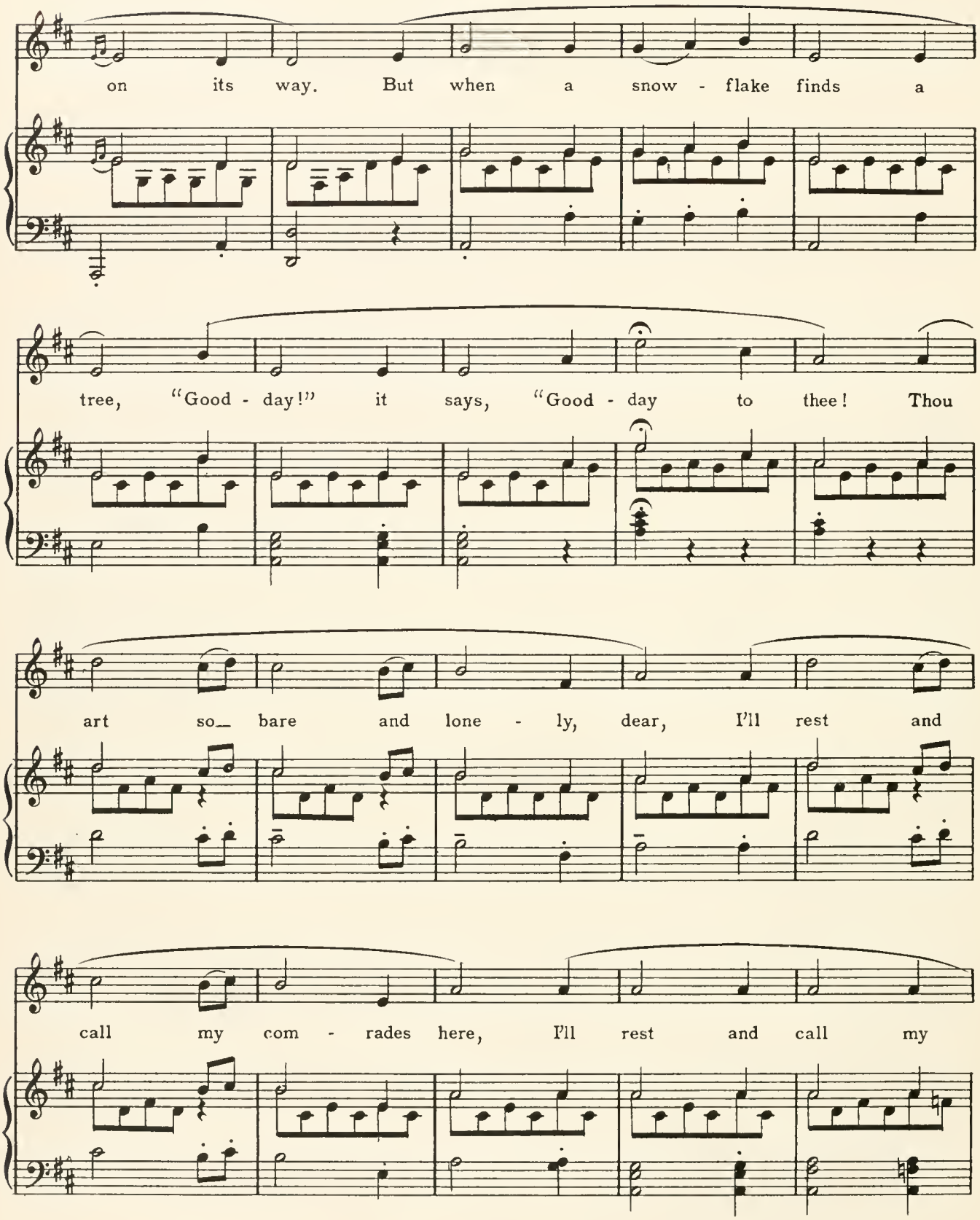
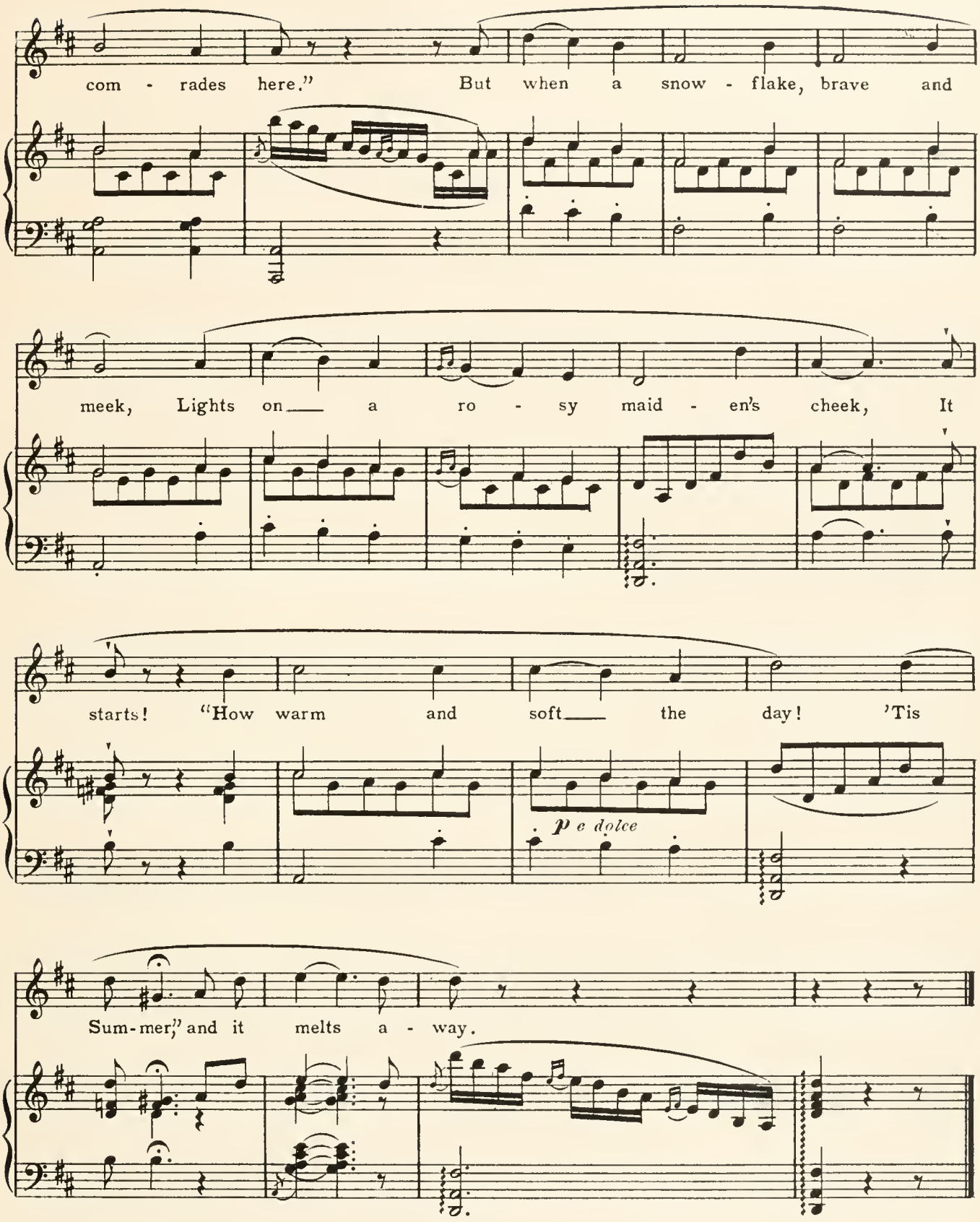

Mouse-Tow'r on_ the Rhine! I have you fast in my for - tress, And
will not let you de - part, But put you down in-to the dun - geon In the
round-tow-er of my heart._ And there will I keep you for-ev-er,_ Yes, for - ev - er and_ a
cresc.
day,_ Till the walls shall crumble to ru - in,_ And mould-er in dust a - way!_
sostenuto
pp e rall.

# Snowflakes

Words by
MARY MAPES DODGE

Leggiero

When-ev - er a snow - flake leaves the sky, It
turns_ and turns_ to say "Good - by!" "Good - by, dear
clouds, so cool_ and gray!" Then light - ly trav - els

From "Rhymes and Jingles" Copyright 1874, 1904, by special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.

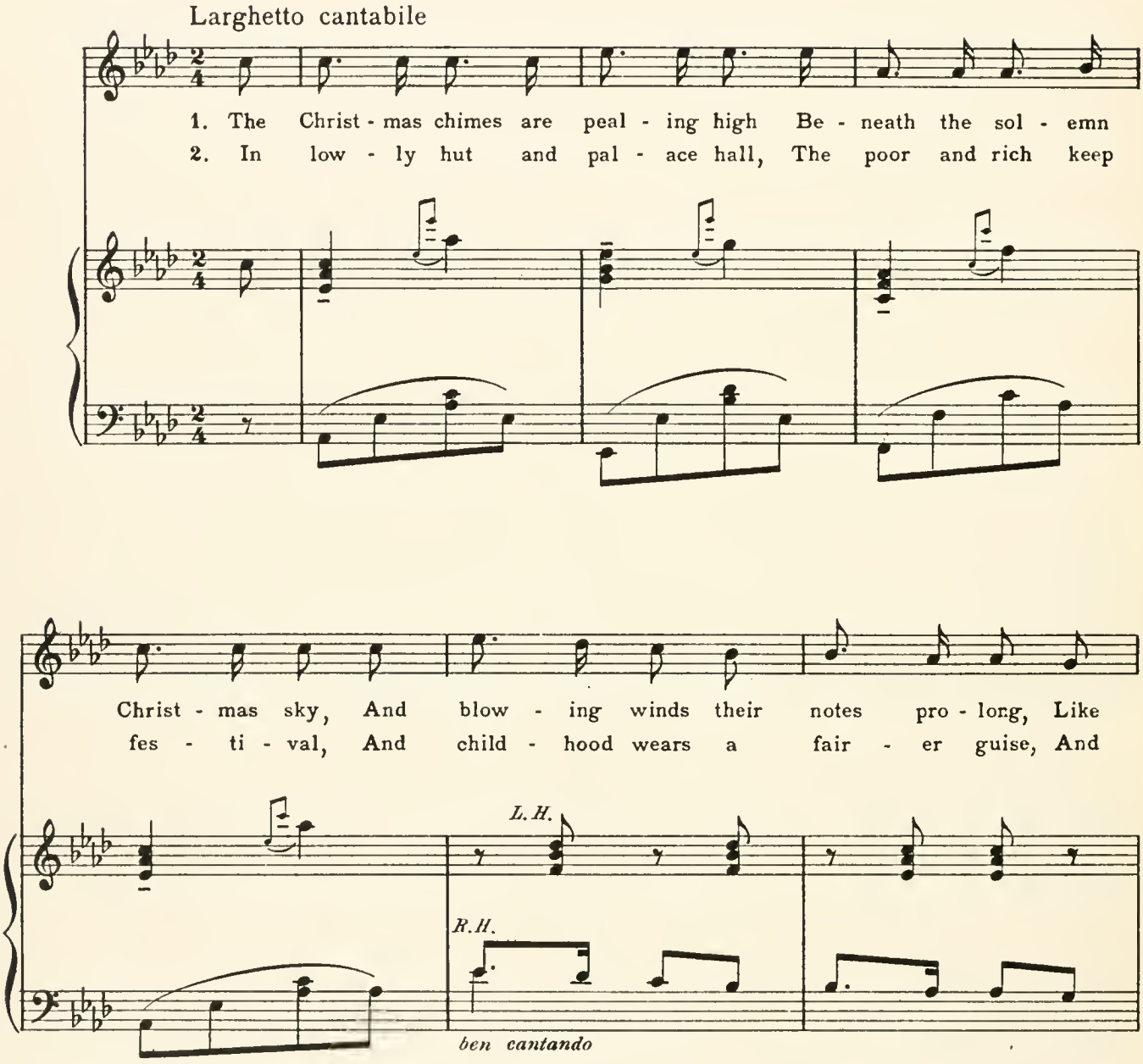

on its way. But when a snow - flake finds a
tree, "Good - day!" it says, "Good - day to thee! Thou
art so_ bare and lone - ly, dear, I'll rest and
call my com - rades here, I'll rest and call my

com - rades here." But when a snow - flake, brave and
meek, Lights on a ro - sy maid - en's cheek, It
starts! "How warm and soft the day! 'Tis
p e dolce
Sum-mer," and it melts a - way.

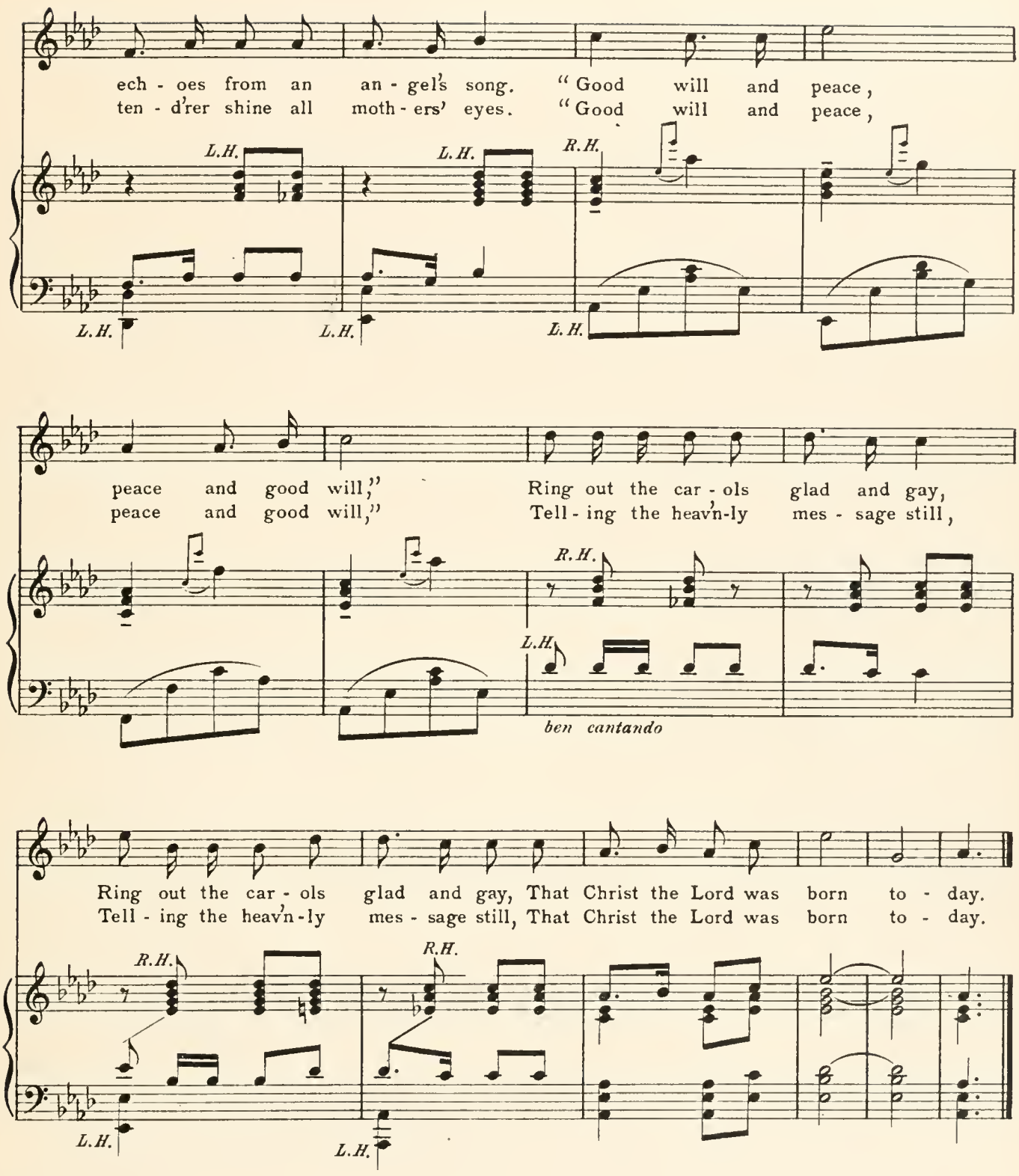


Q426472

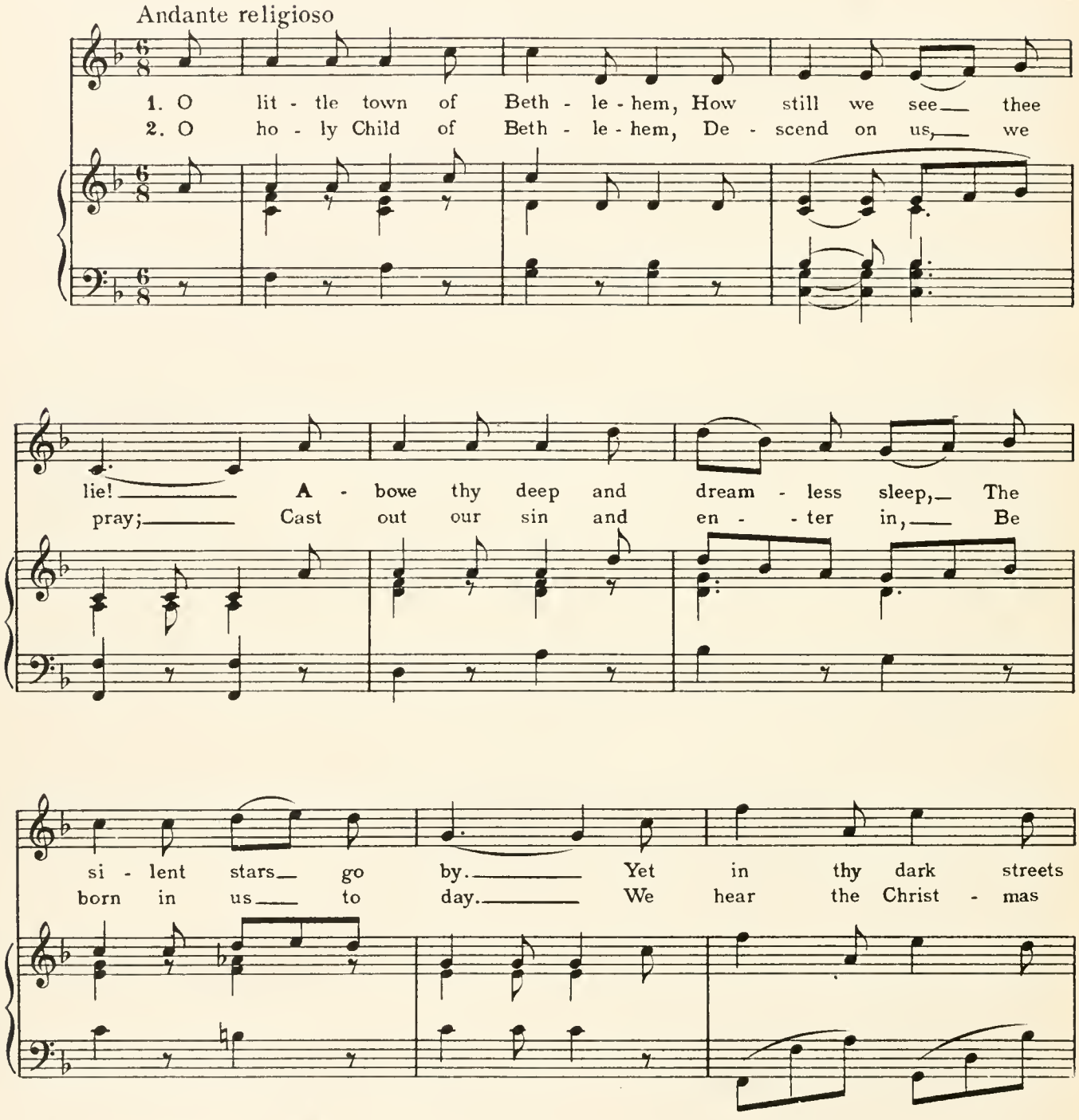
*To Gertrude*

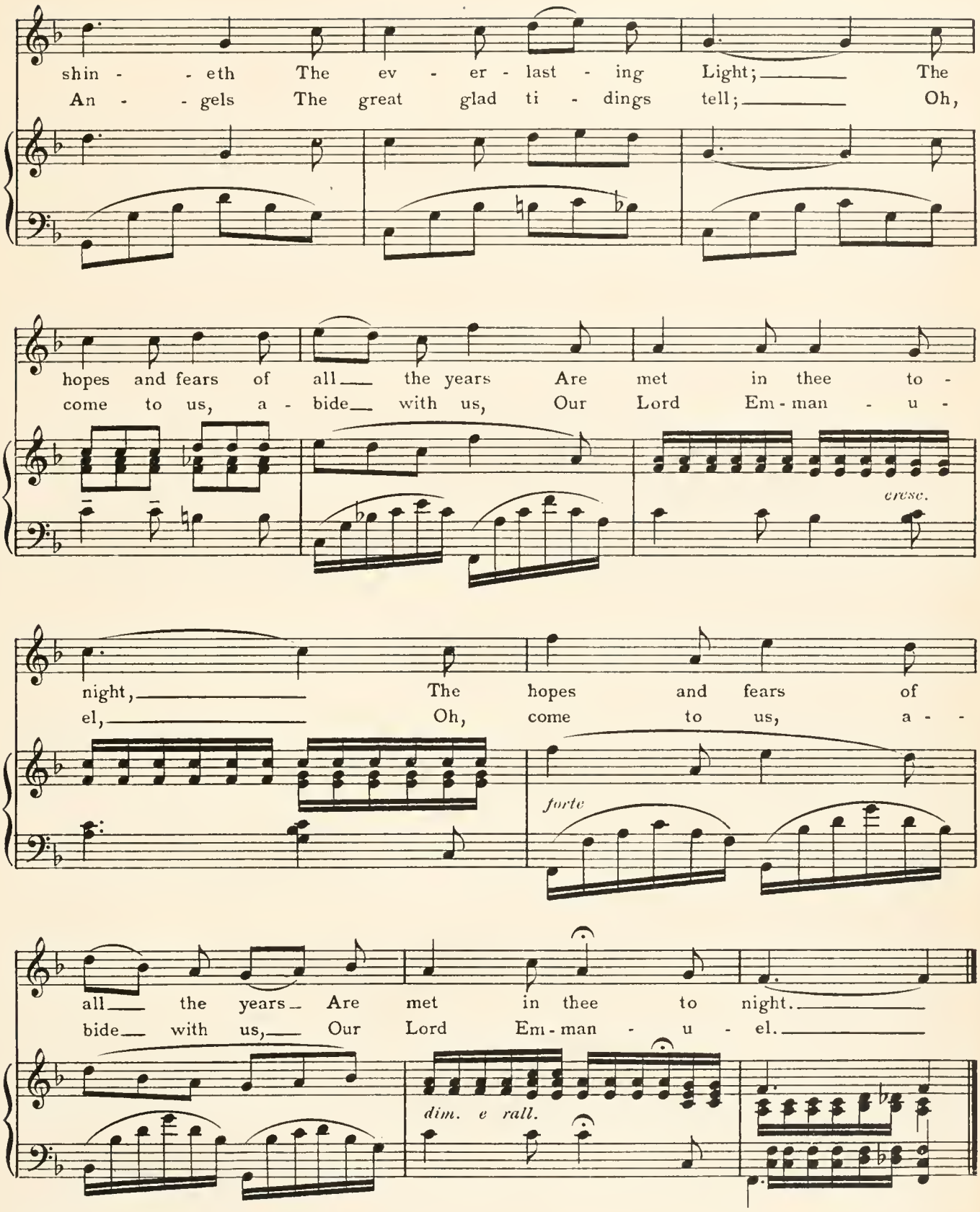
# The Christmas Chimes

Words by SUSAN COOLIDGE

Larghetto cantabile
1. The Christ - mas chimes are peal - ing high Be - neath the sol - emn
2. In low - ly hut and pal - ace hall, The poor and rich keep
Christ - mas sky, And blow - ing winds their notes pro - long, Like
fes - ti - val, And child - hood wears a fair - er guise, And
L. H.
R. H.
ben cantando

By special arrangement with Little, Brown & Co., Publishers

ech - oes from an an - gel's song. "Good will and peace,
ten - d'rer shine all moth - ers' eyes. "Good will and peace,
L.H.
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
peace and good will," Ring out the car - ols glad and gay,
peace and good will," Tell - ing the heav'n-ly mes - sage still,
R.H.
L.H.
ben cantando
Ring out the car - ols glad and gay, That Christ the Lord was born to - day.
Tell - ing the heav'n-ly mes - sage still, That Christ the Lord was born to - day.
R.H.
R.H.
L.H.
L.H.

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

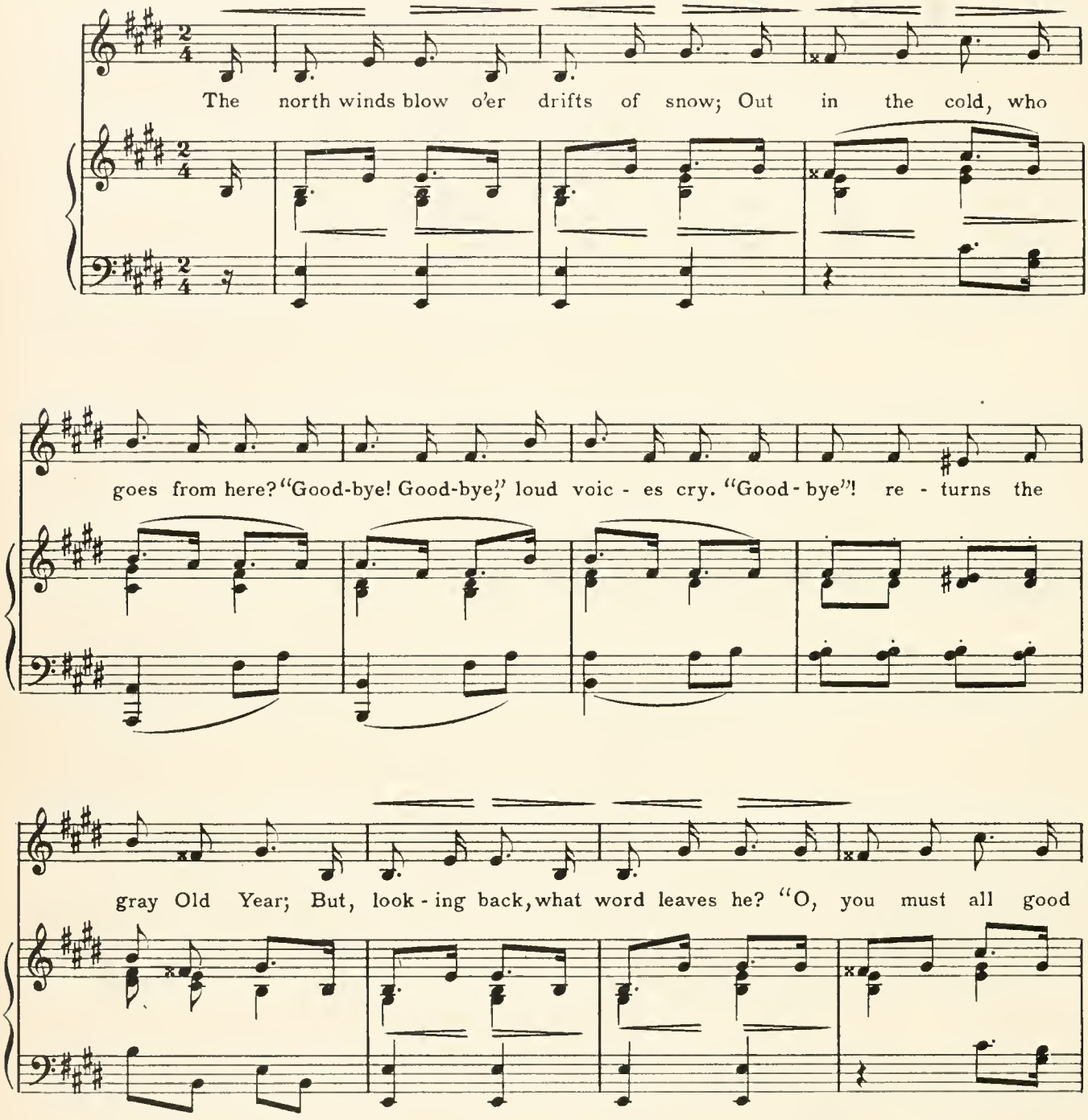
Words by
PHILLIPS BROOKS

Andante religioso
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee
2. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend on us, we
lie! A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep, The
pray; Cast out our sin and en - - ter in, Be
si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets
born in us to day. We hear the Christ - mas

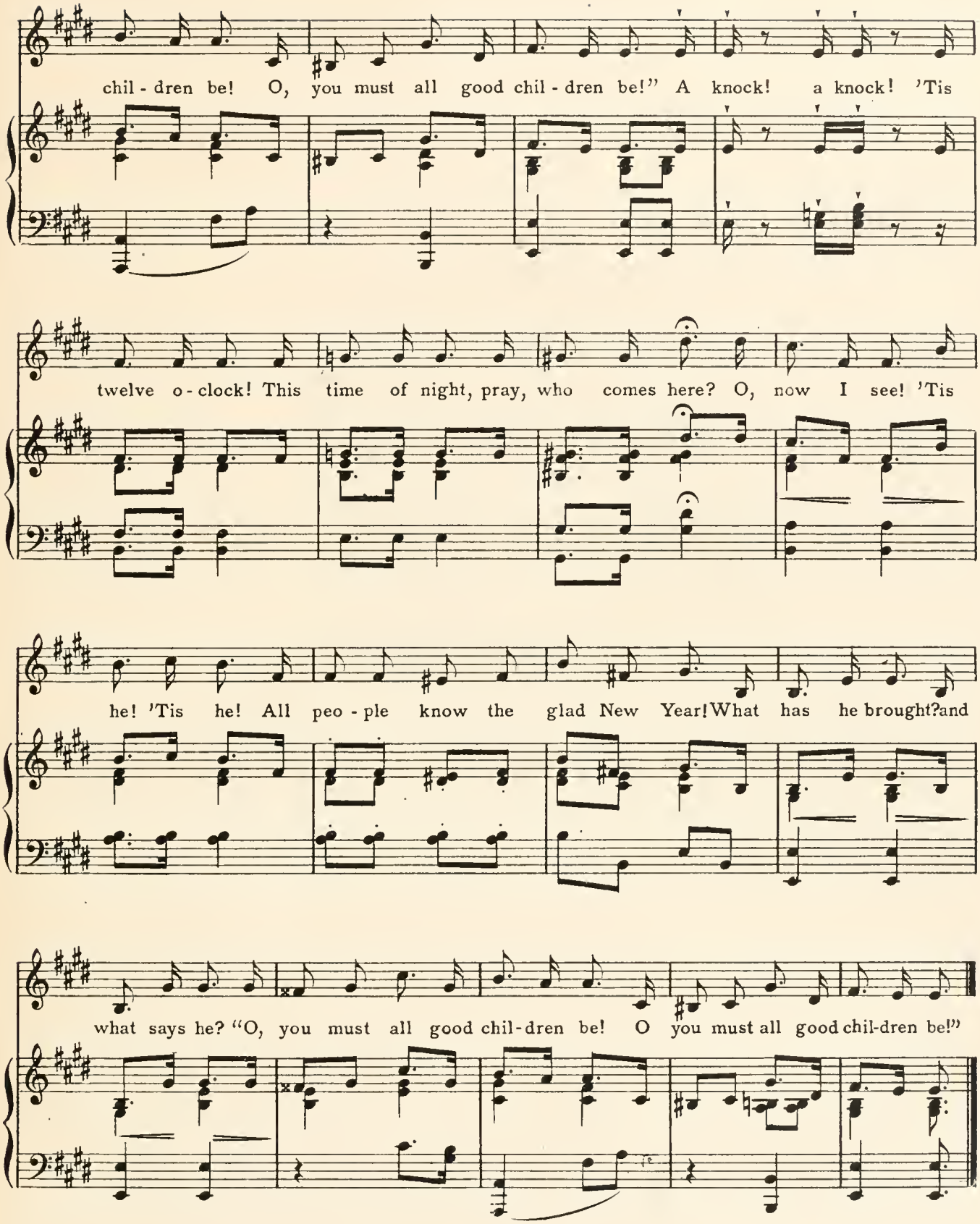
By special permission of E.P. Dutton & Co. Publishers, N.Y.City.

shin - - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
An - - gels The great glad ti - dings tell; Oh,
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to -
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u -
cresc.
night, The hopes and fears of
el, Oh, come to us, a - -
forte
all the years Are met in thee to night.
bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.
dim. e rall.

# The Old Year and the New

Words by
MARIAN DOUGLAS

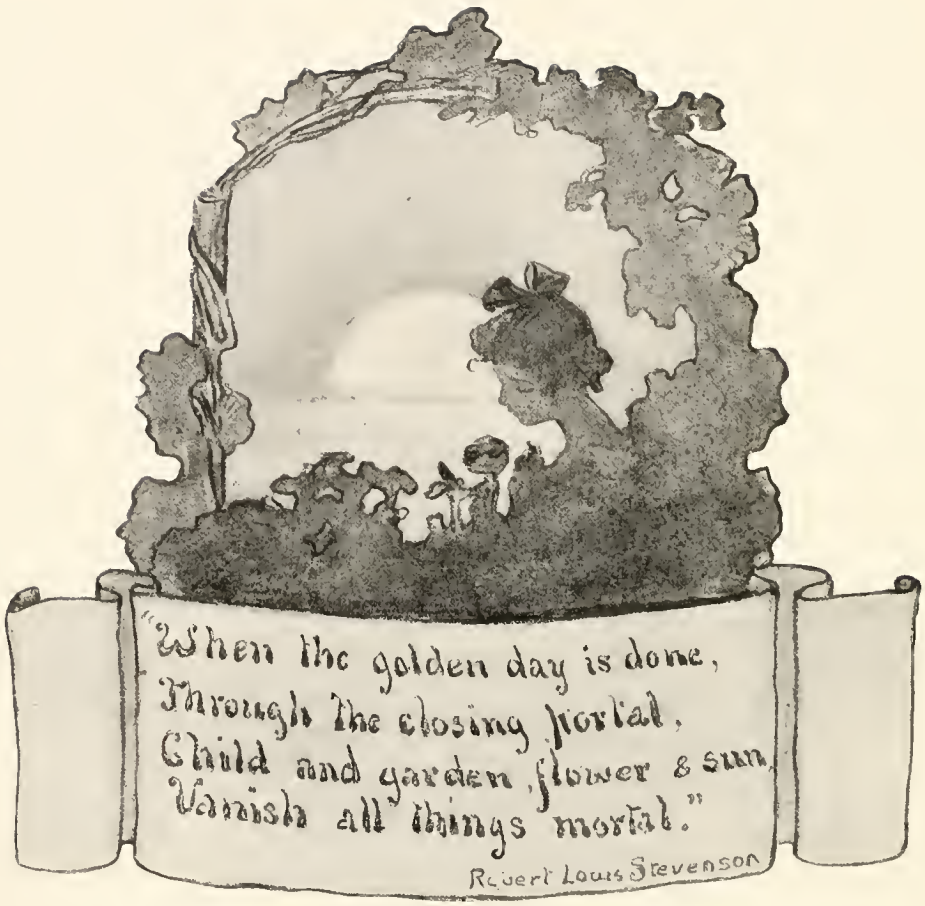
Andante Moderato


The north winds blow o'er drifts of snow; Out in the cold, who
goes from here? "Good-bye! Good-bye," loud voic - es cry. "Good - bye"! re - turns the
gray Old Year; But, look - ing back, what word leaves he? "O, you must all good

From "Picture Poems" By the kind permission of Annie Douglas Robinson ("Marian Douglas")

chil - dren be! O, you must all good chil - dren be!" A knock! a knock! 'Tis
twelve o - clock! This time of night, pray, who comes here? O, now I see! 'Tis
he! 'Tis he! All peo - ple know the glad New Year! What has he brought? and
what says he? "O, you must all good chil - dren be! O you must all good chil - dren be!"



CENTRAL CIRCULATION,
CHILDREN'S ROOM,


"When the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower & sun,
Vanish all things mortal."
Robert Louis Stevenson

"FROM 'POEMS AND BALLADS', COPYRIGHT, 1895, 1896, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS."